Liberty

AUG. 31, 1946 10c

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Book:

DETROIT IS MY OWN HOME TOWN

SHOULD HOUSEWIVES BE PAID?

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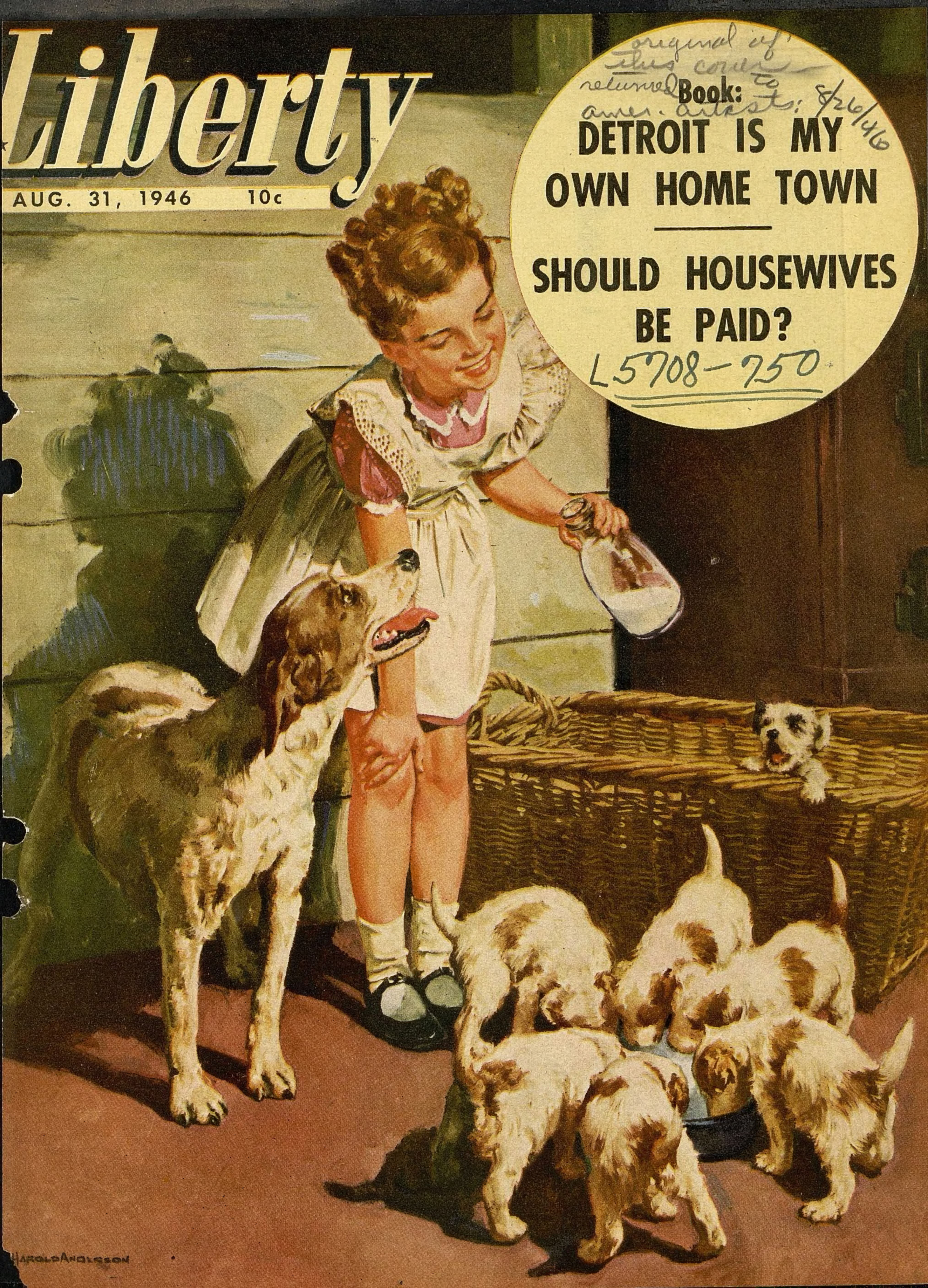
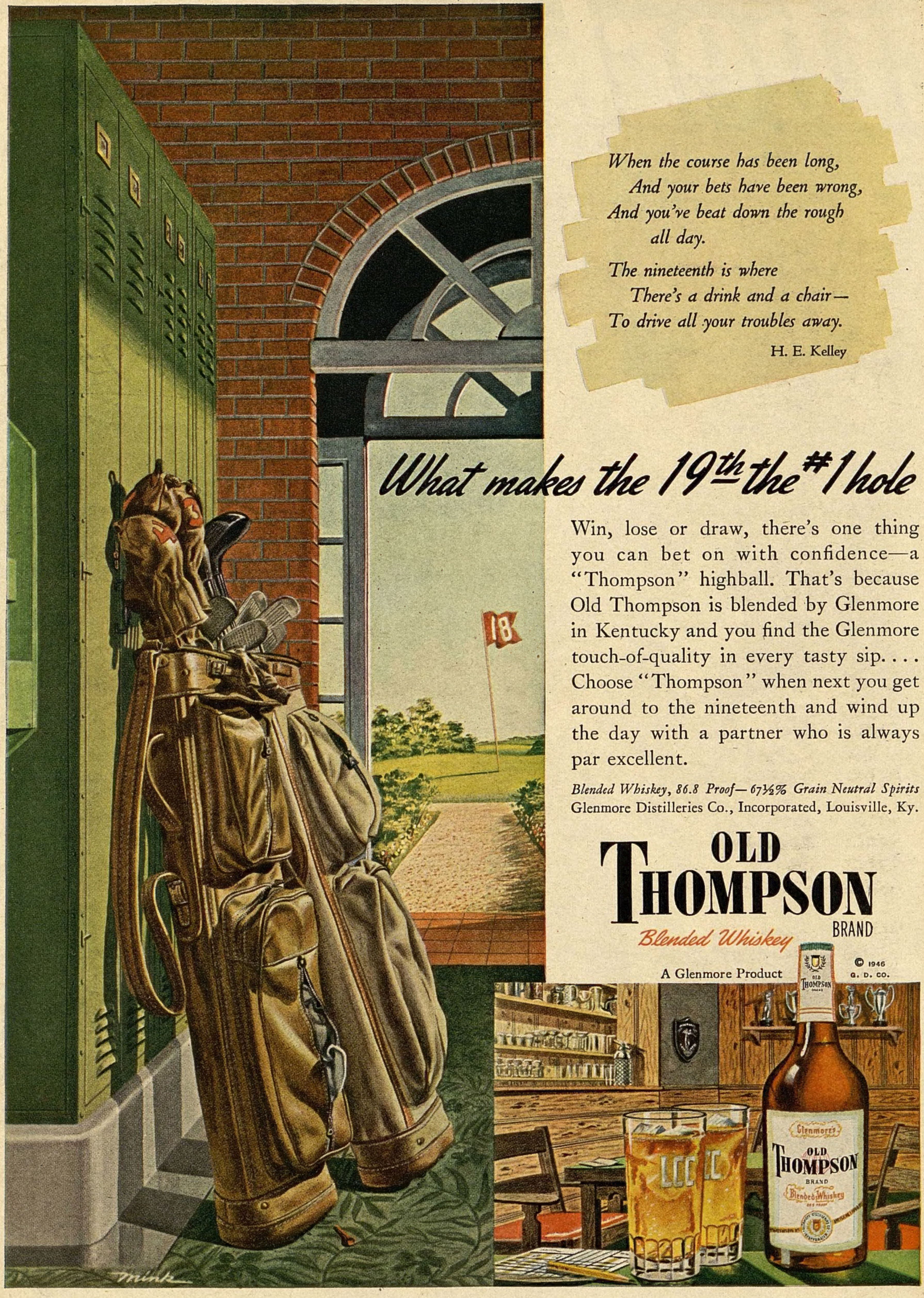

HAROLD ANDERSON



When the course has been long,
And your bets have been wrong,
And you've beat down the rough
all day.

The nineteenth is where
There's a drink and a chair—
To drive all your troubles away.

H. E. Kelley

What makes the 19th the #1 hole

Win, lose or draw, there's one thing you can bet on with confidence—a "Thompson" highball. That's because Old Thompson is blended by Glenmore in Kentucky and you find the Glenmore touch-of-quality in every tasty sip. . . . Choose "Thompson" when next you get around to the nineteenth and wind up the day with a partner who is always par excellent.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—67½% Grain Neutral Spirits
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

OLD
THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey

A Glenmore Product

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A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

Can a part-time Model be a full-time Mother?

The "model" mother care that Evelyn Condon gives her daughter is no spare-time affair

If green-eyed, redhaired cover-girl Evelyn Condon is late for a studio appointment, she has a lovely excuse... 7-year-old Debby, whose wholesome smile is only one indication of her "model" mother's care.

For Evelyn's first concern is Debby's health and smile. Yes, smile, too. No one knows better than a model how important a smile can be. So the wife of New York stage and screen writer Richard Condon, Jr. has taught her daughter to follow the dental routine that gets so much credit for her own beautiful smile: *Regular brushing, with Ipana Tooth Paste followed by gentle gum massage.*

This home dental routine, a "must" in the Condons' Park Avenue apartment, is based on the teachings of thousands of dentists and schools—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And that sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

Shipmates. Evelyn and Debby, on Central Park's famous lake, flash smiles that would win any girl a boy in every port. One reason the Condon smile is such a charmer is because teeth and gums get proper care. Yes, gums too. For Mother knows that today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums the exercise they need—that Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Firmer Gums—Brighter Teeth With Ipana and Massage

Would it surprise you to learn that many children know more than adults about gum massage? For its importance is taught in thousands of classrooms. Also, 7 in 10 dentists recommend massage, national survey shows. But let your dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.

"An exceptionally high I. Q.," reports Debby's teacher. Smart girl that she is, Debby heeds her "model" mother's advice and never brushes her teeth without also gently massaging her gums. This brief workout with Ipana helps speed up needed circulation, safeguards her future smile.

Riding high, Mother and daughter take a day off. But the Condon gums get no vacation from massage. Sensitive gums, "pink" on your tooth brush, mean *see your dentist*. Get his advice. Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

"Better get a pair of those new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown rubber heels with the special non-slip feature!" And... extra wear where you need it means more miles per foot.

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For the Connoisseur
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"I'm coming to visit you... all alone!"

DEAR GRANDMA:

Mama has to staY home on Account of my nEw brother and Daddy can't leave his offis now, but they say Pullman will take caRe of me just like they woulD. So I'm coming To visit you all alonE.

Love,
Jeannie

AND SHE HAD A WONDERFUL TRIP...

1 **"More fun** than a movie!" promised the Pullman conductor. It is. There's no grander picture than America's changing scene. And the grandest way to see it is through a Pullman window!

2 **"Here's where** you wash your hands," explained the Pullman porter. Seasoned travelers, as well as little girls, are delighted by all the comforts and conveniences that make Pullman trips so pleasant.

3 **"As comfy** as my own!" dreamed Jeannie, in her Pullman bed. Her folks at home slept soundly, too, for there are no wakeful worries about weather, roads or mountains when your loved ones go by *train!*

4 **Happy ending** to a happy trip! Make *your* business and pleasure trips just as pleasant as Jeannie's. Going Pullman, you'll enjoy *comfort, service* and *safety* that no other way of going places fast can match!

GO PULLMAN

THE SAFEST, MOST COMFORTABLE WAY OF GOING PLACES FAST!

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VOX POP

" The Voice of the People "

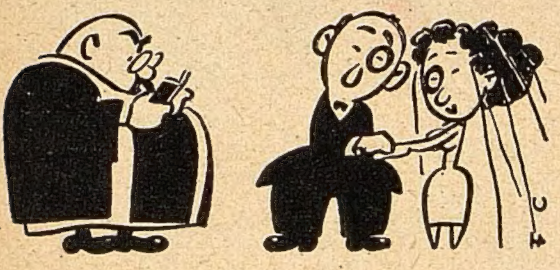
RUSSIAN GROUPS

Jacksonville, Fla. — Regarding your editorial of June 22 on Russia:

Will you read I Chose Freedom and check with Lippincott as to its authenticity, as I have done? You will thereafter refer to the Russian government and the Russian serfs under the government as two different groups. The highly organized government holds the people in total bondage. If you will help our people to understand this, the way can be found to get along with the Russian people by going around the Russian government.—*Morgan V. Gress.*

RINGLESS MATRIMONY

Los Angeles, Calif.—Eleanor Hiteshew's article, "With This Ring . . ." (July 20) was interesting, but she was wrong when she said, "The man hasn't been found who would dare lead his bride to the altar without a wedding ring to seal the compact." My husband and I had a ringless ceremony—in which there was no mention of a ring.—*Geri Bailey.*



INSIDE OUT

Webb City, Mo.—John Gunther, in Inside Vandenberg (July 13), has the senator saying, "In 1900 Theodore Roosevelt was running for President, and I was a tremendous T. R. fan."

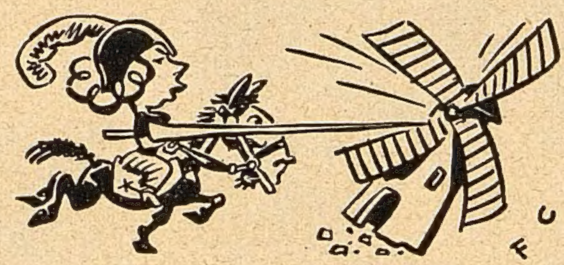
Theodore Roosevelt did not run for President in 1900. William McKinley was the Republican Presidential candidate and T. R. was running for Vice-President. Theodore Roosevelt did not run for President until 1904.

This error throws the Senator Vandenberg saga completely out of line, because I know that thousands of people over the country are now asking the question, "When did Vandenberg get fired from the cracker factory—in 1900 when he was a mere kid, just sixteen years old? Or in 1904, when T. R. did run for President and the senator was twenty years old?"—*Wayne E. Wheeling.*

Sorry we failed to catch the senator's overenthusiasm for T. R. To Mr. Wheeling, one Bull Moose button for setting the record straight.—Vox Pop Editor.

GETTING TOUGH

Hobbs, N. M.—I wonder if Patricia Kent is still ashamed of being an American, like she stated in Vox Pop (July 6). As for Yank troops being rude, don't you think it is high time we let the rest of the world know that we are not cream puffs? Someone should get rude with our would-be rulers!!! She calls our boys rude, unruly, ruthless, and unintelligent. I ask you now, is that a very nice thing to say about the kids who made the world a better place in which to live?—*Beda K. Holder.*



CZECH RELIEF

Brownsville, N. Y.—In the article, Europe's Children, by Harry Edward Neal (June 22), I was deeply impressed by the picture of four little Czech children standing in front of an old building. The little girl reminds me of my own small daughter, and there is a wistful look on the face of the little boy at the right that I have not forgotten. I wish I could send a little something to them. Is there any agency for Czechoslovakia relief where contributions of money, food, or clothing can be sent?—*Giles Empie.*

Food packages weighing not more than eleven pounds may be sent to Ochrana Matek A Deti, Prague 7, Stvanice, Czechoslovakia. This is an organization for the protection of mothers and children.—Vox Pop Editor.

YOUNG HOUDINI

San Anselmo, Calif.—Referring to Thanks for the Memory (July 20), Harry Houdini and I lived around the corner from each other in Appleton, Wisconsin. It is my impression and understanding that he first got print and publicity when one day the local police asked him to release a prisoner from a cell whose lock was broken. Inasmuch as Houdini had been bragging about his abilities, they decided to call his bluff, with the result that Houdini came to the jail and ordered everyone from the corridor. In a few minutes Houdini appeared in the police office with the prisoner.—*Harry Ballou.*

ANTU FOR SKUNKS?

Monterey Park, Calif. — After reading Take This, You Rat! by Alfred H. Sinks (June 8), it occurred to me that the new rat poison, ANTU, might be better for catching skunks than some of the old-fashioned methods. The bona fide skunk traps have always been hazardous, as it is necessary to kill the animal with a club after he has been trapped. For absolute safety you need a twenty-foot club. Skunks, I might add, are not merely hard on the nose. They destroy poultry and orchard fruit.—*Anna Wells.*

ADULT SPANKING

Washington, D. C.—Recently Vox Poppers have written about spanking. But nothing has been reported from Vox Pop's contributors of other years, The Wives of Spanking Husbands Club.

Hasn't it any postwar membership?—*Thomas A. Armstrong.*

Not to our knowledge. Maybe postwar husbands aren't spankers.—Vox Pop Editor.

PUZZLED

Chickasha, Okla.—What kind of readers do you have? I must be a moron.

Have been trying your crossword puzzles and now and then I can figure out one or two words.

To be right honest about it, I doubt if Einstein, Leonardo da Vinci, or Solomon himself could complete any of yours.

OVR SHANE
XANTIPPE
CROSS WORDS GALORE

I will say one thing for you though. You leave out the Greek alphabet.—*Arthur Ersland.*

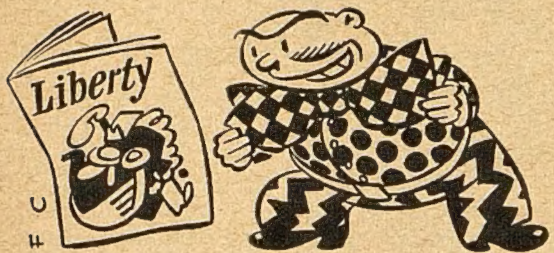
Only because Shane is not a fraternity man.—Vox Pop Editor.

WASTE

Sparta, Ga.—How can we farmers help feed Europe when our government wastes food faster than we can produce it? All over North Carolina there are tons of potatoes rotting in great piles because there are no railroad cars to transport them. I say, Why grow things if this is what happens?—*C. H. Dyer.*

A KNOTTY PROBLEM

ORANGEBURG, S. C.—Many thanks to P. B. Juster for his Clothes Clinic (July 20) featuring the Windsor Knot. Many an occasion have I needed such a knot and, not being hep to it, was forced to go improperly dressed. Now I know. Consequently I look and feel better, thanks to you.—*James F. Harley.*



THIN VS. PLUMP

OLYMPIA, WASH.—After reading what T. H. (Vox Pop, July 4) had to say about the "scrawny females that are being touted as beautiful and glamorous" I was really burned up.

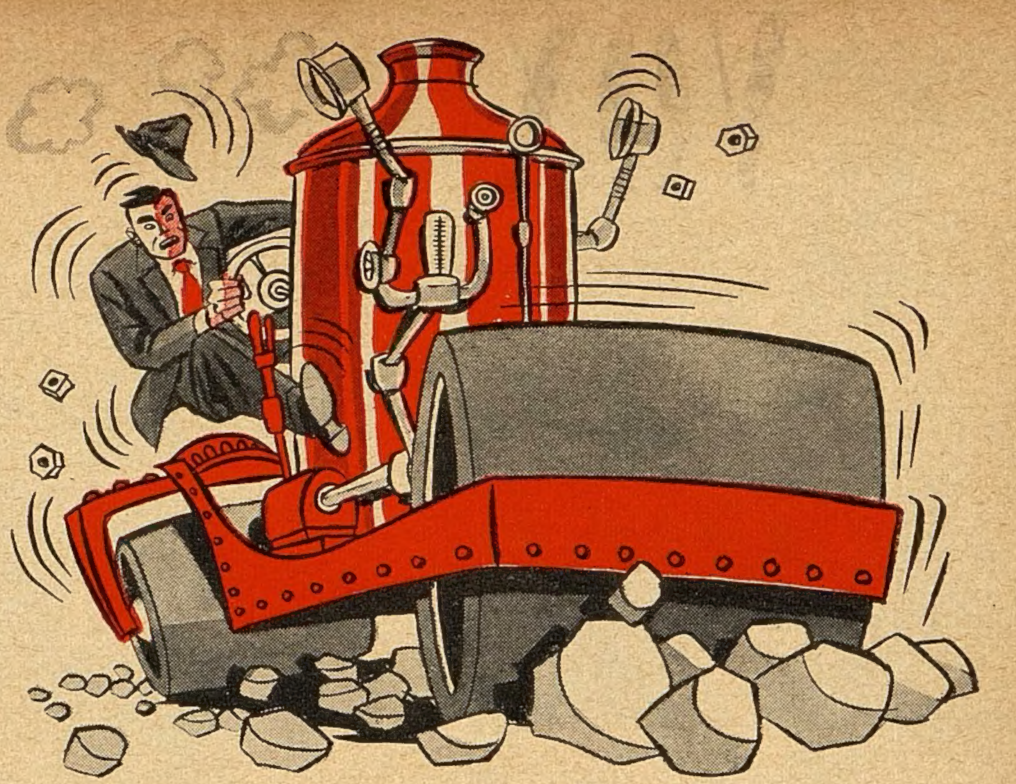
I am just one of the fortunate *or* unfortunate, however you feel about it, who cannot gain weight. I am 5′ 4″ and weigh 105 pounds and have a perfect figure. If I had a picture I'd send it.

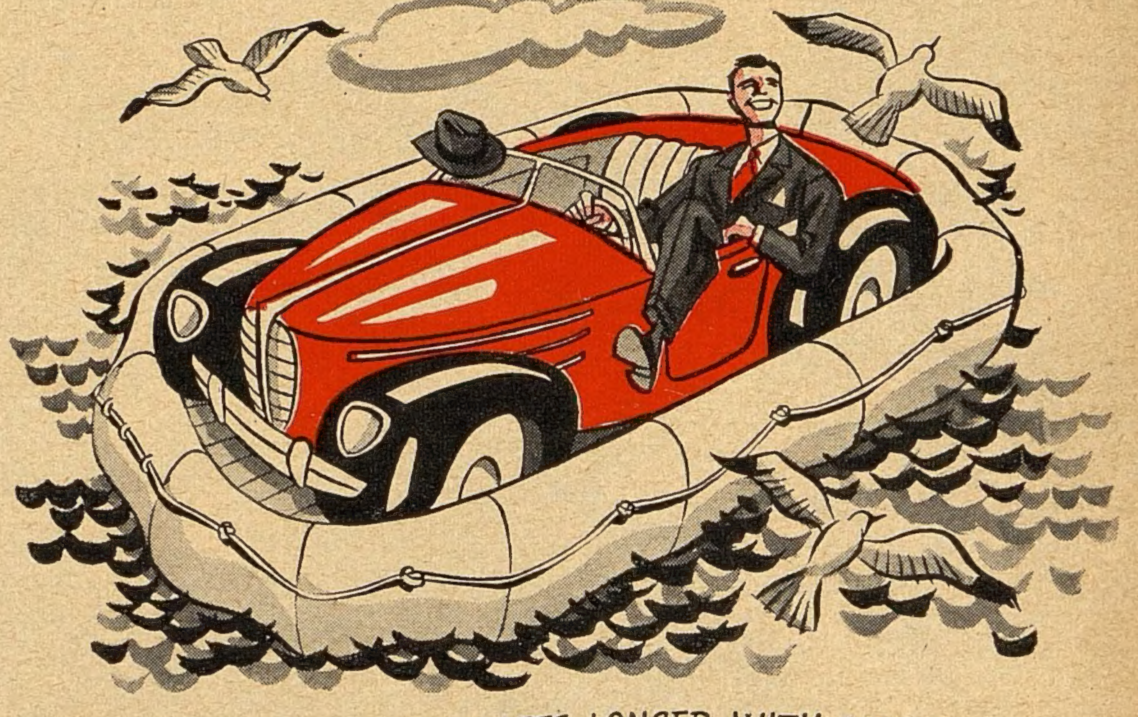
Many girls can't gain, no matter how much they eat.

There are styles in figures as well as in clothes, T. H., and all of us who are naturally slender and *can't* gain are taking advantage of it. Figure styles will go to plumpness eventually and we're going to be left out in the cold. Because no matter what the style, plumpness is always agreeable. Now will you let us alone?—*Bennie Benson.*

OFFENDED

HOUSTON, TEXAS—The editor's remarks concerning Morton Thompson's book, How to Be a Civilian, were rather overdone in that he said it was "funny, raucous, and 'sometimes' profane." He should have omitted the word "sometimes" and his résumé would have been quite complete and withal honest. I have never run across anything so thoroughly rotten and I suggest that someone help pull the writer out of the gutter. It is clear that he is not competent to tell anyone "how to be a civilian." My three children will probably threaten to buy an extra copy of Liberty when they find out that some part of it is missing.—*Mrs. W. D. R.*





If your car feels like *this*... it's time for **MARFAK** Chassis Lubrication

THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH **MARFAK!**

A cranky, creaky chassis becomes miraculously smooth-riding when *Marfak* chassis lubrication comes on the scene. And that's mighty satisfying, particularly because *Marfak* lasts — not for the usual hundred miles or so, but for at least a thousand. But the greatest satisfaction is that "cushiony" feeling, which is a sure sign your bearings are fully protected against wear for that thousand miles! *Marfak* is a stick-to-the-job lubricant. And it is properly applied . . . always by chart, never by chance. Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "*Marfak* feeling."

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THE TEXAS COMPANY

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8/9/46

LEE
Double-life
RAYON Cord

SAFE driving, traffic experts agree, is fundamentally an attitude of mind. A careful, courteous mental attitude begins with a conscientious concern for equipment, including tires, in use on the car.

Throughout almost forty years of motoring, thousands of car owners have expressed preference for the tires made by the folks at LEE of Conshohocken. They know that sound LEE DeLuxe tires are mentally comfortable, safe and economically serviceable.

LEE DeLuxe tire users are among the safest drivers on the road.

Replace with LEE of Conshohocken TIRES

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

FREE LANCE

HENRY D. STEINMETZ started out to be an investment analyst after leaving Harvard's School of Business in 1935, and gradually slid into writing business articles for the Magazine of Wall Street. For the past five years he has been writing an occasional free-lance article while serving as a public relations officer for the Army Air Corps. It was in England that he developed an interest in psychiatry from observing the miracles worked by psychotherapy on flyers who had gone to pieces. After his discharge he started to write a short story on the subject, but it wouldn't jell, so he went more deeply into the study of mental ailments and the modern methods of treatment. Half a dozen leading psychiatrists checked his material which he has turned into an authoritative article, IF TROUBLE'S GOT YOU, page 18.

WRITER'S WRITER

DUANE DECKER has the kind of background you generally associate with writers. He graduated from Colgate and headed for South America, working his passage by washing dishes. When he got back, he became a reporter for the Bridgeport (Connecticut) Herald and later moved to New York, where he was an assistant to a literary agent. In 1935 he became his own boss, writing short stories until he enlisted in the Marines. Now he's living in New Hampshire, where he can catch up on all the fiction he didn't write for five years. Like IN THE PALM OF HER HAND (page 28).

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
Book:
CAPTAIN GRANT
WHERE ARE THE SURPLUS WAR-GOODS?

NOBODY dares snicker when Oscar Levant sits down at the piano for fear the sharp-tongued man-about-music might say something. Howard Taubman discusses this versatile genius in MUSICAL DEAD END KID. . . . A. D. Rathbone IV says that you, the taxpayer, may yet break the log jam in the government's surplus-property set-up in WHERE ARE THE SURPLUS WAR GOODS? . . . A HAPPY MAN, by Gordon Malherbe Hillman is a story of how some city people rediscovered the quiet beauty of a small town. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, CAPTAIN GRANT, concerns the early life—and love—of the man who saved the Union and became President.

Summerproof your Hair with Vitalis

here's how

Summer Sun really puts the heat on that hair of yours.

It bakes out precious natural scalp oils. And what the sun leaves, wind and water go to work on. Your hair winds up dull, brittle and unmanageable.

But, now that you can get Vitalis, you can "Summerproof" your hair—give it a fast one-two, weatherbeating treatment. Fix your hair to stay handsome—come sun, come wind, come water, come *anything!*

Product of Bristol-Myers

VITALIS
Stimulates the Scalp
Dresses the Hair
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

1. **Before you exercise** use Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout." For 50 seconds, massage Vitalis' hair-shielding pure vegetable oils on your summer-beaten scalp. You're protected—*"Summer-proofed"*—come sun, wind or water. 10 seconds to comb... and who's the handsomest man in sight? *You!* Then...

2. **After you exercise...** repeat. This follow-up with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps replace protective oils, routs loose dandruff, helps retard excessive falling hair. Then... 10 seconds to comb... and your hair looks vigorous, alive... and set to *keep* looking that way! Get Vitalis today!

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

A new world record for altitude with pay load . . . A new high in all-weather altitude chambers . . . Airways as rails' competitors

A BOEING B-29 Superfortress recently flew to 45,000 feet altitude to establish a new world record for an airplane carrying 1,000 kilograms of pay load, and also probably established a new record in undergoing temperature changes.

The record flight began at Guam and followed an upward course between Guam and Saipan. But for an engine failure at 45,000 feet (a mere eight miles or so above the earth) the B-29 would have gone even higher.

On the ground at take-off the temperature was about 85 degrees Fahrenheit. At the high altitude the outside temperature registered at close to 85 degrees below zero. Thus the plane went through a temperature change of 170 degrees—about as wide a range as one can get.

Lowell Houtchens, a technical representative of Boeing Aircraft who spent two grinding years helping the Army keep its planes in the air in the Pacific, told me about the hop. Inside the B-29 the temperature evened out at 60 degrees F. shortly after take-off and remained that way for the entire trip. The crew of six, of whom Houtchens was one, were in shirt sleeves, but above 30,000 feet each man donned an oxygen mask in case of sudden failure of the cabin pressurizing equipment.

Asked what would have happened if the pressurization had failed suddenly at 40,000 feet and the crew had found themselves at that actual altitude instead of the 8,000-foot "altitude" made possible by pressurization. Houtchens said:

"It would have been tough, although the oxygen masks would have kept us from 'blacking out.' If the heating equipment had failed, we would have had to get down fast or we'd have frozen to death."

The record hop was observed by the National Aeronautic Association, the U. S. recording agency for the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, which is the official record organization for the world. It was one of six new altitude records established by the B-29 at Guam in an effort to place the Army Air Forces in the leading record position of the world.

One of the flights established a world record by carrying a 15,000-pound pay load to 37,000 feet.

Under the leadership of General Carl Spaatz, Commanding General of the A.A.F., new world records are being established in abundance by American aircraft. Up to the first of June, more than twenty had been established. They won't be official until the F.A.I. in Paris has accepted the reports of the NAA.

By the time you read this, a world's distance record with a B-29 may have been established.

Before the war the A.A.F. had little money to use for record flights. But records are important for national prestige, and the aviation industry is grateful to General Spaatz for taking the initiative in giving record leadership to the United States.

A Full-Grown Research Lab.

One of the finest research laboratories in the world has been completed by North American Aviation, Inc., at Los Angeles. It's a refrigerated altitude chamber, largest in the aircraft industry, in which to conduct research under conditions of a tropical hurricane or of a subzero Arctic storm.

Inside the large steel cylinder, research men can create almost any climatic flying condition. Between the extremes of 200 degrees of enervating heat and the paralyzing cold of 100 degrees below zero, engineers will seek the means to enable man and machine to conquer any and all kinds of flying weather.

Engineers can control humidity from desert aridity to fog, rain, ice, snow, and sleet, and can achieve almost complete evacuation of air inside the cylinder. Also they can create high-speed recirculation of air to simulate icing conditions. Air densities from sea level to 60,000 feet can be reproduced.

Measuring 53 feet in length and 17 feet in diameter, the chamber is large enough to hold the entire fuselage of a fighter plane or large sections of bomber or transport types. Thus whole sections, or instruments, hydraulic equipment, cabin heating and ventilating systems, and other accessories can be tested. Rates of climb can be varied up to 7,500 feet a minute and dives can be made at rates up to 20,000 feet a minute. It's really the first big all-weather altitude chamber.

Air Liners Gaining on Pullmans

Before the war the air lines were beginning to give the Pullman Company real competition. By 1941 they were carrying as much as 13.7 per cent of total Pullman rail traffic in terms of revenue passenger miles. Then the war came and the ratio dropped to 7.9 per cent.

Now the air lines are making spectacular inroads into the Pullman traffic. In 1945 the ratio of air to Pullman revenue passenger miles was 12.8 per cent, and by March, 1946, it was up to 18.4 per cent. In March the air lines performed 403,912,000 passenger miles while Pullman performed 2,196,055,000.

Individual air lines have climbed, too. In 1941 only six railroads reported more passenger revenues than American Airlines, while United Air Lines rated eleventh place. Then the air lines slipped back. But in the first three months of 1946, American Airlines had climbed back to ninth position and United was showing up again as being surpassed by only fourteen railroads. Air-line officials expect the air industry, from now on, to make heavy inroads in competition with the rails because by March, 1946, relatively little of the new and larger postwar equipment had gone into service on the airways.

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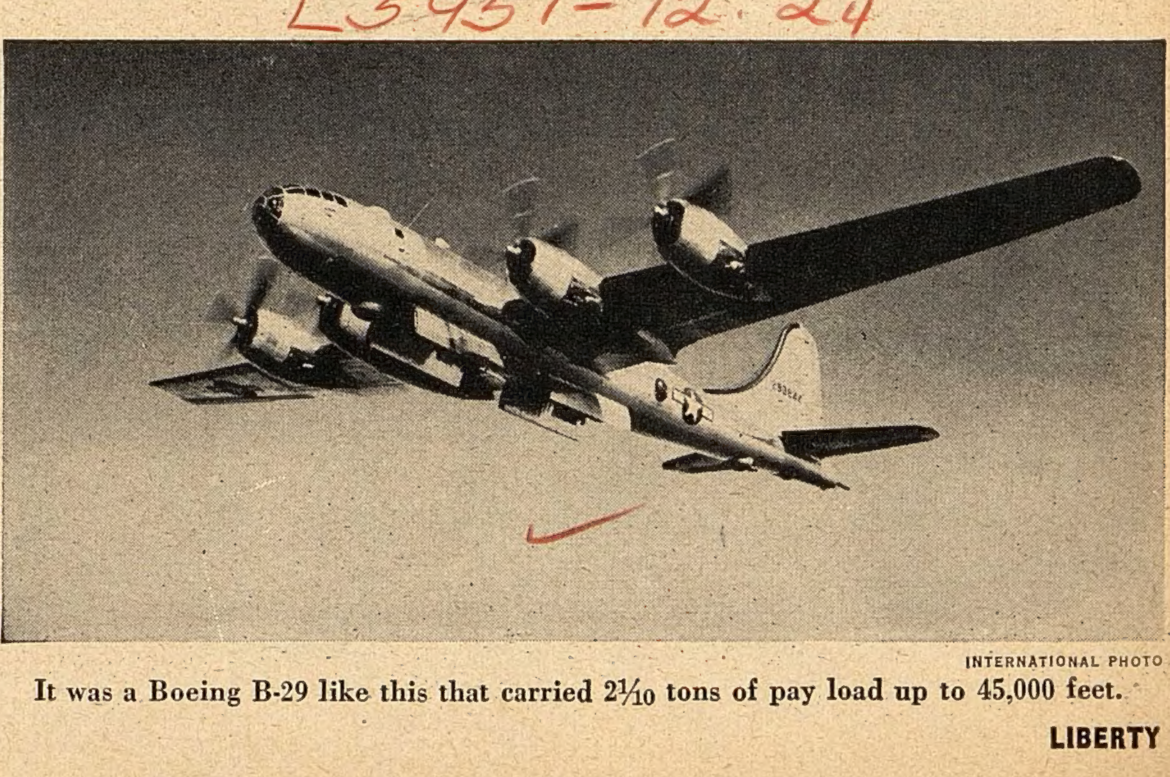
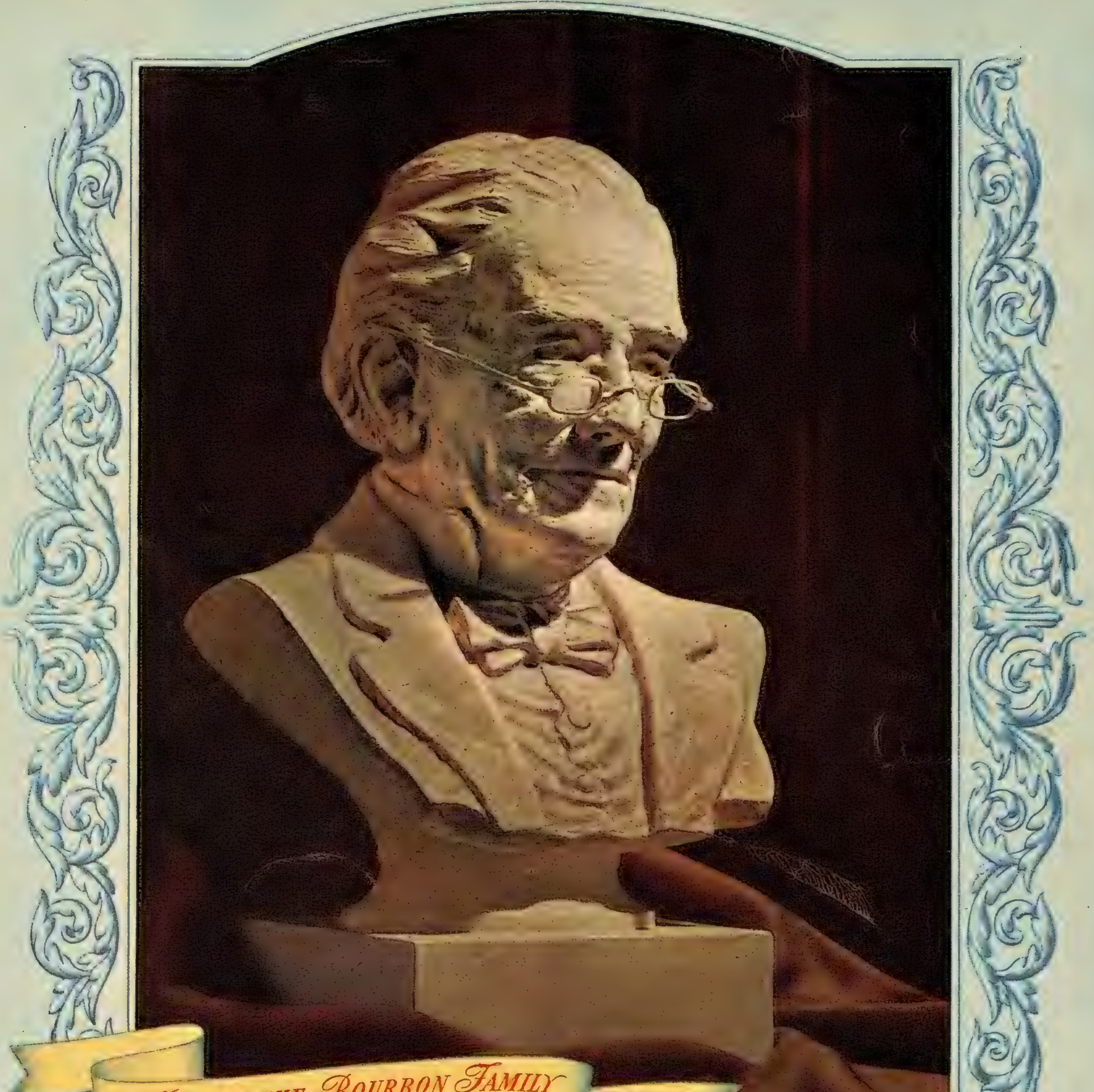


INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

It was a Boeing B-29 like this that carried 2 1/10 tons of pay load up to 45,000 feet.


HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Leadership entails a proud responsibility—hence the aim of a prideful distiller to make each sip of Old Grand-Dad seem richer in bouquet and more delightfully flavorful than the last. Among those who know Kentucky straight bourbon at its best, Old Grand-Dad always gets the call.

OLD GRAND-DAD

Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

Bulbsnatching's not up Allen's Alley!

FRED, you can get away with a lot of things on your program. But don't try bulbsnatching! That leaves folks in the dark. And worse still, that little habit of swiping a light bulb from one socket to fill another leads to accidents and eyestrain.

It's sort of silly, too, when good G-E lamps cost so little and last so long. That's because for 60 years General Electric lamp research has been working with one idea in mind . . . to make G-E lamps Stay Brighter Longer. As a result, G-E lamp bulbs today give you more light for your money than ever before.

Isn't that right up *anybody's* alley? So see your G-E dealer, and stock up on G-E lamp bulbs today!

Be sure to tune in when **THE FRED ALLEN SHOW** *returns to the air this Fall*

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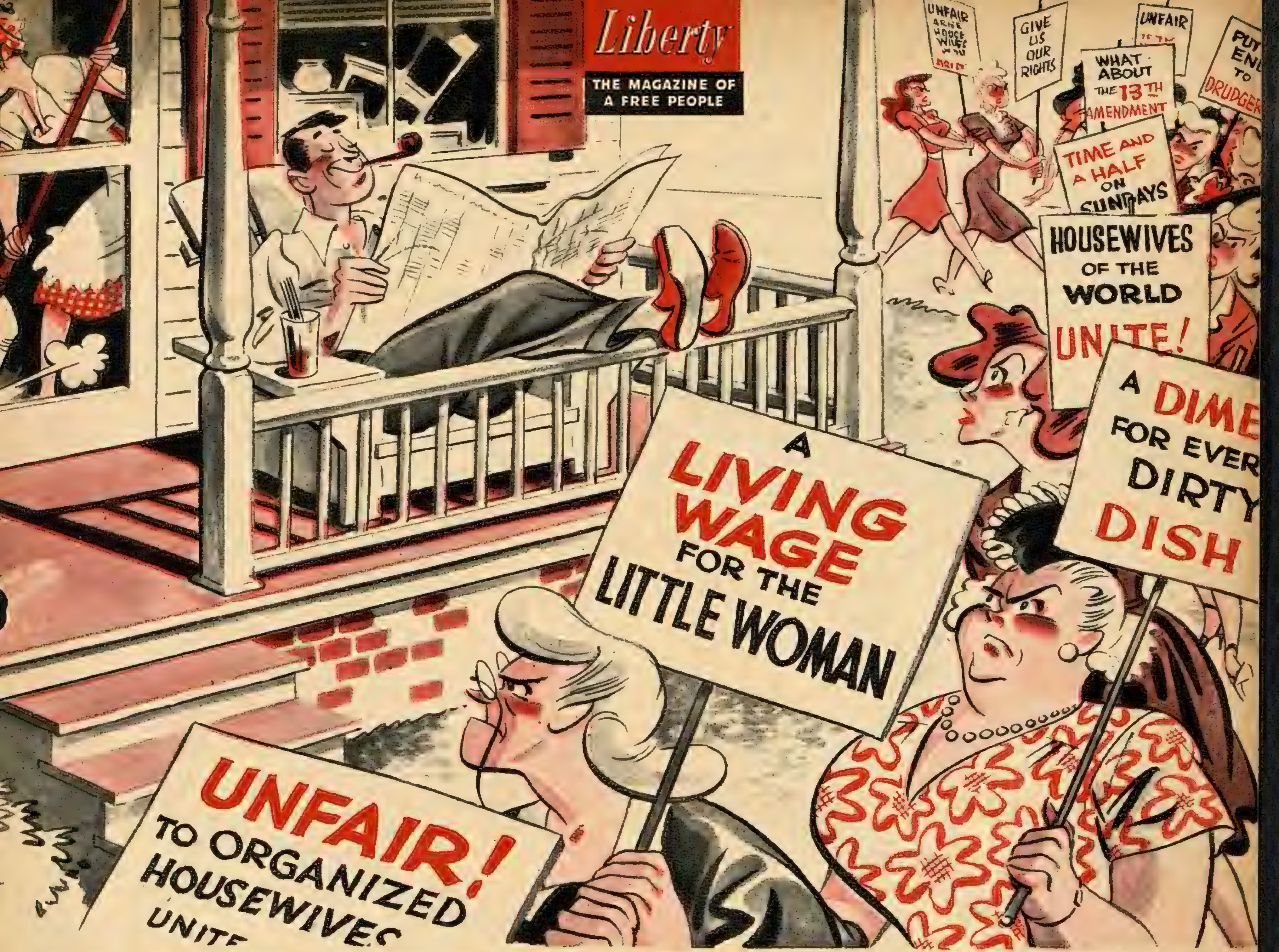

UNFAIR
ARISE HOUSE WIVES
GIVE US OUR RIGHTS
UNFAIR
WHAT ABOUT THE 13TH AMENDMENT
PUT END TO DRUDGER
TIME AND A HALF ON SUNDAYS
HOUSEWIVES OF THE WORLD UNITE!
A DIME FOR EVER DIRTY DISH
A LIVING WAGE FOR THE LITTLE WOMAN
UNFAIR! TO ORGANIZED HOUSEWIVES UNITE

This may seem farfetched, but if Britain's pay-the-housewife campaign catches on, who is to say it can't happen here?

Should Housewives Be Paid?

By JAMES E. PAYNE and ALBERT A. BRANDT

CARTOON BY KARL HUBENTHAL

L5787-150

"WHY shouldn't housewives be paid?" In these words one of the speakers before a recent joint conference of the Married Women's Association and the women of Westminster laid down the first major barrage in the British women's fight against male tyranny.

Though there was some discord in the ranks, there was no mistaking the fact that these women were in earnest, and that they were sincere in believing that the women of Britain and, by extension, women in the United States and elsewhere, were still getting a raw deal in a man's world.

> That's only one of the questions an influential group of British women is seriously asking in a campaign which will make husbands everywhere hopping mad — and worried!

Dr. Edith Summerskill, Parliamentary secretary to the Minister of Food, summarized the situation when she complained bitterly at the conference that while her work as a physician and as a politician has found some acclaim, her work as a mother and housewife went unnoticed.

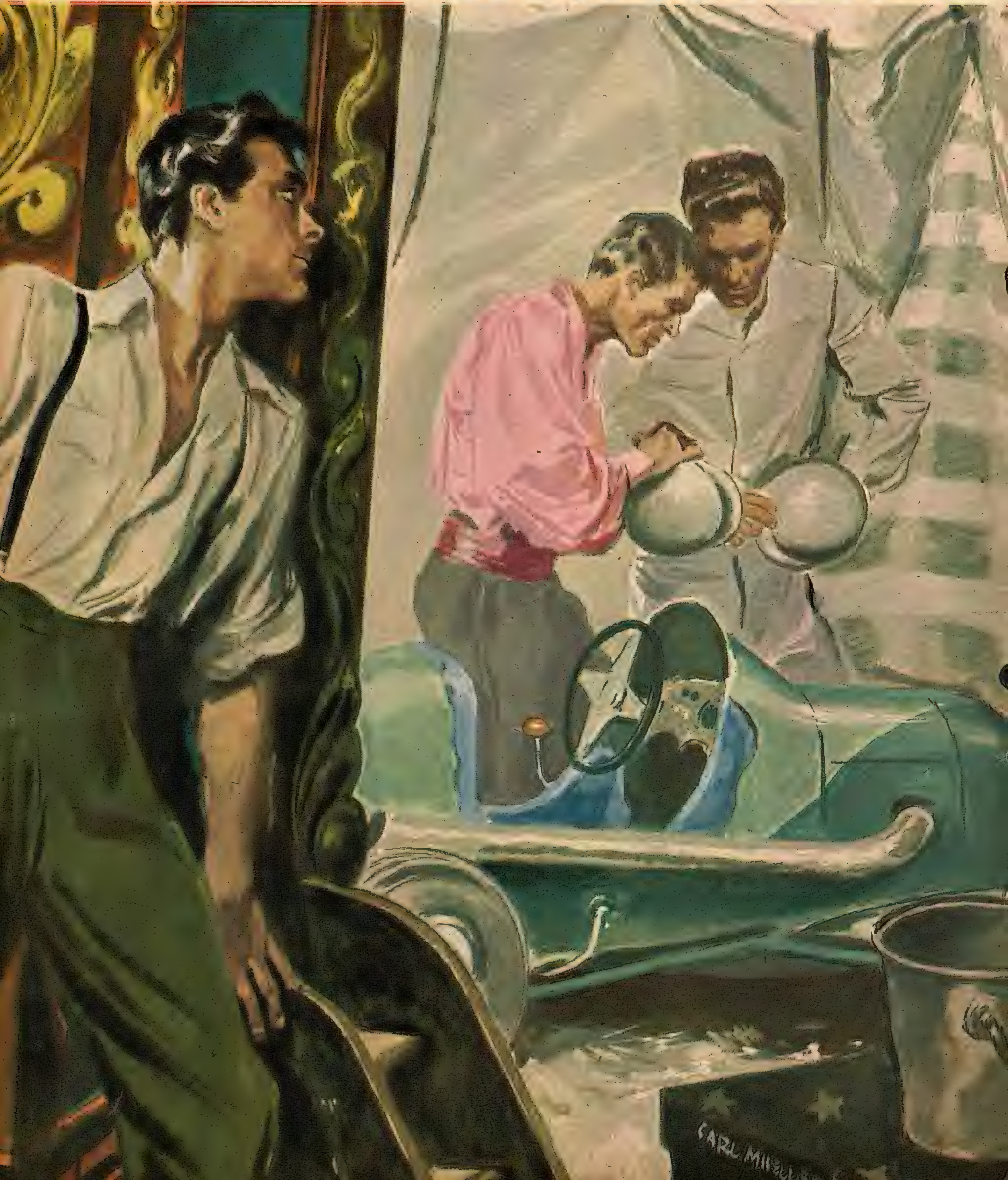
This meeting was only one of hundreds which have been held all over England under the auspices of the Married Women's Association. The organization is showing phenomenal growth and is already being recognized as a powerful factor in British politics.

A leader for the British women outlined its aims by stating: "Married women have no reason to narrow their intellectual horizons and become old before their time because men expect them to be household drudges and nothing else. The question is, shall there be happy homes managed by contented wives, or shall there be a general future escape from the shackles of marriage? Marriage could be greatly improved in all its ramifications if both partners had opportunities for the same experiences and aspirations. Once all improvements have been made which the M.W.A. so vigorously demands, a new meaning and a new happiness will be brought into the

(*Continued on page 51*)

Among midget auto fans, Mike had become known as the losingest driver ever to pilot a doodlebug. Then came his big chance in a business in which being a good loser can make you a winner

"I got to make it look like a good one, Sam," Jeff Card said. "The boss wants me to flatten that li'l car right dramatic."



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L5728-65

SHOW-OFF

BY

RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

JEFFERSON CARD picked the red-hot moment to ask us to eat a hamburger on him at the dog wagon. A little guy, Jeff Card, with thick shoulders. I'd seen his thin scarred mild face peering across the track at us all evening.

When he crossed over to us in the infield I needed an interruption like him mighty bad.

If you're going to have midget auto races, you've got to have some guy to come in last. Mostly this was Mike Meader. The only thing lower than the losingest driver is the driver's mechanic. That's me, Barney Price.

Mike was tearing me down with high voice and waving arms as they were turning off the lights. Mike Meader hates to come in last. It really gets under his skin, so he eases the pressure by boring under mine.

One way, I could understand. I'd tried rolling 'em myself. As a midget shover, Mike was pretty good. His trouble was that the other drivers were just a little better.

He couldn't claim I didn't keep the job hotted up, because he'd had good offers for it. And a couple of other speed merchants had tried to hire me. That cramped his style on bawling me out, but not much.

Why didn't I sock him and take another job? Well, it's this way. You hate to leave a sinking ship. It makes a rat out of you.

No, I couldn't do it. But I had my program. If I could just somehow get Mike Meader to win one race, I'd shake his hand and leave so fast he'd think I was jet-propelled.

But that was just wistful thinking the night Jeff Card climbed the infield fence while Mike was climbing me.

"I'd be right obliged if you gentlemen would have a bite of supper with me," this short-coupled stranger said.

Mike Meader got leery right away at being called a gentleman. But he had the mood to eat, with nothing, like the fellow said, to implement it.

"What can I lose?" Mike said, mighty bitter. He jabbed a finger at me. "D'you really want the grease-ball, too?"

I wrapped my fingers into a fist and then unwrapped them again. I'm a couple of sizes bigger than Mike.

"I sho do want you both," Jeff Card said.

Mike Meader's eyes narrowed up. The guy was polite, even to me. I couldn't help being curious myself about how two guys as bad off as us could be taken for a ride.

At the dog wagon Jeff Card opened up. He was with the Carnahan Congress of Daredevils and Rodeo Stars Supreme, a carnival.

"I'm a p'fo'mer," he said. He sighed sort of apologetic. "Not a good one. In the death-driving business. Carnahan don't miss on one payroll in fo'. Know carnivals, gentlemen? . . . That's good."

"You're out for fresh meat," Mike Meader said. "Spill it."

"Why d'you want a doodlebug?" I asked Jeff. "You suicide boys generally spatter yourselves in old wooden-topped jaloppies."

"Once I used a steel top in a jump and it wrapped around me like I was a sardine," Jeff said. He shook his head regretful. "Delayed the show twelve minutes."

The easy way he moved, you could see he had the quick reaction time for his racket. In death driving you want to be fast but not jerky.

"Get to the point," Mike Meader said.

"Sho will. Part of our p'fo'mance is a midget race. Our star p'fo'mer, Rizzoletti, comes th'ough the whole field to win on the last lap."

"A hipp race," Mike said, curling his lip. "Fixed."

Jeff let go a sigh. "It plumb thrills me, the way you gentlemen in the legitimate doodlebug business race with nobody knowin' who's going to win."

"We generally know who ain't," I said, and Mike's foot took the skin off my shinbone.

"We need another midget in that spectacle race when we open heah tomorrow night at Palmetto Field," Jeff said. "It pays eighty-five a week. You eat, gas, grease, an' repair yo'self."

MIKE gave me the eye. We walked to the other end of the wagon. In three weeks, riding a hot little iron, Mike had taken down a hundred and five in prizes and ten in appearance money.

"How does this wind up?" I asked. "The little lug puts the bite on us for two bucks with a story about calling Carnahan long distance to tell him he's got us?"

Mike shook his head. "I think he's honest. He hires me on the cuff. The first night Rizzoletti clips me, real showy. I crash, and they play to a packed house all week. They leave me in the hospital and pick up another sucker for customer bait."

"Huh!" I said. "These carnival guys are that carnivorous?"

"That's how I'd work it," Mike said.

It's a mech's job to back up his driver. "If I could just be sure, I'd say let's bust him with the coffee machine," I said. "I left my four-inch monkey with the car."

"If I had your brains I wouldn't have any," Mike snarled. "We'll handle him straight. We borrow all he's got in his pants now to tune up the midget. Then tomorrow night, I hold 'em up for an advance."

He champed his teeth.

"If Carnahan comes through with an advance, I ride that Hipp race!" he said. "And how!"

We went back and tried it out on Jeff. He shook his head.

"I'm a little sho't, boys." He sounded apologetic. And then he opened his kick and handed us all he had in it—seven dollar bills.

"Be at Palmetto Field to the west o' town at two tomorrow for rehearsal," he said.

"Rehearsal?" said Mike, grabbing the money. "Am I an actor?"

"Why, sho you'll be an actor," said Jeff. His voice was surprised. "This race has got to go like clockwork to get a hand. Theah's no 'lowing the man in the lead to stay there. It wouldn't be dramatic."

"O.K.," Mike said at last. "We rehearse."

"Thanks," I told Jeff. I was wondering about Jeff. Maybe he wasn't in on what was going to be put over on Mike.

Mike scowled at Jeff's calm face. "Next time you put out grub, how about somethin' classier than one o' these paralyzed freight cars?"

I was embarrassed. But Jeff didn't burn at all.

"I find 'em homey myself," he said.

"Walk sourpuss out or I take his ears off," said the counterman.

"These carnival fakers got to learn they're dealin' with class," Mike said to me as we headed for the garage. We were sleeping with the job just then. "Class will help me get that advance."

It didn't help so much. This Carnahan, a big guy, ran his own rehearsals and he was a diplomat, new style.

"Appearance money!" he said to Mike Meader. "Now, if it was disappearance money, ye scum of the midgets, ya'd have an argument. Only it would be cheaper an' further to use me foot on ye."

"O.K.," said Mike, meek on top, though I could tell how ugly he felt. "We'll play it your way."

"An' no other," Carnahan rasped. "Show him the ropes, Jeff. If he fancies one for a tight necktie, it's on the house."

"Wait!" said Mike to me under his

(Continued on page 48)

Carleton Morse and actor Barry Fitzgerald in a huddle on a mutual interest—art. Morse's most notable creation is One Man's Family, so realistically portrayed that many people believe the family (see opposite page) really exists.

PHOTO BY JACK ALBIN

PORTRAIT M (staff)

There's Money in the Air

Some radio executives once advised Carleton Morse that he was all written out. That was twelve million high-priced words ago, before One Man's Family was born

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

RADIO studio receptionists, who wouldn't give a guesting movie star a second glance, stare popeyed at Carleton E. Morse.

Morse is producer-author-director of one of the most successful serials in radio—One Man's Family. This drama of the tribulations of a San Francisco family, the Barbours, has won the attention of from fifteen to twenty-five million listeners during the past fourteen years. Morse's take as a radio script writer consequently has been high—between $150,000 and $250,000 a year. The figure will soon be upped sharply. The Family, after a ten-year holdout, has finally been signed for the movies, and Morse, of course, will write it.

The Family got started in the days when radio was young and unsophisticated. Morse likes to speculate as to whether any sponsor nowadays would fall for an idea so naïve. It has no "angle," no "twist" of novelty, nothing to trick the imagination of the listener and get his attention. As one perplexed radio wiseacre put it: "The whole thing is corny. There isn't a gimmick in it anywhere. Why would anybody listen to a thing like that?"

The story, which not a few million people believe to be the best ever broadcast, tells of the life of an upper-middle-class family, Henry and Fanny Barbour, who were married back in 1896 and who produced five children, Paul, Hazel, twins Clifford and Claudia, and Jack. Paul represents the generation of World War I, Hazel the generation who lived between two wars. Clifford and Claudia are the products of the prohibition era, and Jack, the youngest, typifies the youth who grew up to fight in World War II. With these five, *their* children, and Henry and Fanny Barbour, Morse has won just about every important award ever offered for dramatic program excellence.

Careful progeny spacing has enabled Morse to present through a Family member just about every point of view and every problem typical of the last twenty years. There is no well-knitted plot to the Family. The story moves from person to person and incident to incident in keeping with events as Morse sees them. He maintains that he doesn't really write about the Barbours—he merely sits at the typewriter and lets them do things which he records. As a one-time writer of thrillers, however, Morse cannot escape some responsibility for the fact that members of the Family have at various time mysteriously disappeared, met sudden death, served with the Chinese National Army, suffered ship-torpedoing disaster, and adopted an orphan. When such circumstances occur within one family, it resembles more the hand of the astute drama writer than the hand of Providence.

Nor was it an act of Providence that Morse started writing the Family back in 1933. He was then writing

One Man's Family watch the birdie. Standing (l. to r. of course) are Jack, (back from the Marines), Joan, Claudia, Nicky, and Dan Murray. Seated are Clifford, his son Skipper (on the chair arm), Betty, Father and Mother Barbour, Hazel, Teddy (perched on the chair), and Paul (in it). On the floor (as usual) are the Barbour grandkids: Penny, Margaret, and Hank.

such thriller-dillers as Chinatown Squad, Barbary Coast Nights, Adventures in Life, and Split Second Tales for NBC in San Francisco. Possibly because of his own tremendous output, it suddenly seemed to him as though everyone were writing mysteries. He sensed a glutted market. He therefore calculatingly designed a dramatic program as unlike a spine chiller as he could conceive. The result was One Man's Family.

HE has doped out other successes, too. An outstanding characteristic of radio is its capacity to imitate, and so, with the success of One Man's Family, numerous other family programs appeared on the air. At this point Morse reckoned the time was ripe to switch back to mysteries. But by then the Barbour clan had become a valuable property and he was tied to them by both pecuniary and family loyalty.

So he added another program, I Love a Mystery, which was a hit whodunit on the air waves for six years. As expected, the kilocycles became loaded down with creeper-jeepers, and Morse sold I Love a Mystery to the movies and took it off the air. In its place he took up comedy-drama, which he figured was about due, and last fall began writing and producing the program Hizzoner the Barber, starring Barry Fitzgerald.

Though it rolled up an audience of 12,000,000 in its tryout period, grain restrictions left the sponsor temporarily without much of anything to sell, and Hizzoner had to be withdrawn before many mystery writers could reconvert to comedy-drama. Morse still thinks the air is ripe for good comedy-drama, though, and expects to have Hizzoner back on the air next year. The betting is even money that it will bellwether half a dozen similar programs.

Morse doesn't let his other writing interfere with his affection for the Family and the players in the cast. Five of them have been with him since the first broadcast and they comprise the most select acting circle in radio. With the announcer and organist, the present cast has a total of more than 130 years of broadcasting the show. One veteran of twelve years with the Family is now only twenty-two!

Morse has never broadcast the Family before a studio audience. It would, he says, destroy the listeners' illusion that they alone are overhearing what are, after all, some pretty intimate revelations about the Barbours. Such meticulous attention to detail has helped land the Family in first place in the Motion Picture Daily poll ever since its inception.

The size of the Family audience is nowadays of less interest to Morse than its loyalty. People who have not missed a broadcast in ten, twelve, and sometimes even fourteen years often write him, usually for one or two reasons: to announce that they have made a listening record, which they haven't, scores of thousands having done the same thing; or to denounce him for causing a Family member to behave in a manner they consider less than noble. They usually remind him tartly that no real Barbour would do such a thing.

MORSE'S humble beginnings make his success appropriately American. He was born in Jennings, Louisiana, but when he was five his family moved to a ranch in southern Oregon where he spent twelve years growing up and accumulating brothers and sisters to a total of five. His father then took a job as superintendent in a Sacramento rice mill, and young Carleton finished high school in the California capital.

Although it seems unbelievable of Morse, who is hardly the impractical type, he swears he was magnetized into the newspaper business by reading one day in a weekly magazine of the adventures of a "beautiful girl reporter." Promptly the following morning he applied at the Sacramento Union for a job.

By the time he was twenty Morse had had two years at the University of California, combined with a year on a paper like the Sacramento Union, and he decided that he would tackle San Francisco. He applied at the Chronicle, where he got a job on the copy desk.

It was while on the Chronicle that

(Continued on page 61)

If Trouble's Got You

BY HENRY D. STEINMETZ

L 5930-25.50

TODAY'S mountebanks of mental medicine, according to reputable psychiatrists, could probably fill a rogues' gallery the size of the Louvre. Cashing in on the public's combined interest in and ignorance of mental ills, this growing army of quacks is frisking the public of more than its money; some of the victims have paid a far higher price than dollars could ever measure.

One evening last winter, for instance, a successful New York professional woman sat tensely by her radio, hanging on the syrupy words of "Dr." P——, consulting psychologist. "Emotional problems? Jangled nerves?" he purred. "What you need is psychoanalysis." Next day she called at his office, obviously in serious nervous condition. For $1,000 cash on the line, P—— whisked her through a half dozen "analytic treatments," consisting largely of honeyed words and sexual passes. Today she's in a state hospital, insane.

An unusual case? Not at all.

"Scarcely a week passes that some instance of injurious quackery doesn't come to my attention," says Dr. C. Charles Burlingame, chairman of the Public Education Committee of the American Psychiatric Association. "Yet most cases go undetected. Victims don't want to talk."

The mental-medicine quacks run the gamut from malpracticing psychologists and "human-relations counselors" to phony faith healers, California cultists, "hypnologists," professional "listeners," marital-guidance experts, and assorted soul-soothers of resounding titles too numerous to mention. Yet even these don't complete the list. Alarmingly often, general physicians of otherwise respectable standing are among the guilty.

The kind old family doctor, for example, with his "intuitive grasp of human nature" and intimate knowledge of his patients' personal affairs. One such in a small eastern city recently undertook to prescribe for a business man complaining of insomnia, indigestion, heart palpitations, and general anxiety. The doctor checked him over and could find nothing physically wrong. The man had worked long hours during the war, was currently beset with reconversion problems, and had a wife who set him a stiff social pace. A clear case of overwork, the doctor decided, and sent him off on a leisurely cruise. The third night out the patient jumped off the boat. Was the doctor to blame? Definitely, in the opinion of trained psychiatrists.

"A supposed 'flair for human contacts' no more fits an untrained person to treat nervous illness," warns Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie, prominent psychoanalyst, "than your grandmother's 'clever hands' would have qualified her to remove your appendix."

Phony psychiatric treatment can have shattering effects on the nervously ill. This will help you distinguish the reputable practitioner from the army of glib fakers

But the family doctor didn't claim to practice psychiatry, and thought his prescription just "common sense." More reprehensible are lay charlatans actually professing psychotherapeutic skills.

Consensus among leading psychiatrists is that a solution to the quack problem must be threefold: (1) broader public understanding of the aims and methods of bona fide psychiatry, (2) legal reforms, and (3) training of many new psychiatrists to meet the great and growing need for proper aid to the nation's mentally or nervously ill.

Bearded prophet of modern psychiatry was Sigmund Freud, who died only a few years ago after a long lifetime of study of the human mind. Beginning his researches a half century earlier in Vienna, he discovered that the mind is actually a tumultuous battlefield in which subconscious caveman emotions—raw hate, fear, love, jealousy—struggle constantly and violently against conscious civilized thought processes, called inhibitions, which normally hold our animal impulses in check. Mental or nervous illness, he found, results when gangsterlike emotions, hopped up by some deep-buried "infection," overpower the mind's policeman inhibitions. Then they emerge, in villainous disguises, as the symptoms of psychosis (insanity) or neurosis (nervous upset).

Symptoms of insanity are usually plain enough to anyone, but those of a nervous upset are often apparent only to the sufferer himself. They may include physical pains and disorders, general anxiety, unreasonable fears and worries, or personality difficulties of almost any sort.

Freud developed psychoanalysis as a means of digging down to the abscessed roots of such troubles, exposing them to the antiseptic rays of the patient's understanding, and thus killing the infection. The patient, relaxing on a couch in a semidarkened room, simply thinks aloud, rambling on about whatever pops into his head. The doctor, helping him along with an occasional question, pays close attention not only to what is said, but to what is left unsaid. For the unsaid things are the subconscious links that connect the patient's conscious thoughts. Not until the doctor has gathered hundreds or even thousands of these links can he begin fitting them together, like pieces of a puzzle, to form a picture of the patient's subconscious mind.

Take a typical case, a woman suffering chronic worry and despair, together with blurred vision and paralysis of the right arm. The doctor probed to the source of her trouble, a long-forgotten incident in which, as a young girl tending her sick father, she had dozed off at his bedside, her arm hooked over the top of her chair. Waking with a vague sense of guilt, she found her arm asleep and her eyes blurred with tears.

The doctor cured her with a simple explanation of her symptoms: As a girl she had feared she might have to forego marriage to care for her invalid father. Unconsciously she wished for his death. When he did die, she suffered unconscious guilt. Without knowing it, she was accusing herself of moral murder to achieve matrimony. Her emotions toward marriage festered slowly. Finally the infection came to a head, centering in the childhood incident of guilty escape, through sleep, from the dilemma of her father's illness. Hence the symptoms subconsciously associated with the incident.

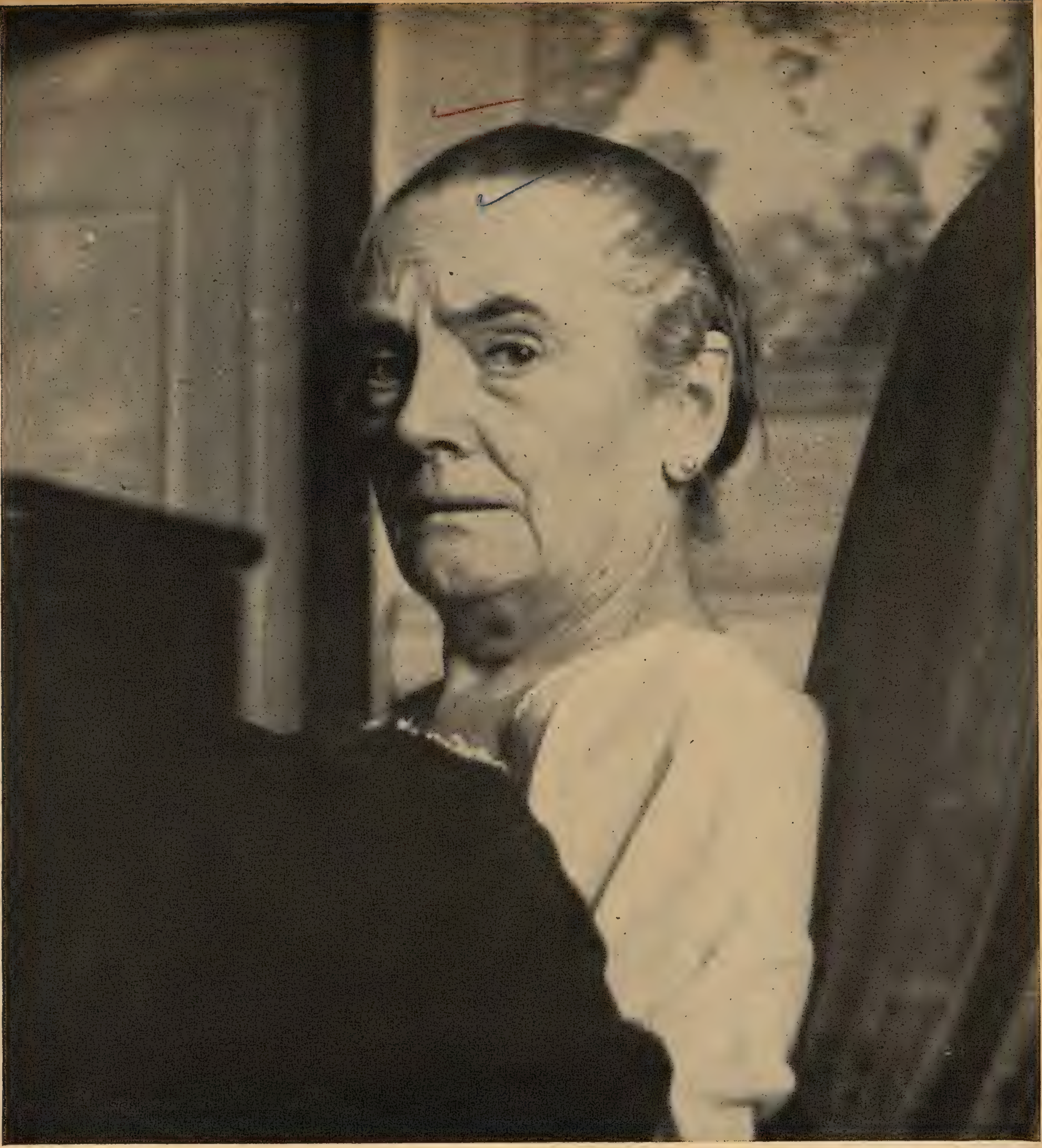


PHOTO BY RICHTER FROM RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

This woman is insane—the result of mild emotional ills being treated by unskilled and unscrupulous "specialists."

But, though capable of spectacular cures, psychoanalysis has serious drawbacks. It is not only a severe ordeal, but long and expensive. The patient must spend an hour a day with the doctor for a period of perhaps one to five years, and the cost may range from $1,000 to $25,000. Anyone offering a much quicker or cheaper psychoanalysis, except as charity, may safely be labeled a quack.

"And this includes self-quacks," says Dr. Philip R. Lehrman, president of the New York Psychoanalytic Society. He warns against books, authored by doctors who should know better, purporting to enable the reader to analyze himself. "There is no such thing as self-analysis. Only self-deception."

There are, however, accepted methods of psychotherapy much briefer and cheaper than psychoanalysis. These have been developed in recent years because so few people can afford analysis and because, in many cases, lasting relief from symptoms can be obtained without it. In brief therapy—anywhere from a half dozen to a hundred treatments—the patient simply sits in a chair by the doctor's desk and talks things over. The doctor, instead of combing through all the details of the patient's lifetime, considers his current problems and symptoms and their explanation in terms of his personality and experience. He may do a little digging into the patient's subconscious mind, but with a spade rather than an analyst's delicate probe. If he doesn't turn up precisely the root of the trouble, he can usually make a good guess as to its nature. But brief psychotherapy attempted by a quack is no less dangerous than quack psychoanalysis.

Short-cut methods in psychiatry mushroomed during the war. One

(Continued on page 72)

Pretty Larceny

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

L5633-300

Only Vivi, whose heart was as black as her hair, could do a thing like this to the crime expert of the New York Bulletin

BY ADRIAN SPIES

ILLUSTRATED BY GLENN THOMAS

Villa Suarez
Varadero, Cuba

Mr. David Miller
City Editor, New York Bulletin

DEAR Dave:

This is to report that your wandering boy is definitely off the sick list and will be back in New York as soon as possible. That breakdown I had from writing our series, Exposing the Chiselers, has been cured ahead of schedule by Cuban sunshine and a few items not listed in the travel folders.

You probably imagine that I have done nothing down here except sip native brews under a coconut tree, but be assured that the Bulletin's crime expert hasn't neglected his homework. In fact, I come back to you with a new insight into the gentle art of fraud, and I owe it all to one Vivencia Torres, the sweetest crook south of Broadway.

I met Vivi on the night I checked in here at Villa Suarez, a shabby inn with tiny rooms but a big bar. After convincing several goats in my room that they would have to make way for a cash customer, I sat down to dinner. Suddenly, from another table, I heard:

"Here's to you, Señor—drinking by myself."

I turned and saw Vivi. She was the perfect reception committee for a tired guy on a vacation—an olive-skinned, black-eyed hot tamale who looked so wonderfully wicked I could feel that breakdown floating away. Of course I hopped up and asked her to have a drink with me. Now get this, Dave. This is how she answered me. Straight.

"This is a small village, señor, but it has many tongues. I already know you are a newspaperman from New York. That means you are too clever for me—and my little business. I would be wasting my time with you."

You'll admit that her little speech was hardly poetic. I ordered a drink in a hurry and asked the lady to tell me about her business.

Vivi's racket isn't unique, but she assured me it works. She said she had spent some time in the States, apparently not at a convent, and had learned that the prize sucker which we breed is the middle-aged, hard-working bachelor who missed out on romance somewhere along the line. When such prospects came to towns like Varadero, Vivi would be lovely and Latin—but very, very good. Often enough, the gentleman would decide he had found his dream girl and propose marriage. Vivi would murmur that first she needed $300 for her sick sister in Havana. She would get the money—and never come back.

"Now that I know you," Vivi finally said, "I have a feeling you will not give me away. Come, we will take some rum and watch the villagers fish in the moonlight."

We went, and the fishermen were very colorful. Vivi was very gay.

Villa Suarez's business—and Vivi's—improved the next day with the arrival of Mr. Sampson Snipes. He said he was from Kansas, and his tall bony body jutted out from one of those tight white summer suits men used to wear twenty years ago. In one hand he held a set of maracas he had bought in Havana, and in the other a book on higher mathematics. For Sampson, it developed, was a high-school algebra teacher on a sabbatical. I grabbed Vivi.

"This, lovely, will be murder."

"Don't be silly," she whispered. "How can it be murder when we start with a corpse?"

WE heard Sampson announcing he would take a swim before lunch. Vivi disappeared and returned in a few moments in a sarong-type bathing suit—a sight to which I had not previously been treated. I went along to the beach for the laughs, and maybe for another look at Vivi.

It didn't take her long. She smiled shyly, introduced herself, and anxiously asked Sampson if he had brought along any coconut oil to protect his schoolroom pallor from the sun. Of course he hadn't, so the considerate Vivi not only gave him some, but even spread it all over his back with polite little pats.

I wouldn't have minded the decline and fall of Sampson during the next week if he hadn't decided to make a best pal out of me. On such occasions when he wasn't doing a gruesome rumba with our lady or escorting her on twilight walks along the beach, he smothered me with hero worship. One night he trapped me at the bar and said:

"This sure beats Kansas. You know, I was pretty lonely. But all that's been made up for by the privilege of meeting a grand woman like Vivencia and a famous journalist like you."

"We're not so hot, Sampson," I said. "We just look good in the moonlight. Take my advice and stick to algebra."

Sampson apparently decided I was joking. He bought me a rum and sipped lustily on some pineapple juice. I expected him to ask for my autograph any moment.

It was at this unhappy point that your boy forgot he is strictly a roughneck reporter and tried to write the editorial. I went to Vivi and dramatically asked her to leave town and give the poor slob a break. She kissed my cheek and said:

"Chico, you are a sweet idiot. Don't you know our lonely Sampson would be unhappier that way? Isn't it better if for a few more weeks he holds my hand and has a taste of all he has missed? He needs that more than the money I'll finally get. I promise to be most gentle."

VIVI made sense to me in a crazy, outlaw sort of way. As she kissed me again, I even felt a little jealous. I went to the bar and drank Pernod, which eventually wafted me to a state where I amused myself by thinking that Sampson Snipes, master of algebra, was involved in one triangle he wouldn't find in the books—he and Vivi and I.

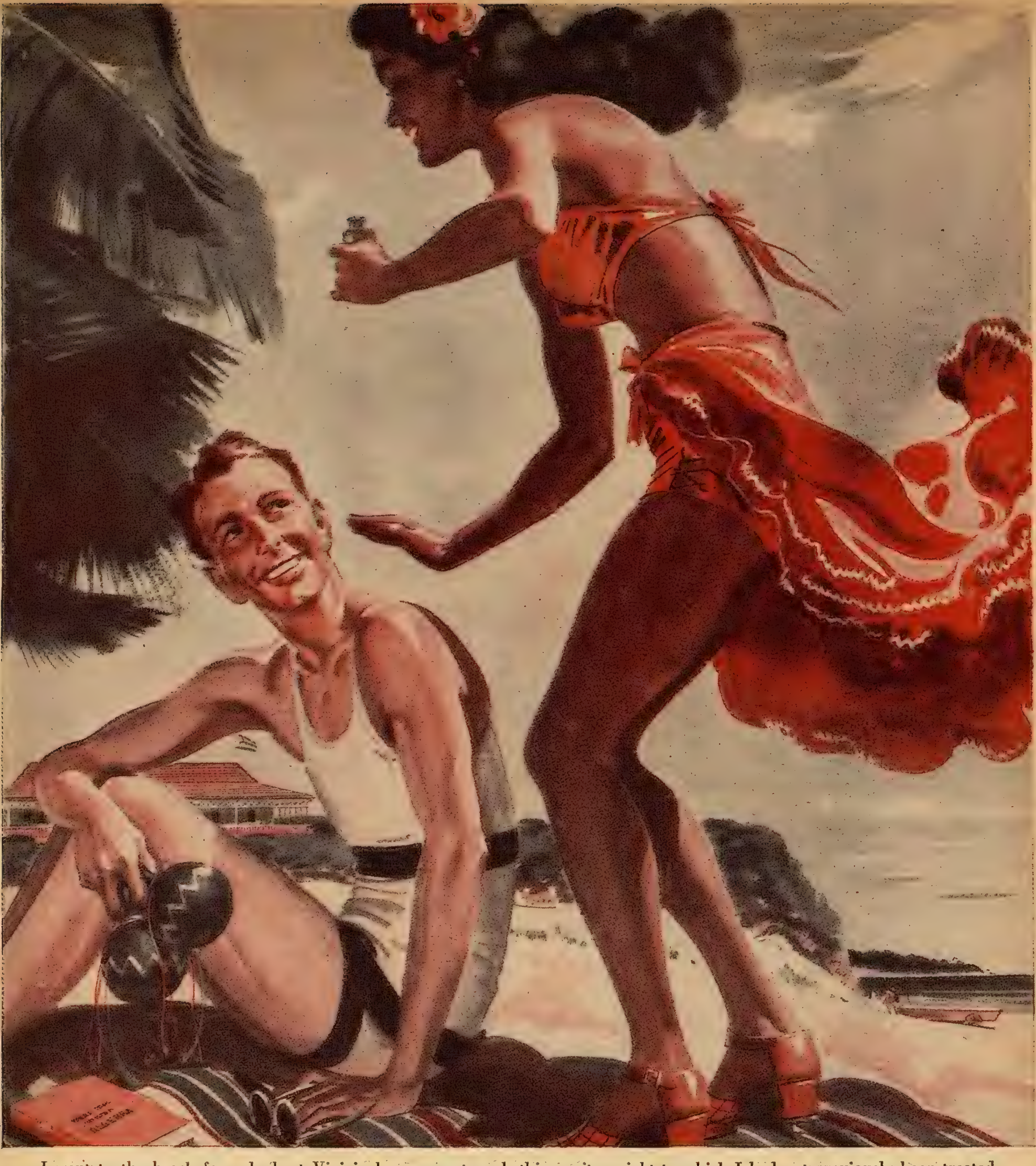
The days are golden and bemused in Varadero, and as Vivi adroitly closed in for the kill, it seemed to me that Sampson was radiant. I watched their meanderings with a benevolent, if bloodshot, eye.

That was my state late one night when Sampson swept into my room and announced, in rapid order, that he and Vivi were going to be married, she was running in to Havana in the morning to see her sick sister, and she needed $300. As I mumbled something about being surprised, he said:

"Of course, I'm lending Vivencia the money for her sister. But I have to get a check cashed and everyone else is asleep. Could you do it?"

The reality of Sampson's $300 sobered me. He was being swindled before my eyes and I had to do something. I blurted:

"I hate to tell you, but there's not going to be any marriage. Vivi plans to take your money and skip. That's her racket."



I went to the beach for a look at Vivi in her sarong-type bathing suit, a sight to which I had not previously been treated.

Sampson stared at me incredulously, as if looking for a joke. He drew back his arm to punch me, then let it drop. He said:

"I guess you're drunk, so I won't hit you. It's awful if whisky can make a man say such things about a wonderful person like Vivencia."

I jumped up and talked fast. I told him about Vivi's past, about the way she had been working on him since the first day. He just kept nodding sadly and advising me to give up drinking. Finally I asked:

"Suppose it works out like I say and Vivi never comes back with your money?"

"It's preposterous," he said smugly. "But, for the sake of argument, if Vivi *should* disappear, then it could only mean that some terrible, mysterious tragedy had taken her off, and I would mourn her for the rest of my life."

It suddenly struck me that Vivi had done a terrific job on him. For $300 Sampson was buying a shatterproof dream, and it was a bargain. I apologized for what I had said, blaming it on the rum.

Then I cashed the check and went to sleep.

That was the last decent sleep I have had. For not only was Vivi gone for good the next morning, but so was Sampson. That $300 they got from me on the phony check will probably last them until they find another sucker. Now you know why your crime connoisseur is coming home—as soon as you cable me enough money.

Dolefully,
Sam.

THE END

STAFF PORTRAIT

STRIKE DOCTOR

When strikes are busting out all over, Uncle Sam calls in Ed McGrady, who has a prescription for walkout fever that rarely fails

BY DONALD B. ROBINSON

PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

Edward F. McGrady at his post as chief of RCA's labor relations. He has mediated successfully more labor disputes than any man in history.

THE lights were going out in industrial plants all over America for lack of fuel when Secretary of Labor Lewis B. Schwellenbach played his ace card in the paralyzing soft-coal strike. He called in Edward F. McGrady.

Seventy-four-year-old McGrady has probably mediated successfully more labor disputes than any man in history. It was McGrady who got John L. Lewis back into a conference with the owners after negotiations had been broken off. A few days afterward, Lewis announced the truce which sent his miners back into the pits. When the situation again became acute, it was McGrady who arranged for Lewis and Charles O'Neill, chief spokesman for the mine operators, to meet with President Truman. And it was McGrady who advised the President on the course to follow.

The coal strike was merely one of hundreds of disputes that the government has asked McGrady to resolve. Months before, he paved the way for settlement of the tugboat strike which had benumbed New York by cutting off its fuel supplies. He simply used the same conciliation techniques he has developed during forty-five years in the labor field.

New York also turned to McGrady when the C.I.O. transit workers threatened to tie up the subways.

McGrady's boss, General David Sarnoff, liberal-minded president of the Radio Corporation of America, also played a leading role in breaking the deadlock between the city officials and the transit union. The conferences went on throughout the day and far into the night and finally moved to Sarnoff's Fifth Avenue apartment. It was there that the union acceded to McGrady's time-tested remedy for seemingly insoluble strike situations—the appointment of a board to investigate the workers' grievances and demands.

Half a century's close association with labor strife has convinced McGrady that peace can come to American industry only through action by the public, by the national government, by organized labor as a whole, and by organized industry.

The public, he says, can help immediately by pressing for adoption of effective community-wide plans to ease industrial tension. As a model, he suggests his famous Industrial Peace Plan.

This is a simple system for "cooling off" frayed labor-management tempers. It is this plan that McGrady has used so successfully during his nine years as chief of RCA's labor relations. During that period there has not been one strike in any of the company's plants. When McGrady took over the post after he had resigned as Assistant U. S. Secretary of Labor, relations between the 33,000 RCA workers and the concern were at a low ebb.

The cooling-off plan was developed as a result of the epidemic of strikes during the early days of the New Deal. Flying about the country then, McGrady finally came up with a proposal for the establishment of an industrial peace board in big manufacturing cities. The board was to be composed of five representatives of labor, five of management, and eight of the public. The members, however, were not to represent their special factions; each was to see the problem whole. Among the public delegates were to be several clergymen.

Under the terms of the plan, local labor and management were to negotiate as usual, but if negotiations broke down and the conferees faced a strike or lockout, they were pledged to take their case first to the chairman of the board. The chairman was then to delegate one or more members from each group on the board to form a panel which would confer with labor and management spokesmen, separately at first and jointly later. Pending the results of the conference, there would be no strikes or lockouts. If a small panel were unsuccessful, the chairman could call the entire board to sit on the case.

Here's how McGrady explains the philosophy behind this procedure: "It has been my experience that

SHIPS - merchant

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Empty coal barges dramatically tell the story of the paralyzing coal strike. It was McGrady who got John L. Lewis and Charles O'Neill, of the mine operators, to meet with President Truman. Subsequently the miners went to work.

when men and management have been negotiating for a long time, they are apt to become impatient and irritable. There is a loss of balance. Many disputes go on the rocks when the participants become conference-drunk. In that state they are apt to bark at each other, commit mayhem or do almost anything. By bringing fresh minds into the picture at this stage of the game, a quick agreement can frequently be reached."

As a testing ground for the plan, McGrady chose an Ohio city which had had more than its share of industrial disputes. With the backing of the municipal authorities, the press, the church, local labor and management, an Industrial Peace Board was set up. The U. S. Department of Labor chose the chairman, the Chamber of Commerce the industry representatives, and labor its delegates. The chairman then selected the eight impartial members. A priest and a rabbi were among them.

This plan proved so successful that it has since been instituted in more than twenty-seven other cities and requests for information on it have been received from England, France, and Sweden. Broad-scale adoption of the plan, McGrady believes, would be a major step forward.

Another great advance on the road toward better labor relations would come, he states, from the formulation of a down-to-earth national labor policy. In his opinion, it requires no more laws; in fact, he says that fewer laws would help.

What is needed, according to McGrady, is the removal of the national government—and also the state governments—from labor disputes.

PORTRAIT O'D

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

McGrady watches his conciliation technique bear fruit as management and labor sign an agreement in New York's Mayor O'Dwyer's office to settle the city's tugboat strike.

"Management and labor will compose their differences infinitely better, and sooner, if the government keeps its hands off. All too often government intervention has only acted to lengthen strikes. All too often strikes have been called or prolonged just because of the sure knowledge that the government would take a part. If labor and management both realize that it is up to them alone to settle their fights, they'll do it sooner.

"Labor Department or state mediators should intervene in a dispute solely as a last resort, and only then when requested by both sides."

The single exception to this thesis, he declares, concerns strikes that affect the welfare of the nation as a whole, such as the recent railroad tie-up or any walkout affecting public utilities. Then, he thinks, government should act, and act quickly.

American industry can make two contributions to peaceful relations, he states. First, he recommends that employers organize themselves into industry-wide associations and deal collectively with unions on an industry-wide basis. It is the

(*Continued on page 59*)

L5925-40

L5635-400

Blind Trail in Burma

The chase is on to intercept the mysterious stranger who left Dave almost without an identity—but for the tender memories he and Janie shared. Oddly, the stranger had reminisced with Janie about exactly the same things

Original to [illegible] returned (Rosenberg) 10/9/46

BY EDISON MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

RÉSUMÉ OF PART ONE

BY July, 1945, Dave Enrude had spent two years in backwoods Japanese prison camps in Burma. Recently another prisoner had arrived, Alex Thorton, a white man who bore a strange resemblance to Dave. Both men had suffered face wounds and Dave had undergone some facial surgery. He was the son of an American missionary and had always lived in the East. He told Alex of meeting Janie Colby six years before, when the two had shared the experience of seeing the rare fire pheasant flash through the jungle. Janie spelled romance to Dave. He believed she and her father might be at Toungoo, the internment camp across the river, and he longed for liberation so that he might seek her. Dave didn't tell Alex about his former friendship with Moung Ting, a native who served the Japanese commandant and had the run of the camp. Moung Ting brought a secret warning that Dave was to die at dawn, and that night he managed to escape through the roof of the *bashi* and fled to the hills. There he remained while the search for him went on. He waylaid a hillman who told him Colby Sahib and his daughter had escaped from Toungoo to Rangoon. With the help of friendly natives Dave made his way to that city and sent a note to Janie at the hotel. When she saw him she failed to recognize him. "You can't be Dave Enrude," she protested. "It was Dave who helped dad and me to escape." Someone had been impersonating him!

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

DAVE gazed into Janie's wide eyes. She was as lovely as he remembered her.

"It would seem this other Dave is quite an important person, to be sent by plane to Myitkyina," he said.

"I don't know how important he is, but he saved dad's life."

"Maybe he faked the business of saving your father's life—the Jap commander sitting in—so he could have two unimpeachable witnesses identify him to the military as Dave Enrude."

"I tell you, he'd heard by grapevine that dad was going to be shot."

"I'll bet he knew just how to sneak you out of the prison—maybe to an automobile to take you hotfoot to Rangoon!"

Her eyes grew wider. "That's true, but—"

"Don't stall any more, Janie. You know I'm Dave."

At that instant a tall iron-gray man of some distinction looked in. Dave recognized John Colby.

"Pardon me, honey," he said to Janie. "I thought you were going to meet Dave—"

"Oh, dad! An awfully strange thing has happened. This chap says that he's Dave Enrude and the other is—"

"What kind of rubbish is that?" John Colby was gazing at Dave, now on his feet, with cold hostility.

"It just happens—"

"Go on out, Janie. I'll deal with this fellow."

"No, I want to find out what it means. Dad, he does remind me a great deal of Dave Enrude. More than the other, at first—"

"That's your imagination. Janie, the real Dave saved my life—perhaps both our lives. I remembered him well—so did those Burmese we met." He turned to Dave. "What are you up to, young man?"

DAVE was thinking, fitting together one thing after another. "Your rescue was a fake. They never intended to shoot you, Mr. Colby," he said suddenly. "They needed you and Janie to identify this fake Dave—but they were going to shoot me. I escaped. Well, they could still pass him off for me as long as I was hiding in the mountains. Even if I got to Rangoon, I'd have trouble proving my identity—with dad dead and everything fixed so pretty."

"I don't believe it."

"Janie, will you go with me to the military?"

"I'd rather not," Janie answered. "I'm still not sure."

Dave walked through the lobby into the street. He noticed two Burmese loitering near the entrance, and two blocks farther on he saw them again, hurrying to overtake him.

Nearly a block farther on, he saw them stop three men in uniform, speak to them hurriedly and gesture toward him. As Dave came close to the group, the two natives sped on.

THE soldiers waited for him. They were English officers, one of them a major. The latter spoke to Dave in a quiet, grim tone.

"What kind of uniform is that you're wearing, soldier?" he asked, returning Dave's salute.

"Sir, it was given me by some American engineers after I'd escaped from a Jap prison," Dave answered.

"What prison?"

"A small one, across the river from Toungoo."

The major turned to his companions. "I hadn't heard of any prison across from Toungoo. Have you?"

"I know damned well there wasn't any," a lieutenant answered.

"Did you go there to look?" Dave asked. "It was a one-horse affair, probably secret. It had only one other white prisoner and four Chinese. The Japs may have burned it and thrown a scare into the villagers—"

The major broke in. "Were you a military prisoner or an interne?"

Dave named his English regiment and gave the approximate date of his capture at the river village of Thebald.

"You're not even a good liar," the lieutenant said ominously. "That regiment was never within fifty miles of Thebald."

"I was sent there, sir, to set fire to a warehouse full of rubber."

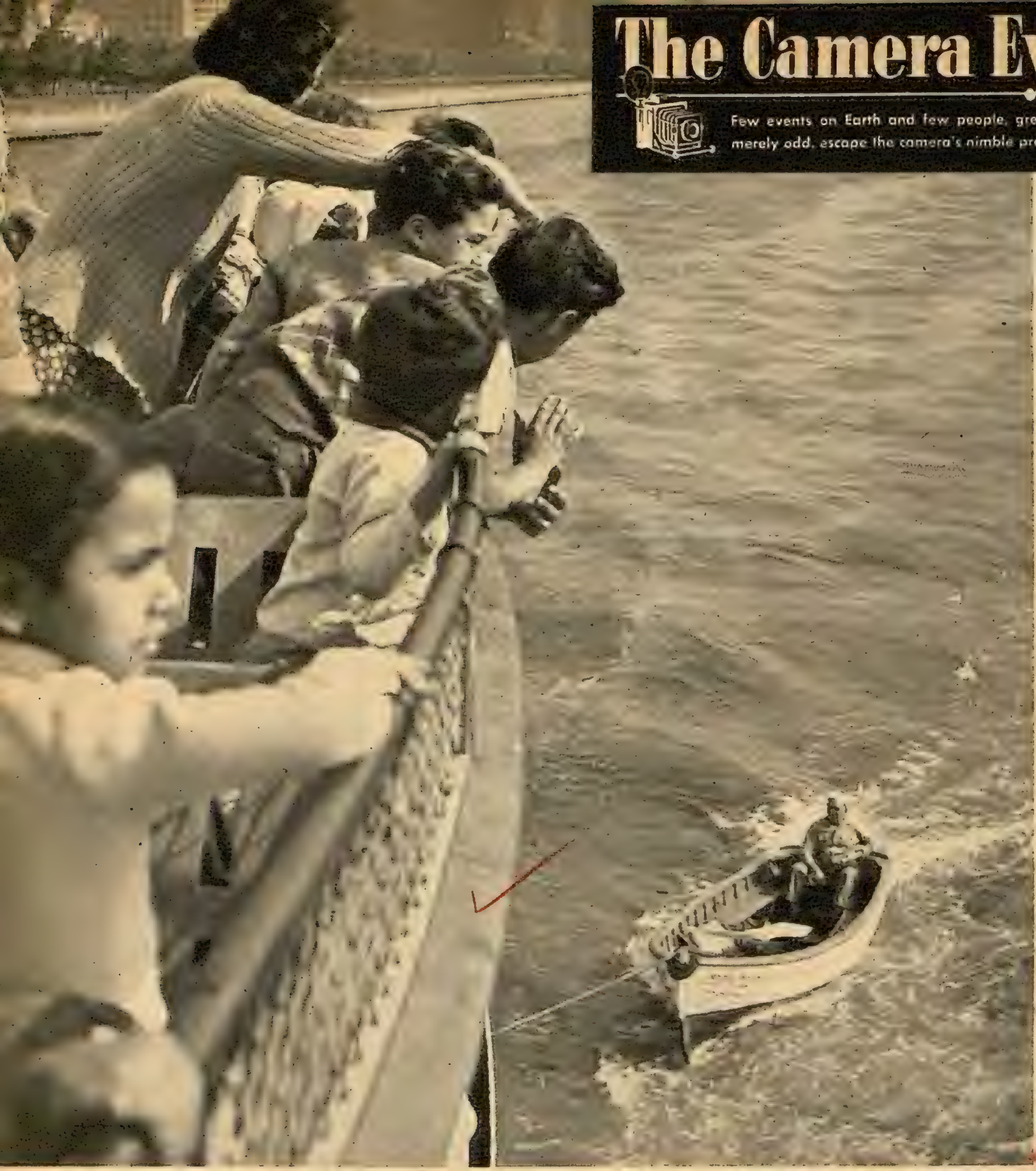
"Have you identification and a pass for this area?" the major asked.

(*Continued on page 66*)

Then the door opened and someone entered who, at first sight of Dave, stood still with the pallor of death already on his face. "I see the jig's up," he murmured.

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



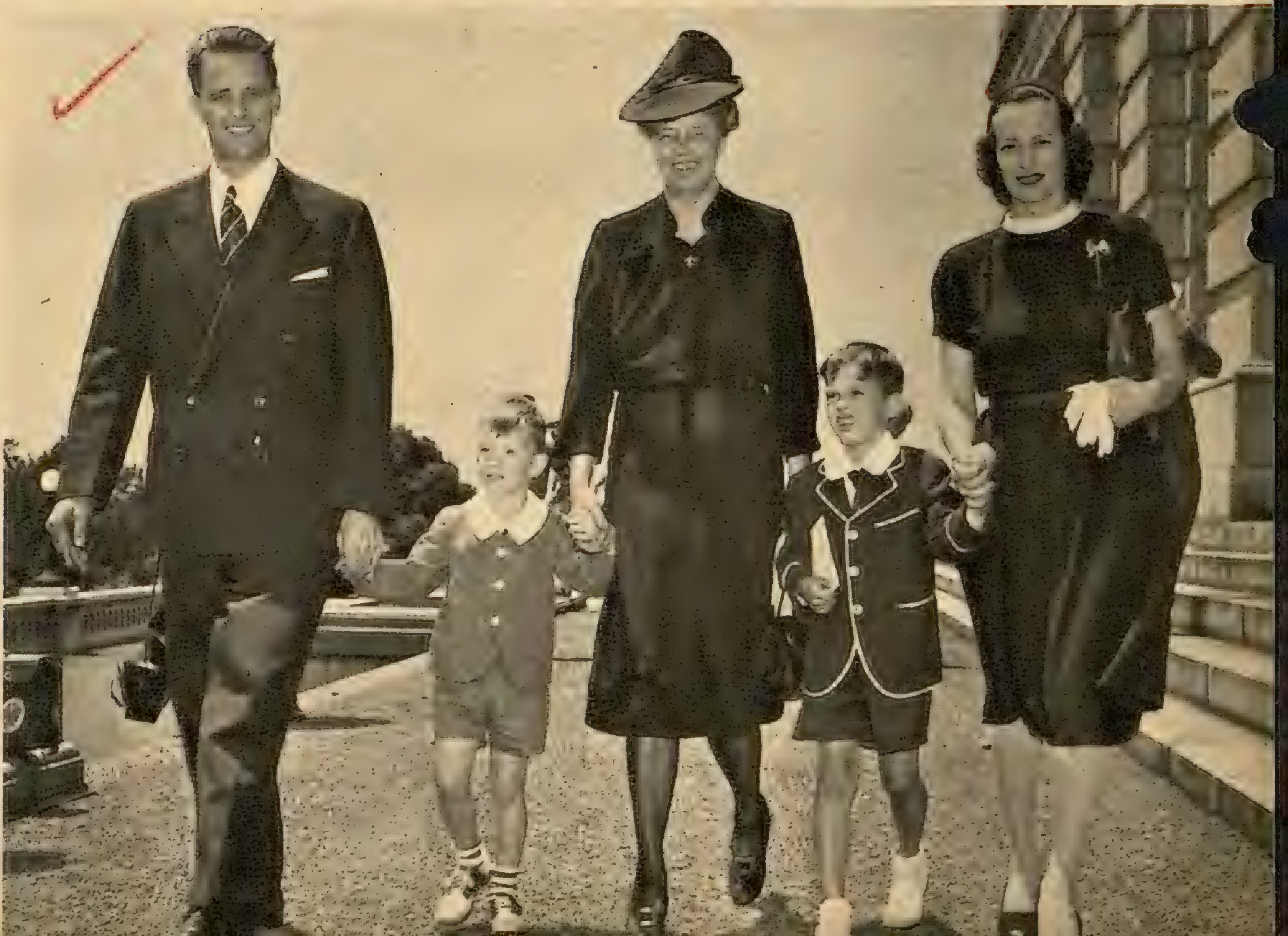
IVAN AND JOE—U. S. border guards chatting with Russian guards on the Czech-Russian frontier in northern Bavaria. They seem to get along even if their political leaders don't.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

L 5981-24.48

"ADMIRAL GUS"—Mothers relax when Gus Jensen is in his rowboat. His job is to fish kids out of New York Harbor when they fall from this excursion boat. When not falling, they're bantering with Gus.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO



FAMILIAR FACES—but rarely photographed together. Elliott Roosevelt; his son, David Boyton; Eleanor Roosevelt; Fay Emerson's son, Wm. Crawford, Jr.; and Fay Emerson, now Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

CUTE TIE-UP—Paramount player Janet Thomas models a sun suit that's made entirely from old neckties. On her, even that tie you got for Christmas would look pretty good.
PHOTO BY JACK ALBIN

5982-36.72

UMAN CANVAS—It's painful d against the law, but many ps still go in for tattooing. One hing about it, it's permanent.
ACME PHOTO

THE EYES OF LOVE—Miss Samantha Ingham and James Riley, both blind, kneel at the altar of Chicago's St. Andrew's Church where they were married. The Seeing Eye dog who was their guide to the altar kneels reverently beside them.
ACME PHOTO

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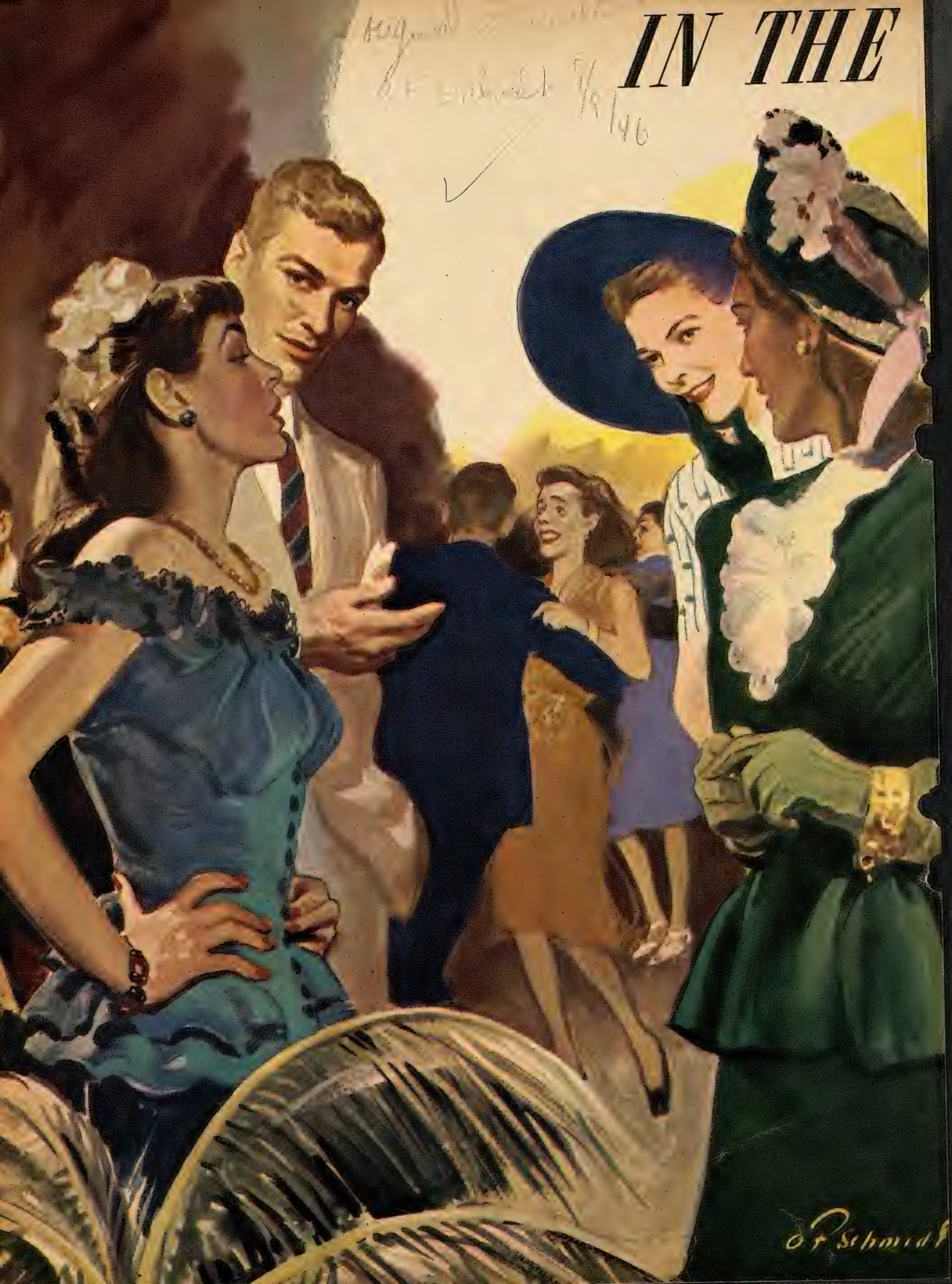

PALM OF HER HAND

When Mickey made a mistake, it was a beaut. In this case the beaut was Millie

BY DUANE DECKER

L 5631-400

MILLIE emerged from the employees' entrance of the Hadley Department Store in a rush, still patting her saucy white half-hat into place at just the angle Gene Tierney had worn hers in a recent picture. Under the hat backed provocatively from her brow was a mouth made up the way she wanted it—full, wide, and crimson. Her black marquisette dress was a size smaller than the saleswoman had prescribed, but Millie liked it that way. Men seldom failed to look her over in considerable detail and she knew it, but—again—Millie liked it that way.

Past the slow-moving file of Hadley clerks, her bare lotion-tanned legs teetered precariously on the highest of heels as she headed toward the bus stop. Then, all of a sudden, she heard Mickey Gillis, from behind somewhere, yelling eagerly at her.

"Hey, Millie! Wait up a minute, Mil!"

No, she didn't have time for Mickey right now.

"Can't—tennis," she flung back over her shoulder, and hurried on her way. But not without a darting backward glance that took in the picture of Mickey halted in his tracks, hands on hips, glaring belligerently after her. How he liked to play the outraged male, she thought. But maybe because she gave him so many chances to play it.

Mickey drove one of the Hadley delivery trucks, and Millie had him in the palm of her hand—sometimes. Then again, sometimes he could be pretty balky. She'd gone places with him over a year now, but not steady, not the way *he* wanted. "Just because I like you a little," she'd told him, "don't think you're in like Flynn."

But he was nice, barrels of fun, a good dancer, and he made forty a week. Only he just wasn't *romantic.* Of all the fellows she'd ever gone out with—and there'd been plenty—she liked Mickey the best. But why get serious with a fellow who didn't look romantic? It seemed to be pretty hopeless.

No law against looking around, she thought.

On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays Millie had no time to lose after the store closed. Those were the days she played tennis at the East Side municipal courts. If she didn't get over there and into her shorts by five fifteen, then she'd get gypped on her time. This was the explanation she gave the other girls on the glove counter at Hadley's for her inevitable pell-mell five-o'clock rush. "I like to get my money's worth," she'd tell them. "Oh, yeah?" they'd say. "That the *only* reason you go out of here like a fire engine broke loose?"

It wasn't, but Millie figured why spill your very private affairs to the glove counter? They were only trying to snoop into her love life. When they asked her nosy questions about some of the fellows she dated off and on—Joe Daniels, Tony Marena, Mike Tolovak, and the ones she could snap her fingers at and bring running—she'd dole out little tidbits for them to chew over. Because she liked being gossiped about, the way actresses were in the Hollywood columns. It proved you were somebody, if only at Hadley's store.

BUT when they asked her about Mickey, she clammed up. What gave between Mickey and her was sacred stuff. Maybe she did two-time Mickey once in a while, but she wasn't giving this bunch the chance to razz Mick about it. And as for Stan Enright—well, for the present, the less said about Stan the better.

All the glove counter had to go on was the suspicion that another man had come into her life that she couldn't completely twist around like a pretzel. So they were right. But no need to give them the pitch. After all, so far she'd played tennis with Stan. Never had a date with him yet. Which definitely wasn't *her* fault.

After tonight, though, it would be a different proposition. Tonight would show. She was having her first date with Stan. And it wouldn't be the last. She'd see to that.

She'd connived it, but nobody had to know that. She'd been trying to figure a way to break the ice with Stan for some time, a way to make him suddenly see her as something besides that chesty little East Side number who played a fast game of tennis. Tonight was it. She'd open his eyes on more important points. Stan was as romantic to look at as a full moon.

THE way she'd angled this date had been pretty slick. Her uncle, who owned a small grocery store, put a sign in the window advertising Ken Culver's famous band in a one-night stand at the Crystal Palace Ballroom. He got two tickets for displaying the sign and gave them to Millie, saying, "You and Mickey have a good time now." Like the rest of her family, her uncle thought the sun rose and set on Mickey, and, like the rest, kept urging her to go steady with him and settle down before she got into trouble running around loose with so many different fellows. She'd just nodded when he'd handed her the tickets, but her eyes had narrowed like a cat's as she'd thought what a fine opening this could be to break the ice with Stan. She could go out with Mickey any time. Almost.

Then, casually, the next day when she and Stan were playing mixed doubles, she'd told him about her uncle and the tickets, adding, "I suppose I oughtta use 'em since he was so nice. Maybe *you'd* like to go dancing, Stan?"

He'd scratched his head, and for a brief heart-rending moment she'd thought she was going to have her first taste of being turned down by a fellow. But then he broke into a grin and said, "Well, my dancing's pretty corny, I guess, but if you're willing to take a chance—"

If she was willing to take a chance! He was out of this world. He didn't belong here at the municipal courts, of course. His being around was just a great big wonderful accident. He really belonged at some country-club tennis court. Or at the wheel of an expensive roadster. Or in white tie and tails, like the snobs on the society page of the newspapers. But never mind—he happened to be here and she had her chance at him.

Where Mickey was stocky and

(*Continued on page 54*)

"Pleased, I'm sure," Millie said with a glance that swept them all. But she wasn't. She resented them.

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

FOODS

Fabulous Foods

225
129
153
99
107
630
1040
350
175
49
150
159
181
325

PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

Shelves at Charles & Co., famed New York grocer for epicures. Delicacies on display range all the way from pheasant pâté in cognac to diamondback rattlesnake.

For those who live to eat and don't count the cost, Danish trout, Costa Rican turtle meat, Bombay duck (a fish!), and other expensive morsels are coming in by the plane load again—not only to Park Avenue but to Paducah as well

By HARMON and ELSIE TUPPER

RECENTLY the wife of a San Francisco lumberman acquired a craving for Danish brook trout, the kind she'd had before the war. Within twenty-four hours she was eating the luscious meat of a trout that had been flashing through a stream in Denmark only a few days before.

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, an oil tycoon was giving a party for some watermelon-hungry senators from the South. Since the fruit was out of season, the oil magnate wired East, and the next day received a plane load of watermelons from Cuba, $2.50 each, f.o.b. Havana.

In Washington, D. C., a social climber seeking to impress her friends dispatched a letter to New York, asking a famous food store if truffles were available. They were. Did madam desire the Spanish importations at $1.55 an ounce, or the genuine aristocrats of the truffle world, just arrived from France and priced at $5 the ounce? . . .

You may go without necessities, but there's no dearth these days of fancy goodies. No waiting, either. If you have the money and the yen, you can get air-line delivery of exotic eatables from hundreds of miles away in a matter of hours. A Moro stone crab that was bumbling over Caribbean rocks last night could be served to you—heaven forbid!—for breakfast this morning.

In New York, tony grocery stores, game and wild-fowl dealers, and the big fancy-fish importers offer a host of delicacies that are speeding in by plane, ship, and rail in ever-increasing quantities, the like of which hasn't been seen for over six years. No longer catering only to the gentlefolk of Gotham, these merchants are filling a flood of orders from all parts of the country, and, thanks to 300-m.p.h. cargo planes and special refrigerated containers, even the most perishable foods reach customers in, say, Dallas or Seattle as fresh and appetizing as if purchased in New York.

In his downtown office, where he is surrounded by framed tributes from international gastronomical societies, cherubic André Prince of the fish-importing firm of Lucien Prince & Co., talks lovingly of the S.S. Saland, a Dutch refrigerated ship just arrived from the Low Countries. For the first time since the war, the vessel docked with 1,000 pounds of turbot from the North Sea, 2,000 pounds of Danish brook trout, and 10,000 pounds of real Dover sole, the kind that melts in your mouth even though you lack butter sauce.

For this good fortune we can bow ironically to the Germans who, when they bombed Rotterdam in 1940, spared for their own use the huge freezing plants along the quayside. These freezers are now preserving fish at the full prewar clip, and since America's consumption of sea food is five times as great as in 1939, Prince plans to import at least 200,000 pounds of the sole alone. Today a pound retails at $1.25, which, being about 95 cents more than the dressed domestic variety, should prove to you that the denizens of the Dover Strait are hardly plebeian.

The Danish brook trout, each weighing half a pound and prized for its firm delicate meat, is cul-

(*Continued on page 64*)

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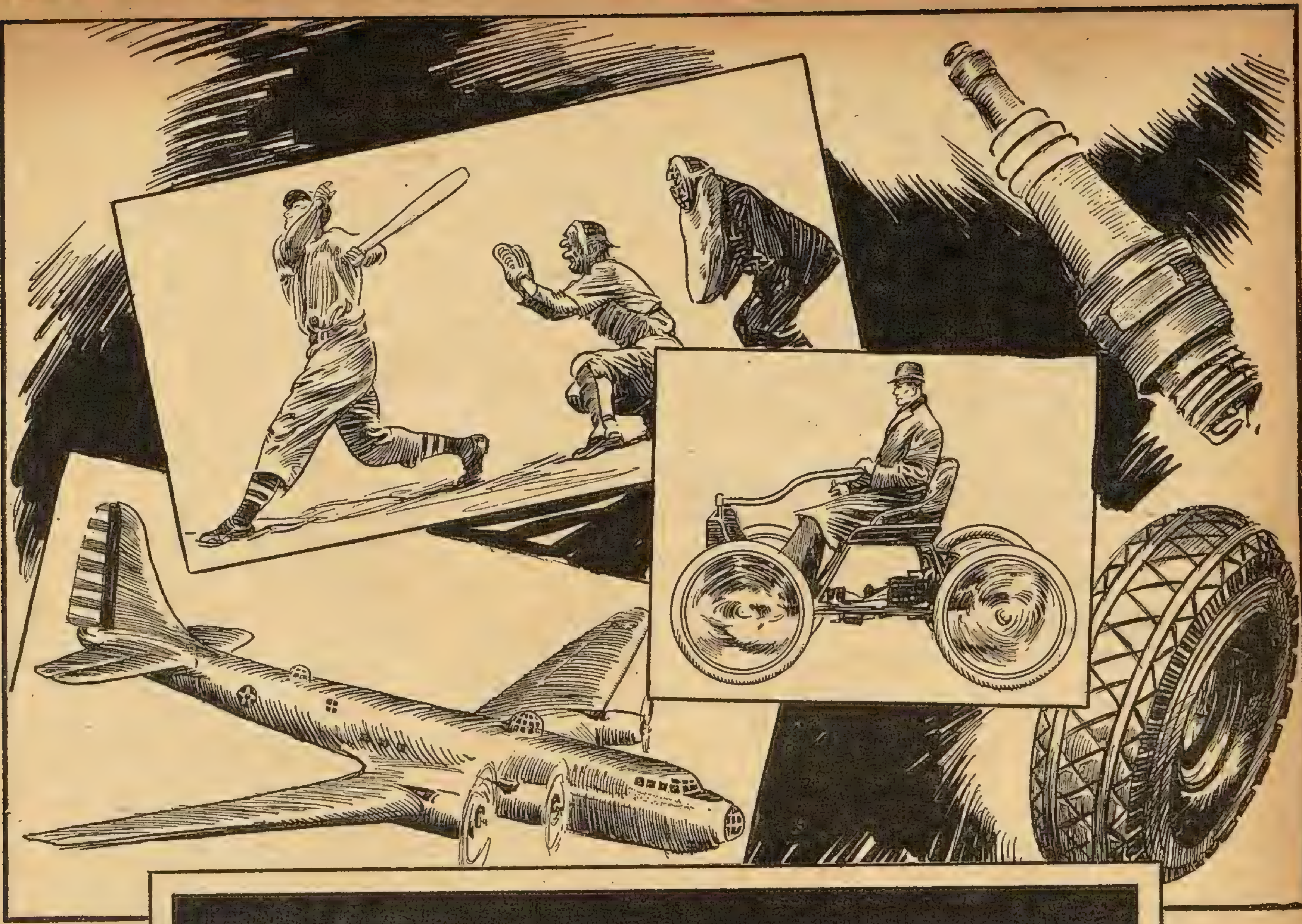

DETROIT IS MY OWN HOME TOWN

BY MALCOLM W. BINGAY

This entertaining biography of America's great industrial city is written by a veteran Detroit newspaperman. Bingay has known the automobile tycoons since their "tinkering" days and has peppered his book with engrossing, intimate side lights on the fabulous men who put the nation on wheels

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION · *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

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"THE only place these men in the automobile industry have to meet is the Pontchartrain Hotel Bar. Let us organize a club to get them out of the saloons of Woodward Avenue."

The speaker was Henry B. Joy, president of the Packard Motor Car Company. The date was January 4, 1915 the scene a gathering of Detroit men.

But no one among us dreamed that Joy was speaking on behalf of men whose names were to take on household familiarity. No man could foresee that within thirty years they were to create a ten-billion-dollar industry—that they would put the world on wheels; that they would change the course of history.

On April 17, 1915, only three months later, the doors of the two-million dollar clubhouse were opened. Ever since that day the Detroit Athletic Club has been the grand lodge of the automobile business.

John Kelsey used to say in those lush days when millions were made overnight: "It's just as easy to write a check for thirty thousand dollars as it is for thirty. The only difference is a lot of goose eggs."

He had organized the Kelsey Wheel Company for $1,000,000 and in eight years business had expanded so that the corporation was recapitalized for $13,000,000. Everything he touched turned to gold. But he was always the simple "Kelse," whose pocketbook was open to his friends.

He once went to New York for a conference with two partners in the Kuhn, Loeb banking house. John C. Lodge, former mayor of Detroit, was with him at the Waldorf Astoria hotel. Mr. Lodge is a gentleman of the old school. So he was a bit shocked to see Kelse pull off his undershirt, and to hear him announce he was going to wash it.

"Why, John!" protested Lodge. "Send it down to the hotel laundry."

"I will not," said Kelse. "All my life I have never asked anybody to do anything for me that I could do myself."

He went into the bathroom, filled the tub, and was washing away when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" yelled Kelse. The door opened. There stood the two Kuhn, Loeb officials, accompanied by a Detroit attorney, Leo M. Butzel.

"Where are you, John?" called Butzel.

"Here in the bathroom," called back Kelse. "Come on in. I'm washing my undershirt."

They came in.

"Here's the check," one of the visitors said.

John took it between his soapy fingers, placed it on a shelf and went on talking business without ever missing a rub. The check was for $2,000,000.

THE man who invented the self-starter was tall, gaunt, sardonic, voluble Charles F. Kettering, now of General Motors. "Boss Ket" started with the National Cash Register Company at Dayton. To eliminate the long heavy arm that had to be pulled down to open the drawer of a register, Ket conceived the idea of a little electric motor that went into action at the touch of a key—and the job was done. That was when the idea of the automobile starter was born.

He came to Detroit and sought out the president of the Cadillac Automobile Company, who agreed that the motorcar should have some contraption to turn over the motor. Young Ket applied the same principle he had evolved for the cash register; and, while he was at it, also developed the ignition-and-lighting system.

There was no place around Dayton or Detroit to try out his experiment, so he drove to Indianapolis and sought out Carl Fisher who had just built his great speedway there. Fisher had made his fortune by manufacturing auto lights which burned acetylene gas. Ket asked for permission to run his jalopy on the track to try "an experiment." Fisher wrote a permit. Later that day his superintendent came into his office.

"Who is that fellow you let use the track?" he demanded.

"Oh, some nut from Dayton who thinks he's got something. I didn't like to discourage him."

"Well," said the superintendent, "that nut is using your speedway to put you out of the lamp business."

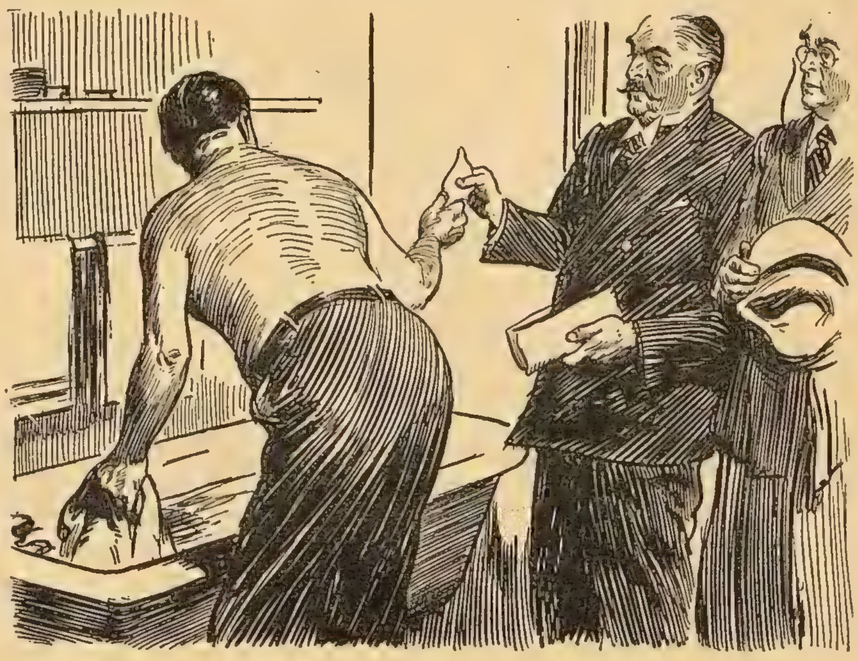
No prophecy was ever more accurate.

To Detroit also came the seven Fisher brothers—one at a time, however—from the little town of Norwalk. Their father, a craftsman of the old school, ran the village wagon shop. He taught them all to be master mechanics and workers in wood. Fred and Charlie came up first. They stood apart as master workmen in the automobile body factory where they got work.

Charlie Fisher wanted to get married. To do so he felt that he ought to be given a five-dollar raise. The owner of the plant said no. Twenty-five was enough. The upshot was that Fred and Charlie went into business for themselves, financed in a small way at the bank. And thus the Fisher Body Company was born.

Walter Flanders, roistering head of E.M.F. Automobile Company, conceived the idea of a four-door car. He went to the Fisher Brothers and they turned out the first four-door body ever made. Orders began rolling in.

One day after Flanders had given a large order, Charlie Fisher called on him and said, "My brother Fred and I have been thinking this thing over. We want to talk over the matter of a price adjustment."



"Here I am," roared Flanders, "just getting my head above water and you fellows start gouging me!"

Flanders raved on, with Fisher trying to get a word in. He finally succeeded.

"What I'm trying to tell you," he said, "is that we think we are making too big a profit on this type of job and we want to lower the figure."

Flanders slumped in his chair. "Are you fellows crazy?"

"Not at all. We believe in a fair profit for our work. Any more than that we do not believe is right. Father always did business that way. We intend to do the same."

When Charles Fisher was married to charming Sarah Kramer, of his home town of Norwalk, the young couple began housekeeping in a modest North End apartment across the hall from another young married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Walter O. Briggs. Briggs had been a switchman on the Michigan Central, and had advanced to yard foreman of the C. H. Little Cement Company. Then he crossed the path of Barney Everitt, the "E" in E.M.F. Company. Everitt had a small business at the time, a buggy and wagon, and later a body-painting shop. He wanted to get rid of his shop.

This he turned over to Briggs, then known for only two things: his enthusiasm for baseball and his handsome profile. From this start grew the great body-making industry known as the Briggs Manufacturing Company.

Mrs. Fisher and Mrs. Briggs were active in church work. They did their shopping together. In the evening the four would play cards. As the children came, the mothers helped each other. The marriage of the first-born in both families, Elizabeth Briggs and Charles T. Fisher, Jr., was one of the social events of the year. The palatial residence of Walter C. Briggs stands alongside the equally palatial residence of Charles T. Fisher. And the two have never mentioned business to each other. At the Briggs baseball stadium the Fisher family box is next to that of Owner Briggs—and they do not even talk baseball!

I WAS nearly fired as a young sports reporter on the Detroit *News* because I failed to go out on the ice of Lake St. Clair in the bitter weather of January 1904 to cover the story of Henry Ford, setting a new world record for the mile in his "999." I didn't go because I didn't think he could do it. This, however, was the last time I ever questioned that gentleman's ability to do anything he ever started out to do in earnest.

In Ford's private office at Dearborn today a racing bike hangs on the wall facing his desk. It is the one on which Tom Cooper, who helped him build the "999", had set a world record. Cooper had turned to the auto game as had Barney Oldfield, another professional bike rider. When Tom was killed in an accident—not while racing—Barney took his place. Auto history will always link his name with that of the old "999." Some years ago Barney was staging one of his perennial comebacks at the State Fair grounds in Detroit. At about that time neighbors were hinting that Ford must be worth somewhere around a billion dollars. After the event the auto magnate sat in the racer with the grease-covered champion of his dirt-track contests. They were having a happy reunion.

"Yes, Barney," said Ford, "they were great old days. I helped to make you and you helped to make me."

"Yes, Henry," agreed Barney, "and I did a damned sight better job than you did."

There were giants in those days: men of indestructible endurance; men like the Dodge brothers, John and Horace, who often slept on their work benches because they had worked so late they didn't bother going home—they wanted to be there early in the morning.

Their affection for each other was so great that, by comparison, Damon and Pythias were mortal enemies, though they quarreled, as brothers will. Both men enjoyed drinking in their off hours, but they had a moral code as sincere as any churchman's and they lived rigidly by it. Sometimes their fiery tempers got the better of them, for they were born fighters. If they had not been, they would never have accomplished what they did.

One cold winter night before the days of self-starters Horace was having difficulty cranking his engine. A passerby, who did not know Dodge from Adam's off ox, noticed him working away.

"Pretty hard to get her started, hey?" he remarked with what Horace thought was a nasty laugh. Horace dropped the crank, walked over, socked the commentator on the jaw and knocked him into the middle of the street.

Some years after the Detroit Athletic Club was opened and both John and Horace had been accepted as members —after deep misgivings—John sat in the grill awaiting the dinner he had ordered. He picked up the Detroit *Times,* then owned by James Schermerhorn. John was jarred by a headline denouncing him and one of his political cronies.

"Where's that Jim Schermerhorn live?" he demanded.

The address was furnished him. He called the headwaiter. "Hold that steak for me until I come back," he said.

He drove to the publisher's residence, rang the doorbell, spoke to the maid who answered. Publisher Schermerhorn appeared shortly in his shirt sleeves with an outstretched hand. John reached out his powerful left hand and grabbed the editor's necktie. He jerked Jim toward him and swung on his jaw with his right, then pulled Jim to his feet again and hit once more. This time he let go of the tie, and the editor took the count.

"The next time you print any lies about my friend," he said, "I'll come up and hit you again."

He drove the car back to the D.A.C. and sat down in the grill again. "All right now with that steak," he ordered.

As we got into the First World War, the French Army was in desperate need of recoil mechanisms for their famed 75's. A delegation of French Army officials arrived in Washington with Marshal Joffre. They told Secretary of War Newton D. Baker that the fate of the war depended on their getting a supply of these recoil parts. Baker called John Dodge to Washington. He presented him to the French delegation.

"Do you know anybody who can do this kind of work?" they asked Dodge.

"We can make all you want of anything you can give us a blueprint of."

"The man is mad!" they told one another and Secretary Baker. "He thinks that this is a production job, this delicate mechanism."

"Do you want these things or don't you?" bellowed John.

"But this is not a mass-production task!"

"The hell it isn't!" John let loose a line of factory comment.

"Look here, Mr. Dodge," Baker said sternly, "I'm not accustomed to being spoken to in that kind of language."

"The war would be a hell of a lot better off if you were!" yelled John. "Do you want us to do this job or don't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"No buts about it! Gimme that phone!"

John called Brother Horace at Detroit. He told him to get the new factory started that afternoon. They were going to make French recoil mechanisms. He would arrive in the morning with the blueprints.

The brothers poured forth so many flawless copies of the carefully hand-tooled originals that the French Government awarded John Dodge the Legion of Honor and proclaimed his achievement as one of the major factors in victory.

IN the last war K. T. Keller sat in the seat of authority once held by John Dodge in what is now the vast Chrysler-Dodge works. Sperry gyrocompasses had to be turned out for the Navy and the vast flotilla of cargo and convoy ships. The German submarine developments made this vital. The Sperry gyrocompass is one of the most complicated and delicate of mechanisms.

"Can you make them?" phoned Rear Admiral E. L. Cochrane, Chief of the Bureau of Ships.

"Send us one," answered Keller, "so that we can see what it looks like. Put one on the Detroiter tonight."

"But this thing weighs half a ton!"

"Put it on the train and let us have it here by tomorrow morning."

The next morning Captain Hall, representing Cochrane, observed, "We should have thought to have sent experts to disassemble it."

"Somebody put it together," was the answer of one of Keller's mechanics. "I guess we can take it apart—and put it together again."

The Sperry Company estimated that it would take Keller's "factory hands" fifteen months to turn out the first compass. The first one, responding to every test of the Navy, was on a fighting ship within six months.

The "know-how" of Detroit swept the country. And the guiding genius of the miracle by which the whole United States was made into one vast assembly line was William S. Knudsen.

The Knudsen smile is soft and soothing because it is from the heart. But his will is of steel. Just why Henry Ford let Bill go from his organization was the mystery of the town for a long time. There had been no open break. I think Bill was as mystified as any of us.

Bill was called into General Motors and put in charge of Chevrolet production. Under his driving force, the Chevy swept by Ford in the low-priced field. Once when Henry Ford was having dinner with some old friends, one of them mentioned the fact.

"That is not at all surprising to me," said Ford. "I consider Mr. Knudsen the best production man in the United States."

"If you think that," said one of the startled guests, "why did you let him go?"

A nervous laugh ran around the table, but Ford responded: "That's a fair question. Mr. Knudsen was too strong for me to handle. You see, this is my business. I built it up and as long as I live I propose to run it the way I want it run. Mr. Knudsen wanted to run it his way. I woke up one morning to the realization that I was exhausting my energy fighting Mr. Knudsen to get things done the way I wanted them instead of fighting the opposition.

"I let him go, not because he wasn't good, but because he was too good for me. Now I can concentrate my energies."

When Knudsen reported to President Roosevelt and took over the leadership of the War Production Board, to orient our national resources into battle formation, the Army had ruled that all war industries should be built in the interior of the country, away from the borders so that the enemy could not wreck us. Detroit bordered on Canada!

Bill wondered, smilingly, what we had on hand, anyway, to stop a swarm of Nazi bombers from getting to Iowa if they so desired. The answer was: nothing.

"You will have to move the population of Detroit out there to man the job," he told them.

They hinted that Bill was favoring Detroit.

"I know Detroit," was his answer. "My job is to get production started."

All he said all day and all night to men seeking contracts was: "Can you make tanks? Can you make ships? Can you make planes? Can you make uniforms? Can you—" and so on.

A senator from one of the Western states—strong for moving Detroit out to his prairies—insisted his state be given contracts to build planes.

"Have you got anybody out there," asked Bill, "who knows how to make airplanes?"

"No, not as yet! But we can get plenty of money and we can hire men with experience."

"Look," said Bill, "I learned a long time ago that when men with money meet men with experience, the men with the experience get the money and the men with the money get the experience. Nobody who does not know how to build airplanes is going to build airplanes. We've got all the money we need. What we must have is men with 'know-how.'"

Bill, back in 1911, was superintendent of the Keim Mills Stamping Company, at Buffalo, getting $45 a week. He had started as a laborer some years before at $10.50 a week. Ford absorbed the Keim Mills Company and the personnel went along with it.

At the time Ford bought the company, Bill was being paid $400 a month. That was when he felt so "rich" he joined the Harmonie Singing Society in Detroit—just to sit and listen to the talk to learn more about American ways of life and our idioms of speech. Greatest listener you ever met.

IF you will strain your neck when in the neighborhood of the General Motors Building on North Grand Boulevard, Detroit, you will see large letter D's in the upper corners. They stand for Durant. The building was born in the brain of William Crapo Durant, father of General Motors.

This mild little man had never had time to think of anything small. With him all superlatives were understatements. The world for him was just a hickory nut which he, and he alone, knew how to crack. All that he needed was plenty of credit at the banks and a bull market. There was a touch of Mark Twain's Colonel Mulberry Sellers in Billy Durant. Like the redoubtable colonel, whatever the proposition was, Billy would proclaim, "There's millions in it!" He never thought in dollars and cents.

Like Napoleon, he never needed more than four hours' sleep. He would take on his executives in relays. As they were overcome with sleep, he would dismiss them with a kindly nod and call in others.

There were periods when his telephone bills ran as high as $25,000 a week. In his expressive hands he held the power over more than a billion and a half dollars of securities. His own private fortune was estimated at anywhere from one hundred to two hundred million dollars. Wall Street speculators trembled when he whispered. And he barely raised his voice.

He was the quintessence of young America's indomitable optimism. Once he mildly boasted: "For two years I absolutely controlled the stock market and I never sold a share short in all that time."

He organized, in 1908, the General Motors Corporation, with a capitalization of $10,000,000. Within two years the profits were 100 percent on the capitalization. The following year net earnings were more than $12,000,000. He began tossing in other properties right and left. All this dazzlement in the financial firmament alarmed conservative business. Especially the bankers who had been loaning the money to promote the automobile industry. They could not see eye-to-eye with Wild Willie on its future.

By 1910 he had so overexpanded that he was desperately in need of $15,000,000. It was that or collapse. After a conference the financiers agreed to save the structure by advancing the $15,000,000. But they added the proviso that all General Motors common stock would be held by a voting trust, with the lenders having the majority vote. This trust was to continue for five years and without the payment of dividends, so that the business could be stabilized.

This meant that Billy Durant was on the outside looking in. He promptly bought the Chevrolet Company from Louis Chevrolet and started all over again. The legend is that with just one car he sold stock until in eighteen months he had holdings estimated at $92,000,000.

Time passed and on the Street interest in General Motors faded. There was no use gambling on a stock that did not fluctuate because there were no dividends. But as the five-year voting trust drew to a close brokers began noticing a movement in GM stock. Shares that were bought—then as low as $24—did not come back. The rumor spread that Durant was buying. Toward the finish the shares soared to $558. "Something," the Street whispered, "is cooking."

Then came the day of the dissolution of the voting trust. Durant walked into the room to dominate the meeting. Wild Bill was a national hero again. He had gone into the dark dungeons of Wall Street, had slain the dragons and the octopuses like a valiant knight.

Came the boom of the First World War. The slump, when people ceased buying cars. The market kept falling. Durant poured in his millions to bolster it. Everybody was unloading—100,000 shares were tossed out for sale in a block. Down, down, down . . . the crash that rocked the nation. And Billy Durant, who a little while before had the world at his feet, was not only broke but more than two million dollars in debt.

He was undismayed, as debonair as ever. "People," he said softly, "value money too highly. Money is only loaned to a man. He enters the world with nothing and he leaves it with nothing. What matters it?"

Out of the wreckage there came a new order in General Motors. Speculation was out. Statesmanship in industry became the order of the day for General Motors. As it stands today, the product of the organization genius of Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., it is a commonwealth of industrial states. In each of these units there is such complete autonomy for management that the fierce competition between them frightens some conservative oldtimers. Sloan is a passionate advocate of "State rights." The keynote of his whole doctrine is decentralization.

"Men work better," he has argued, "when allowed to use their own intelligence."

In 1941 General Motors paid to the Federal Government $297,000,000 in taxes. When Michael Faraday—that precursor of the Sloans, Fords and Chryslers—was exhibiting his magneto at the British Royal Scientific Society, William Gladstone, then a rising young politician, asked "the father of electricity" what on God's earth it would ever be good for.

"Some day," was Faraday's historic prophecy, "you politicians will be able to tax it."

CHARLES FRANKLIN KETTERING worked out the self-starter, the ignition-and-lighting system for automobiles, in an old barn. Boss Ket once advised business leaders of Florida to organize research laboratories so that the potential wealth of their state could be uncovered. The state legislature voted for the fund. The money went to build a fine building. All of it! There was none left to do any research work.

"A shed is good enough for research," snorted Boss Ket, "until you know what it is you're looking for."

Now, in the zenith of his career, Boss Ket has so many ideas, with the whole universe as his hunting ground, that the vast Technical Center General Motors has built will be but a shed covering the nucleus of his imagination. Ket, of course, jeers at such talk.

"All I know," he says, "is that I know nothing."

HE has a favorite story about two professors of physics who had ordered a machine to make manifest cosmic rays. The machine arrived with detailed instructions on how to erect it. The professors labored for weeks to put it together but could not get it working. Most of the time they were at it an old colored janitor in the building stood around watching them. On the night before they were to give a demonstration they struggled with the contraption all evening. In despair they agreed to rest for an hour and have a cup of tea, then to stick to the job until morning, if necessary. When they returned the machine was clicking merrily and the red rays were flashing around the room.

"Who did this?" they demanded.

"Ah did," said the old janitor.

"You did?"

"Yessuh, gemmen. You see, us colored folks, we ain't got no education, so we jes' have to use ouah heads."

When Ket was graduated from college he took his diploma home and threw it into the fireplace. When it was in ashes he said, "Now I will learn something about engineering." His favorite aphorism is, "The fellow who believes the last textbook is stuck with it."

When Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., recently announced an endowment of $4,000,000 for cancer research, he insisted upon calling it the Kettering-Sloan Foundation because while he is contributing the money, he wanted Ket to be the director.

I asked Ket what doctors they were going to get to head the institution. He said, "I do not believe we ought to start with any 'famous cancer authority.' Too many of these have already established their convictions."

The new General Motors Technical Center announces there will be classrooms for accredited students. Professors will be invited to use the vast resources of the laboratories for purposes of "pure science." This, to me, transcends all Boss Ket's inventions.

When Kettering quit the National Cash Register laboratories to perfect his self-starter, ignition-and-lighting system, there were two schools of thought about the automobile. Henry Ford represented one and Alex Dow, of the Detroit Edison, for whom he worked, represented the other. One insisted the gas engine was the power of the future. The other insisted on electricity. Characteristically Kettering did not join either school. He combined them with his electric motor that turned over the gas engine.

But when Henry M. Leland, president of the Cadillac Company, put the self-starter and ignition system on Cadillac cars, magneto manufacturers howled that it was the ignition which caused the knock in the engines. A wave of propaganda against Ket's system swept the country.

In self-defense Ket began a study of fuels. He called in Thomas Midgley, Jr., a brilliant mechanical engineer who had just finished a job for him on hydrometers.

"But I'm an engineer, not a chemist," Midgley said.

"That is why I want you to tackle this job," Ket explained. "This is a subject which nobody knows anything about. If we bring in specialists, they will try to make the problem conform to what they already think they know."

That was late in 1916. Midgley, under Boss Ket's guidance, discovered tetraethyl lead. This led the way to the development of higher-powered motor engines and high-octane aviation gasoline.

"We could not have won the Battle of Britain," declared the Secretary of Petroleum for Great Britain, "without 100-octane gas."

It had been a long, bitter, exacting search. The younger men felt at times that they were wasting the best years of their lives up a blind alley. One night they intimated that it was useless to go on.

Kettering was leaving for a meeting in New York. On the train he read in a newspaper a little item announcing that a professor claimed to have discovered a universal solvent.

He remembered the old story of the simple farmer who was told that by another chemist. "If," asked the farmer, "it can dissolve anything, what kind of a container have you got to hold it?"

He took the item back to the laboratory with him. The boys had heard of the professor's supposed discovery but they had not tried it out as an anti-knock material. On Ket's insistence they switched over to it, and their study of it brought them eventually to ethyl.

More than seven years to prove that Ket's ignition system did not cause the knock!

Ket is also a student of biology and zoology. No other man has ever made such a study of cats as Ket. He says the cat is the most intelligent of all animals. The only trouble is that people insist on bringing up a cat as they do a dog and a cat insists on being a cat.

THERE used to be a trick bicycle rider by the name of Joe Jackson on the old Keith circuit, and in the old Wonderland Theater here in Detroit there was a manager who had no sense of humor. He made a report to the Keith office at the end of the week on the various acts, and about Joe Jackson he said:

"The audience laugh very loudly at this feller for some reason but he will never learn to ride a bicycle."

That's the way it was with Henry Ford when he started out. Why? Because he had a mad idea that a low-priced car would be a success when everybody else knew that only rich people could afford horseless carriages and that the motorcar would always remain a wealthy man's luxury. Company after company organized by Henry and his associates failed or quit because they all insisted Henry didn't know how to make a motorcar. That didn't bother him a bit. He kept right on.

When all the other motorcar manufacturers were paying royalties to the Selden company, which claimed to have the original rights to the gasoline combustion engine, Henry refused to pay them anything.

All his competitors started advertising campaigns against the Ford Motor Company. The ads said that "if you buy a Ford car you buy a lawsuit." The ads said that when the Selden patent case was decided by the United States Supreme Court, and Henry lost, the Selden people could seize your car.

Henry's advertising department wanted to come right back with sassy answers to this, knocking the other cars. But Henry said "no" to all that.

"It will give the public the idea that we are afraid of them, that they have a better product than we have. Never mention a competitor unless you say nice things about him."

All Henry did was to advertise that every buyer of a Ford car was safe from any damage suits, as the selling contract would provide that with every car sold there would be enough money put in escrow to meet the patent costs—if, as, and when.

At that time Henry Ford didn't even have a partner in his business who agreed with him. But that didn't bother him either. And finally the Supreme Court ruled that the Selden company's claims were unwarranted—that Henry was right.

All that money that he had been piling up in escrow to pay damages was ready cash on hand. The whole sum, some odd millions, was thrown back into production and that tremendous impetus made the Ford Motor Company the biggest thing of its kind on earth.

When Ford announced his five-dollar-a-day plan he was called an anarchist and a destroyer of the capitalistic system.

All Henry really said was that with the development of mass production the only market left to consume goods was the working man—therefore, he had to be paid enough to buy the product and he had to have sufficient time to use it. And, incidentally, Henry got more free advertising out of that five-dollar-a-day scheme of his than any other man ever got on this earth.

AND then there came the time after the war when he bought out his partners and there was that money panic and he was in need of $85,000,000. Everybody said that Henry had run his course at last, as they had been predicting he would all along.

The House of Morgan sent a fire-alarm squad out to "save" the Ford company because they didn't want all other business to go down like a row of dominoes. The syndicate stood ready to flash Henry $85,000,000.

"But, of course," said the spokesman, "we will have to have our representative on your board to look after our investment. That is to say, I will be the treasurer."

"See that door? Go through it," said Henry, or words to that effect.

And all the world said Henry was crazy as a loon—wrecking a great business like his when there was help at hand. But weeks passed and Henry did not go out of business. In a few months he was in more sound financial position than ever. How?

As I got the story Henry sent agents all over the country to the smaller banks of the crossroad towns and offered them deposits of Ford money which they were very glad to get indeed.

"But," the agent would say, "if we give you a deposit we will expect, of course, a line of credit for our dealer at your bank."

"Sure, sure."

So the agent would go to the dealer and tell him he would have to buy more cars and that there was that line of credit for him to draw on at the village bank. He had to sell those additional cars, and millions rolled into Dearborn without benefit to Wall Street.

Even some of the carpenters who built Henry's new house told me they thought he was crazy as a loon.

It was in the spring of the year and a pair of robins, not knowing any better, built their nest right over the screen door at the rear of the kitchen. The sensible thing to do was throw away the nest and teach those birds a lesson. But, no.

"Nail up the door," said Henry, "so those robins cannot be disturbed."

"But," asked the kitchen help, "how will we get out?"

"Use the side door," said Henry, "until the birds are through with the back one."

Yes, we've been hearing about Henry being crazy for the past forty years.

"WHAT do you think of Henry Ford?" I once asked James Couzens, Ford's one-time partner.

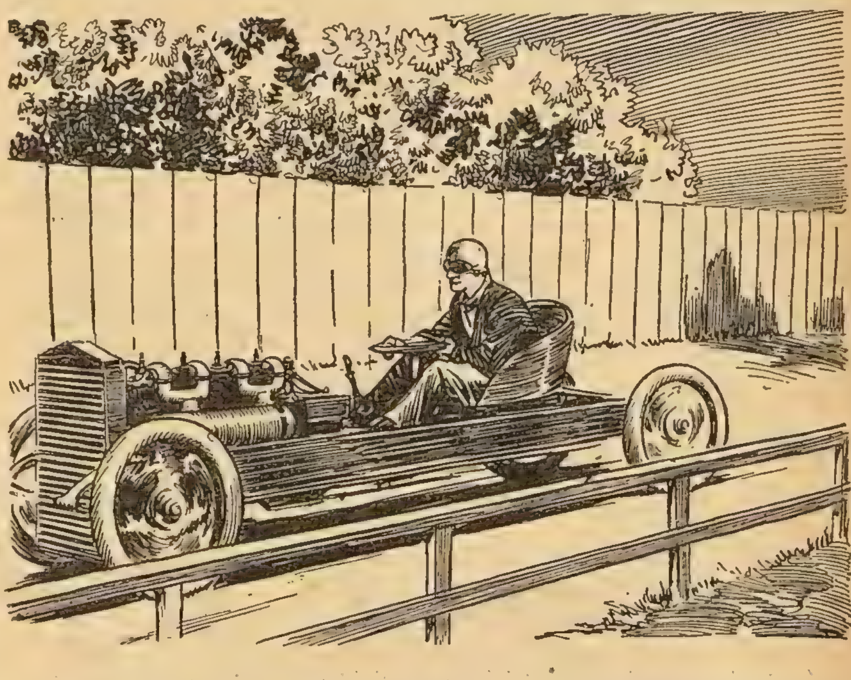
"No man knows Henry Ford," was his answer. "I don't; and no man was ever closer to him. Ford does not think along ordinary lines. He has thought-processes all his own. How his mind works is more than I can understand.

"For example, let us say that you and I were standing at the corner of Woodward and Michigan and we should agree to meet each other at the corner of Griswold and State. The only means we would know would be to walk halfway round the block. But not Ford. By some process, unknown to us, he would go right through the walls of the buildings and would be there on a direct line waiting for us to go the ordinary, normal way.

"I've had my fights with him and so have the rest, but, as John Dodge and I once agreed, Ford taught us all. He deserves his success."

Couzens himself was a man of contradictions. Shortly after he had been elected mayor he joined a small group of us at a table one night at the Detroit Athletic Club. We had been in the habit of meeting there at intervals to talk about books. Something in the give-and-take fascinated Couzens.

"Do you know, fellows," he said, "I would give all the money in the world if I could enjoy life like you do. Why, you get worked up over books as though there was a big deal on with a profit to be made."



At another one of these dinners he wistfully spoke of success as though he had never achieved anything.

"Are you not a success?" I asked. "You are mayor of the fourth city in the United States, one of the richest men in the nation. You are proclaimed as one of the great business pioneers and public-spirited citizens. What do you figure constitutes success?"

"Peace of mind! Contentment!" he said. "I'm the biggest failure I have ever known. I can remember when I was first married and getting $18 a week or less, what a thrill I got out of life. We would set aside so much each week to save for a show that was coming to town. We used to drop the change into an old cracked sugar bowl. And when the great night arrived we would sit in the balcony. God, how we enjoyed it!

"Now there is nothing more to strive for. I got sick of making money. That is why I quit all business and went into public life. I wanted something to do that others said I couldn't do. Now even that palls on me."

"If," said one of the bright young men at the table, in gay mood, "your money is making you a failure, turn it over to us and we'll give you our books and everything will be just dandy."

To our surprise Couzens flew into one of his angry outbursts.

"Don't talk like a damned fool," he rapped. "You can't give money away! You make an ingrate and a loafer out of every man you give money to. I know! I've tried it."

"There are honest and grateful men in the world," someone said coldly, resenting Couzens' failure to see the joke.

"I doubt it," he retorted. "Every man who comes near me wants something. It's never Jim Couzens. It's always Jim Couzens' money."

It was while Couzens was mayor that Henry Ford wanted to buy out all his other stockholders so that he could have the freedom of movement that he always craved. Couzens was the last of them to sell.

He demanded a three-million dollar differential from the other stockholders as an official attestation that he was more than a mere stockholder, that he was one of the major factors in the success of the company. To this Ford agreed. Mayor Couzens had promised to let me know when the deal was closed. One summer evening he walked over to me in the lounge of the D.A.C. and handed me a slip of paper.

"Here is a little present for you." He laughed. It was his way of letting me know that the story had "broken," that he had sold his stock.

It was Ford's personal check for $29,308,857.80.

Couzens' early years in the Senate were marked by fiery attacks upon his old associate Henry Ford, but these Ford calmly ignored, making only one comment: "Jim knows better."

Baseball: Detroit's Safety Valve

Larry Lajoie, mightiest slugger of his time—which was long ago—was sure sore at Umpire Jack Sheridan that afternoon at Bennett Park, Detroit. Larry's wrath was about the ball that was being used. The Detroit Tigers and the Cleveland Naps had been pounding that one ball for seven innings. It had taken on the pulpy semblance of a squash. Larry would sock away at it, hit it fair and square, and it would die on the grass before the infielders could get to it. Larry was out for another record—wanted to top the league mark of sixteen home runs—and he was sure mad. He insisted that Umpire Sheridan toss in a new ball.

"D'yuh think this league is made o' money?" yowled Jack. "This here ball is in play and it stays in play."

It had been an old ball before the game started. Larry had beefed about it right up to that fateful seventh.

"All right!" he snarled, as Jack rubbed his shin from the kick he got. He grabbed that four-sided soggy hunk of horse-hide and threw it over the grandstand, onto Michigan Avenue. "There," he yelled, "it's no longer in play!"

Jack couldn't find anything in the rule book about this extravagant waste of valuable property, so he had to toss out a new ball. Today, from seventy to eighty balls are used in an average game. Players have to be skillful, or they would be murdered by the bullets they have to stop. As for brawn, the old-timers were just as husky. If Sam Crawford, the old Detroit slugger, had had the lively ball of today to slap around with the driving power he had to hit 'em high and far, he would have made Babe Ruth and Hank Greenberg look like kids playing beanbag in the nursery.

When baseball went Broadway, the boys knew enough to play the spotlight on the star. They built the Yankee Stadium for Ruth to hit home runs in. He came just at the time that Ty Cobb was fading from the picture as the greatest artist any sport has ever known: the speed king; the apotheosis of the apple slappers.

The greatest place hitter of all time in the game, though, was Wee Willie Keeler, outfielder for the Baltimore Orioles and later with the New York American Leaguers. Why, when a pitcher struck out Willie Keeler it was the sports-page sensation of the day.

"What," I once asked Willie, "is the secret of your success?"

"I hit 'em where they ain't," said Willie.

And Herman Schaefer, the old Detroit second-sacker, was the finest natural comedian baseball has ever known. In so saying I take nothing from the great Nick Altrock, Al Schacht or even dear Arlie Latham. "Germany" Schaefer was the soul of baseball itself.

Once back in 1906, Detroit was playing the Chicago White Sox, the famous Hitless Wonders of that year. It was a balmy Sunday afternoon in Comiskey Park, Chicago, and all the boys from the stockyards were there. Schaefer was born right within the aroma of the district, and he was a great favorite with the South Side bleacher fans.

Well, this day a record crowd of almost 12,000 was out to see the game, but Schaefer was not playing. Had a sore thumb from using it to take off the cap of a bottle of beer. So he was on the third-base line coaching, and great was the joy thereof. For eight innings the gang rode him and he answered them back in kind.

Now old Southpaw Doc White was pitching one of his airtight games, which was one of the reasons why the Chicago White Sox were called the Hitless Wonders. When the ninth inning opened they had the Detroit Tigers topped only by a score of 2-1. Charlie O'Leary, Schaefer's fellow Chicagoan, opened that inning for the Tigers with a scratch hit and then the umpire announced, with a megaphone, that Schaefer was going to bat for Donahue. The caterwauling with which the stockyard lads greeted that announcement could be heard across Lake Michigan.

Germany strode to the plate. With a thrasonic sweep of his hand and a gasconic bow he silenced that roar. They had never seen such a gesture.

"Ladies and gemmen," Schaef bellowed, "permit me to present to you Herman Schaefer, the world's premier batsman, who will now give to you a demonstration of his marvelous hitting powers!"

Never was heard, before or since, anything like the raspberry he got.

Doc White shot over his fast one. Schaef swung in perfect rhythm—and hit that ball for the longest home-run drive ever knocked out of the South Side park up to that time.

He slid into first. He bounced to his feet as though it were a close play, dusted himself off, and the stunned mob heard him bellow: "At the quarter, Schaefer leads by a head!"

He slid into second, got up again and dusted himself off and roared: "At the half, Schaefer leads by a length!"

There was nothing in the rule book to stop him and they watched in silent agony as he slid into third. Again his yell: "Schaefer leads by a mile!" He slid home, got up once more, carefully dusted off his dirty uniform, and doffed his cap.

"This, ladies and gemmen, will conclude the afternoon's performance! I thank you, one and all!"

The Tigers returned to Detroit Monday and Schaef was the town hero of our then nice little village. A band met him at the station and a parade escorted him out to the ball park. We were playing against Cleveland.

Schaef strode over to Larry Lajoie, who was managing Cleveland then. "Larry," he said, "who are you going to pitch today?"

"The Slat," said Larry.

"No! No!" cried Schaef, sincerely alarmed. "I do not want to humiliate my great and good friend, the Slat. Pick somebody else, whose death I will not mourn."

"That's all right, Schaef," said the Slat, who was also known by his right name, Addie Joss—as sweet a pitcher, and as brainy, as ever lived and, oh, what a cross fire he had! The ball came at you as though he was pitching it from third. "That's all right," said Addie, "I'll duck every time you swing; and besides, they will all go right over the fence, anyway—when you hit 'em."

"Well, I've warned you," said Schaef majestically.

The record books will show you that Addie Joss struck Germany out that day four straight times. That night we found him alone on the rear deck of one of the Belle Isle ferryboats, riding up and down, looking into the deep, dark, dank waters of the river, contemplating the pleasures of suicide. We did our best to assuage his grief, and after the second beer he began to perk up a bit. By the third foaming beaker he was soaring again to Olympian heights. By the fifth he was roaring forth once more his gasconading song of battle: "I'll murder 'em tomorrow!"

FRANK J. NAVIN had won $5,000 in an all-night poker game. With that $5,000 he walked into the office of Bill Yawkey and propositioned the heir of timber and mining interests to enter with him into a partnership to buy the Detroit Ball Club—on a fifty-fifty basis. This was like handing a man a button and asking him to sew an overcoat onto it. But he knew the Yawkey vanity. He sold Bill on the idea of what a wonderful thing it would be for him to be president of a world's championship Detroit ball club.

As time went on Bill Yawkey found that the crowds wanted to worship Ty Cobb and the other Tigers—not Bill. So he said he did not want his name associated with baseball because he was planning a great endowment for Detroit which would make the name Yawkey imperishable in our town. That was, however, before he met the cloak model.

Margaret Draper was a divorcée from Saginaw and had come down here to earn her living as a mannequin. They said about her at the Pontchartrain bar that she had a million-dollar figure and a ten-cent head. Bill put her up in a cheap flat over a Hat Shoppe. He gave her hardly enough money to keep her in clothes and food. When she fell down the rickety stairs one night and broke her leg, Bill went hunting for a "good cheap doctor."

Friends who protested his treatment of Margaret were solemnly assured by Bill that he knew what he was doing. He was testing her to see whether she would remain true to him and was not just after his money. After about five years of "testing," he announced that he was satisfied. He married her.

AS for Bill's aversion to paying doctors a decent fee, it worked not only in the case of Margaret. He was that way with himself. One morning in New York after a long spree, Bill woke up with a terrible case of jitters. He decided that it must be his heart. He dressed and went out into the street. He found a doctor's sign over a saloon somewhere off Broadway and climbed the stairs.

The doctor gave him a brisk examination.

"You are, sir," he said, "in a dangerous condition. Your heart is very bad. You must never again take a drink or any exercise of any kind whatever. If you do you will topple over dead. You must not even walk fast. Five dollars."

Bill paid the five, too frightened to fight much. He crept down the stairs.

"Well," he said to himself in desperation, "I might as well be dead as the way I am." He crawled into the saloon and ordered a drink. Then another. Another. Then he rushed from the bar and ran around the block as fast as his powerful legs would carry him. When he got back to the corner he dashed up the steps and back into the doctor's office.

"You dirty crook!" yelled Bill. "You are a fraud and an impostor! I'm not dead! Give me my five dollars back!"

The doctor was too startled to resist. Bill got his five and went on his way, to live a long time after.

He and his wife had no known children. Years after they were both dead, with a nephew as the heir to the Yawkey fortune, Elizabeth Witherspoon, dancer and actress, filed claim to the entire Yawkey estate on the ground that she was the natural daughter of Bill and Margaret, born during the five years of the garret "love nest."

The management of the Yawkey estate fought her contentions. The law firm of Charles E. Hughes, Jr., of New York, handled the battle. Howard Carter Dickinson, nephew of Chief Justice Hughes and a man with a reputation in New York City of being a cold austere aristocrat, came here to get affidavits from Detroit and Saginaw doctors that Margaret Draper was incapable of having a child.

He was engaged in this task when he dropped into the cocktail bar of the Book-Cadillac. Here he met two young women who seemed to be all they said they were. They had a few rounds of drinks. Then, at their insistence and that of the headwaiter, he went with them to other places. When they had him foggy-minded, they took him over to a room in the Detroiter Hotel, a room rented by William Schweitzer, petty gangster.

In a rented car, Schweitzer, the two women and the dapper attorney went the rounds of more cafés. Finally they drove out to River Rouge Park. Dickinson's bullet-riddled body was found in a ditch the next morning. Schweitzer and his girls confessed and were sent up for life. Rumor had it that Elizabeth Witherspoon accepted $250,000 in settlement.

"And to think," mused Frank Navin, "Bill was always so careful in business matters!"

Fabulous Fellows

There come persistent rumors that the Founding Father of Detroit, Antoine Laumet de la Mothe Cadillac, was not all that history has advertised him to be. One historian has found that he not only faked his title to nobility, but manufactured his name and designed for himself a phony family coat of arms. His right name was Antoine Laumet. He was the son of an obscure country lawyer. He did not use the name "Cadillac" in his marriage record, but later grandly granted it to his father. By making his old man out a *gentilhomme* he was saved the bother of proving himself one.

Besides being a phony count who married an innocent backwoods girl with plenty of money, Mr. Cadillac, or "Tony" Laumet, is accused of having been Detroit's first bootlegger. He was openly denounced by the French clergy for getting the Indians drunk and cheating them of their furs. He was finally sent to New Orleans by Governor Frontenac to end controversy in the settlement.

As the year 1901 rolled near on the calendar, French Society was still going strong in Detroit and measures were taken to celebrate properly the two-hundredth anniversary of Cadillac's arrival. Millions flowed freely in the oratorical planning, but only a few thousand dollars were collected and it was announced that the planners would just build a seat of Justice, a stone chair, with the Cadillac coat of arms upon it.

Made of sandstone and brought down with great ceremony from upper Michigan, it was placed on Cadillac Square facing the City Hall.

Some years later it had to be moved back for the evergrowing automobile traffic. It landed in juxtaposition to a public convenience station erected on the square "For Men Only."

Then the chair began to fall apart. There were bitter complaints to the Common Council that it was nothing but a resting place for drunken bums.

The climax came when a fire broke out in the Campus Hotel, over the Family Theater, a place used to house chorus girls from the surrounding theaters. It was in December and bitter cold. A heroic policeman dashed through the flames and brought out a chorine wearing nothing but a silk nightie. She had fainted. Not knowing what to do with her, he sat her in Father Cadillac's ice-covered chair. Her shrieks made the firemen forget the fire. Later she threatened to sue the city because of the shock the chair gave her.

So there came a time when, in the silence of the night, the chair was sneaked out to the woods of Palmer Park.

FATHER GABRIEL RICHARD escaped from France in the French Revolution. He came to America as a member of the Sulpician Order of teachers and arrived in Detroit in 1798, a scholar who had won recognition as a mathematician. Here he found a community of around twelve hundred. Half the population was French and spoke little English. There were no schools, no books, no knowledge of anything but fishing and fur trading.

With his passion for education, he established a vocal newspaper. He made the sacristan of little Ste. Anne's church "the town crier." He wrote the script each day, giving the villagers what news he could gather of the nation and the world. When, in 1809, he got his printing press here he published the first newspaper in the Territory, the Michigan Essay. He organized townhall meetings, open forums, lectures.

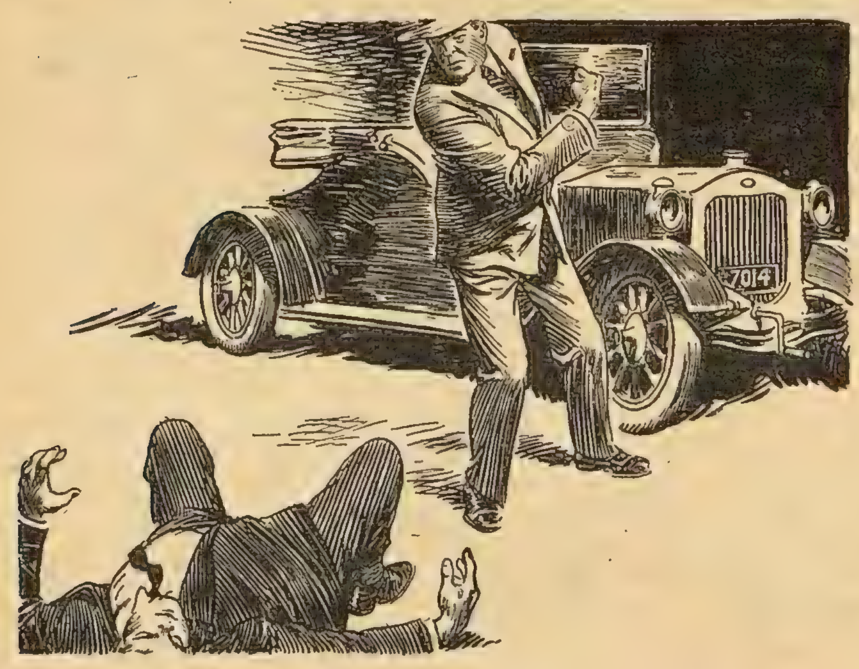
There being no Protestant church here, as soon as he had finished services in his own church, he would deliver nondenominational sermons to the people who were not members of his faith. He continued that until Dr. John Montieth, Presbyterian, arrived. Then the stern young Calvinist and the fiery French priest went forth shoulder to shoulder carrying the word of God to Indians and white men alike.

The Indians took to Father Richard. He had brought, piecemeal, from the east, eight hundred miles over wilderness trails, the first pipe organ ever heard in this section of the world. After church services, concerts were given for the whole town, Indians included. The curious Indians stole the pipes to see where the sounds were coming from. When they found they could blow on them they were delighted and ran through the forests giving fair imitations of the pipes of Pan. The good Father had a terrible time keeping his pipe organ together.

He had just got the place functioning as a community by 1805 when the great fire swept over the town. Father Richard took charge without asking authority. He raced up and down the riverbank shouting to the French rivermen to follow him. Soon he had organized flotillas of canoes and several bateaux which ranged up and down the river to bring corn meal, milk, eggs and other easily gathered food from surrounding farms.

He took charge of these supplies and rationed them out to each family according to its needs. The Indians so loved the strange Father with his curious hat that they, too, helped bring in food supplies, swinging their birchbark boats back and forth across the river.

When in the War of 1812 the British, with help of some Indians, took our city, all citizens of Detroit were ordered to take the oath of allegiance to the King. Father Richard refused. He denounced the British from his pulpit and on the street corners and begged Detroiters to stand firm against the invaders. For this he was arrested and taken to jail. The story persists that Chief Tecumseh notified the British commander that Father Richard was not to be sent to Montreal as a prisoner or turned over to the Indians for torture.



When the war was over and Detroit had been restored to the Union, Father Richard plunged once more into his activities. He served a term in the Eighteenth Congress, but not until after a curious battle. The people wanted their idol elected delegate. The Better People said he was not a citizen and his English was broken. They promptly dragged in the religious and racial question, still so artfully used in present-day elections. But there were as many Protestants for Richard as there were Catholics.

A prominent Detroit citizen, John R. Williams, though a communicant of Ste. Anne's Church, tried to induce Father Richard to withdraw, but the Father was adamant in the light of accusations made against him. Then Williams had a circular printed telling the French residents that if Richard were elected they would be without a priest. When Richard still refused to quit, John R. Williams was so enraged that he left the church, never to return.

About the second question visitors to Detroit ask today is how there was brought about the curious name "John R." for one of our main thoroughfares. This same chap Williams named it for himself. He already had one street called "Williams," but that was not enough; he wanted another.

Father Richard was finally elected and went from his prison cell to the halls of Congress. As a delegate he had no vote, but he won Congressional approval for building the longest street on earth—Michigan, which starts at our city hall and winds up as Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.

In 1832 Asiatic cholera swept over Detroit. Panic gripped the whole community. Again Father Richard took over. He never quit, night and day nursing the sick, giving the last rites, holding funeral services. To him in those awful days there were no religious barriers. As he knelt on the street, giving aid to a dying man, death came to him. He collapsed on the pavement and was gone within a few hours.

I hope that some day he is made a saint. But I am quite sure our Cardinal would tell me—if he bothered mentioning it at all—that that is none of my business.

IN our Grand Circus Park there looms against the trees a heroic bronze statue of Hazen S. Pingree. This is on the western half of the circus and is not to be confused with the statue on the eastern half—of William C. Maybury.

Hazen S. Pingree was the pioneer in proclaiming holy war against "predatory wealth," the father of the progressive movement.

As a boy, after three years of schooling, Pingree left the farm in Maine where he was born to learn the shoemaking business in Massachusetts. When Lincoln issued his first call, Pingree signed up, and he fought through the Battle of Bull Run to Appomattox. He witnessed the surrender of Lee and—to the glory of his dying day—he saw Lincoln!

He came to Detroit, following his discharge from the Army, because he had heard about the town while in Andersonville prison. He got a job mending shoes. When at the age of fifty he turned his own business over to his associates to devote the last ten years of his life to politics, he was rated a millionaire and was supposed to have the largest shoe factory, outside of New England, in the United States.

At that time the Common Council was putrid from graft. Gangs from the river front north controlled the precincts and delivered them for voting purposes as commodities. "Silver Ed" Riley, boss of the second precinct of the Fourth Ward, would say to those who tipped off skulduggery from the opposition, "Let 'em stuff the ballot box, m' boy. That ain't the box from which we are going to do the counting." The utility interests bought aldermen for a dime a dozen.

All at the Michigan Republican Club agreed "old Mr. Pingree" would be a "good safe mayor." He would do just as they said in his sweet innocence. He would clean up the dirty crooks in the council and at the same time see to it that the utilities got what they wanted.

His first message to the council startled the town. He advocated paving the streets, and establishing municipal improvements by bond issue so as to relieve the burdens of the poorer taxpayers. He calmly alluded to "certain public franchises" which cost the possessors nothing to obtain in perpetuity and were capitalized through bond issues to finance utilities without cost to the promoters. The Better People went into huddles. Some sought him out. What, they demanded, did we elect you for?

"Gentlemen," said the bashful cobbler, "I took an oath of office. You know what I mean? An oath! I have not reached the age of fifty to begin breaking my word. I'm mayor. It's my job to protect the interests of the people the best way I can—just as I protect my stockholders in the shoe business."

It dawned upon them that he really meant this! The Old Guard moved against him through the banks. Lines of credit were at first curtailed and then denied. He was snubbed socially, which hurt him personally because of his family—a wife, two beautiful daughters, and a son, who was a star football player at the University of Michigan.

But the thing that made of him the implacable, no-quarter crusader against the vested interests was their petty act in taking away from the Pingree family their pew in the Woodward Avenue Baptist Church. They told him that it had been rented to another party, and, "very sorry" but all the others were also reserved. Of course, he could sit back in the few free pews with the lesser Christians. The war was on, with no holds barred.

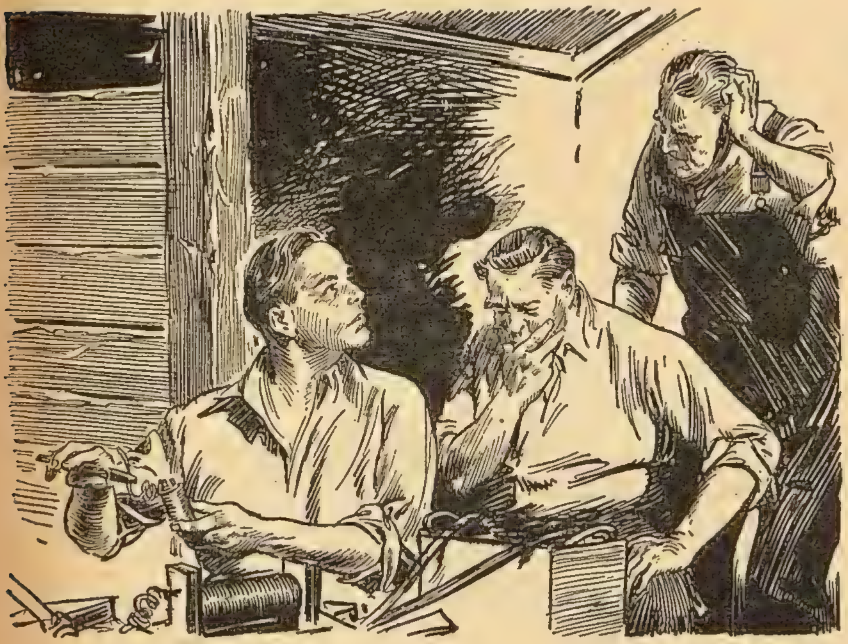
One of our merchants, Richard Zither (we will call him that because that is not his name), was one of Pingree's best customers. More than that, they were neighbors and family friends. Zither, as a leader in the Michigan Republican Club, was furious at Pingree's attitude toward the Better People. He canceled all contracts with Pingree's shoe company. Further, the bankers and mercantile leaders sent out word across the country that it would not be advisable for merchants to buy shoes from the Pingree concern. This hurt because times were tough in 1890. Pingree had expanded his big plant and needed ready money.

On top of all this a smallpox epidemic swept the city. His political enemies blamed him for it. He was sitting despondently in his office in the City Hall on a certain night when one of his secretaries came in.

"Just saw something funny, Ping," he snickered. "Just saw Dick Zither going into Olive Stevenson's joint."

Now, for the sake of accuracy, "Ollie" Stevenson did not run a joint. She had a very exclusive place for gentlemen only, patronized by the elite. No piano!

Ping reached for the telephone and called the Board of Health. "This is an order," he barked. "Quarantine Ollie Stevenson's on Croghan Street. Smallpox! Yes! Front and back door. And have policemen guard all exits so that nobody can get in or out until you hear further from me."



That was all. Pingree went home for a good night's rest. In the morning he decided to take a walk. Going along Croghan Street (now Monroe) he ran his walking stick along the picket fence in front of Ollie's place.

"Ping! Ping!" called a familiar voice from behind a half-closed second-floor shutter. "This is Dick!"

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed Ping. "What on earth are you doing up there?"

Ping leaned over the fence and talked to the man behind the shutter about many things. When the strange tête-a-tête was finished, Ping went into the alley and ordered the policeman away. He escorted Dick to a hack.

Pingree got all his shoe contracts back and the banks were not quite so harsh after that. And Dick, as part of the agreement, retired from all political activity.

While the utilities used money to corrupt city officials to gain franchises, Pingree was perfectly willing to bribe with his own private money to see that they were thwarted.

One night he barged into the Council Chamber while a session was on and shook his fist in the face of Alderman Diemel.

"Al Diemel," he bellowed, "you are so damned crooked you don't even stay bought!"

After Ping had served three terms everybody in town agreed that he was unbeatable. In those days we made what was called the "Two o'clock Count," of election returns. Weak precincts could be bolstered by the subsequent "Eight o'clock Count." In every election, Pingree was snowed under by the Two o'clock Count because the Better People always voted in the morning. "That's the silk stocking!" he would roar. "But wait until the gravel train comes in."

"The gravel train" always swept him into office by tremendous majorities.

Pingree himself said that his fight against the Old Guard and the utilities was hopeless with their absolute power in the state government. So in 1896 he ran for governor and—as usual—walked in. But he had been re-elected mayor. He blithely announced that he would hold both offices! The Supreme Court ruled that he would have to retire as mayor. He refused and functioned in both offices until the Supreme Court issued a warrant for his arrest for contempt of court. Ping then gave in. He announced that he had selected Captain Albert E. Stewart, a veteran vesselman of the Great Lakes, as his successor.

Ol' Cap Stewart was a man with a large Adam's apple and a flow of profanity that would have melted the winter ice of Lake Superior. He was about as much qualified to be mayor as I am to be an adagio dancer. His speech of acceptance at the nominating convention was one sentence: "If I am elected I will do just what the governor tells me to do." But he was beaten by the man the Democrats put up: William C. Maybury, former congressman, famed if not for inventing at least for perfecting the fine art of going through a neighborhood kissing babies. The only stand Maybury ever took was with one foot at the bar when far away from Detroit.

When Ping's second term was ending and he had been fighting night and day for ten straight years, he decided to go to Africa to hunt big game. To those who wished him *bon voyage* he shouted, "I'll be back!"

But the mighty Pingree was stricken with jungle fever in London on his way home. They brought his body back to lie in state in the corridor of our City Hall. For two nights and two days the lines passing his bier were never broken. The people refused to be comforted. They gave their pennies, their nickels, their dimes, their quarters, and at a time when they desperately needed them, for a monument in commemoration of him, the first Progressive.

Some years later when William H. Maybury died, a friend proposed a monument for him to rank with that of Pingree. It was paid for by private subscription. It stands facing Pingree's as much as to say, "Here I am, too."

There are those who say that on certain moonlight nights there comes a tilt to the Pingree nose and his great shoulders shake as though he were about to spring from his chair and again go to battle across the street.

THERE was the time when it was thought that Edward Jeffries would inherit the mantle of Hazen S. Pingree as the great Progressive. But he could never get over the obsession that tinkering with money values would solve all the problems of mankind. Pingree himself was a businessman who knew that real wealth does not come from printing money but from producing goods.

Jeffries was born in Detroit, the son of a horse doctor. He learned the printing trade and worked his way through the University of Michigan. He practiced law in Detroit as a resident of the Tenth Ward. His one great ambition was to be mayor, but both parties ganged up on him every time he raised his shaggy head—and voice. They called him the Knight of the Open Mouth and the Bleeding Heart. When I look back through the years, all I can find that he offered struggling mankind was his sympathy.

Finally, he was elected a police-court judge. Every bum got a break. Jeff had a simple formula: the policeman was always a tool of capital and a creature not to be believed under oath. On this high note as a disciple of Blackstone he was elevated by the people to the nonpartisan position of judge of the recorder's court—our criminal bench.

The pay-off came when a policeman saw a man lurking in the shadows of an alley around midnight. He went after him and was shot in the leg. After a struggle he downed the suspect and landed him in the cell block. Some weeks later the policeman came limping into court to appear against the prisoner—a man with a long record.

"What right had you to suspect this man of anything?" demanded Jeff.

"He ran when he saw me coming."

"Who wouldn't run from you?" yelled Jeff. "Anybody would!"

"He was carrying a gun," protested the policeman, "and he shot me."

"You were chasing him, weren't you?"

"Yes, but he had no license to carry a gun!"

"How did you know he had a gun when you chased him? This arrest is altogether illegal. The case is dismissed. Return the prisoner his gun."

Jeffries was up for re-election. The battle against him that followed that incident took about all the space in the News, my paper, but on Election Day the controlled precincts rolled in solidly for him. When the sun of the next day came into the windows I had not had my shoes off for twenty-four hours, handling the mass of election returns. I was sitting far back in the corner at a large table in my office. The door opened. In walked Judge Jeffries.

He never spoke but marched toward me with his hand behind his back, glaring at me from under his John L. Lewis eyebrows. When he finally reached my table, he made a sudden gesture. I was perfectly satisfied he had a gun. Instead, it was a lily—a beautiful white, fresh, calla lily. He laid it gently on the table, turned sharply and walked out again.

When the incident was reported to my editor, it made him furious, but I had a warm spot in my heart for that old rascal from then on. The wicked capitalistic system did pretty well by him. He was not unlike one of his old comrades, F. F. Ingram, who ran a large and successful pharmaceutical business when not haunting the newspaper offices with his economic and social vagaries. I happened to know how little the old fellow paid his help and how much he overworked them.

"Why don't you try these schemes in your own business?" I asked him one day.

"Oh," he said, as though it explained everything, "I own that."

THOSE who do not know Edgar Guest think that he is a sweet, kindly sentimentalist who gushes out goodness. The Eddie I've known for forty-five years is a shrewd, tough-fibered, intelligent man who can sit at a table with the best and shame them for their lack of knowledge. He is not a glad-hander, a backslapper, or an extrovert in any sense of that much-abused word. His outstanding attribute is common sense and a complete objectivity about himself. I have never known him to indulge in any temperament. I have never known him to say an unkind thing about any man or to do a mean thing to anyone.

When Eddie was just coming up as a popular lecturer, he was invited to Buffalo to deliver a banquet address. On the boat crossing Lake Erie there was a reporter who had been fired from every paper in town because of his dissolute habits. He was beating it out of town to land a job somewhere else but had spent the night at the bar. In the morning he was a worse wreck than usual. Eddie did not know him but he recognized Eddie and appealed to him.

"I can hardly walk," he sobbed, "and if I can't navigate they won't let me off the boat. You take my arm and support me down the gangplank, will ya, Eddie?"

"Sure!" said Eddie.

He half carried the man to the dock. And there, waiting for him, was the reception committee of the association he was to address. That never bothered Eddie a bit. He staggered along with his burden until they got to the street. Then the down-and-outer collapsed in the gutter. Eddie picked him up and told him to sit on the curb until he got back. Then he met the committee.

"Poor fellow is a bit under the weather," he explained. When rebuked by friends who were with him for risking his reputation and hurting his chances of getting other engagements, Eddie was resentful.

"The poor devil needed help, didn't he?"

His chauffeur, John, has been with him twenty-five years. "I have never felt that I was working for Mr. Guest," John told me. "I just feel sort of like a member of the family with my chores to do."

When Eddie was a police reporter his rivals on the beat came as close to hating him as any group possibly could, knowing him. Old Captain Jim McDonnell, chief of detectives, would suck on his meerschaum pipe and look us over with a fishy eye while we stood before him waiting for news of a break in some crime story.

"Is that Eddie Guest here yit?" he would ask. "I ain't goin' to tell you anything until Eddie's here. Now there's a fine boy—"

Eddie never did any favors for Ol' Cap Jim. It was just a way he had. Over on the court beat or at the City Hall, or wherever fate and city editors sent us, it was always the same: "Where's Eddie?"

An article once appeared in Mencken's *American Mercury* which purported to be a character sketch of Eddie, "Poet Laureate of the Obvious." Its main theme was that the people were dumb bastards for reading and liking Eddie's verse.

Some time after that article appeared Eddie went to Baltimore to deliver a lecture. Baltimore is the home of Henry L. Mencken, and Henry then was an editor of one of the Baltimore *Sun* papers. Eddie had hardly got his bag unpacked when a reporter from the Baltimore *Sun* came to see him.

"I have been sent to interview you about poetry," the reporter began. "As one of America's foremost poets—"

"Just a minute," interrupted Eddie. "I make no claims to being a poet. All I do is to take some pleasant bit of homely philosophy and put it into verse form. I do not call that poetry."

This stopped the bright young man assigned to do the ribbing.

"Well," he said finally, "whom do you consider the great poets of America?"

"I like Edwin Arlington Robinson very much," said Eddie. "And then there is Robinson Jeffers. His 'Roan Stallion' is magnificent. Edna St. Vincent Millay has done some excellent work. But the man who, I think, is coming like a house afire is Stephen Vincent Benét."

After they had had a nice long visit about poetry and poets the reporter remembered his assignment.

"What do you think of the *American Mercury?*" he asked.

"A thought-provoking magazine," said Eddie. "But I think Mr. Mencken edits it with his tongue in his cheek. He is too fine a philologist and too good a scholar to take seriously all the things he writes or publishes."

"What do you think of Mencken personally?"

"I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Mencken. But you just tell him this for me: He is working one side of the street and I the other. There is no reason for us to quarrel."

IN the autumn before Pearl Harbor, Ty Cobb came back to Detroit to play a golf match at Grosse Isle against his old baseball rival, Babe Ruth. Ty gave a dinner at the Statler Hotel for a group of old Detroiters who had known him in his youth. Among them was Jimmy Doolittle, then a major in the Air Reserve Corps. He and Cobb seemed to be old friends.

"I didn't know that you were a baseball fan, Jimmy," I said to him.

"I'm not," he grinned; "just a Cobb fan. As a kid in St. Louis I never missed a game in which Cobb played, but I can't remember being interested in any others."

"What interested you in Ty Cobb?"

"Speed!" said Jimmy. "Just speed! I wanted to see him go around those bases."

I did not see Jimmy or hear of him again until the Associated Press flash ran through the news room: "Doolittle bombs Tokyo!"

I am not a fatalist, and yet I am convinced that Destiny determined the career of Jimmy, and of Eddie Rickenbacker, too.

There was that time that Eddie made a survey of conditions in the Pacific theater of war. He went as a civilian observer. Somewhere out of Honolulu the ship cracked up. For twenty days the world mourned him as dead.

It was then that we talked around town about him, his cold nerve and poise in little things far removed from the heroics of war. There was the time after the first World War when we took him down to Bob-Lo Island for a big summer ceremonial of the Shriners. Eddie was one of the class in this playground of Freemasonry.

As a joke he was given a kiddie car to drive around the track inside the auditorium. He was to show us how he used to "take the turns wide open" at Indianapolis. But what Eddie didn't know was that every time the rear wheel spun around an electric spark would hit him in the seat of the pants. It was natural for us to believe that, with the first shock, he would quit. Eddie took that little car and scooted around the complete track, waving his hand and smiling as though thoroughly enjoying himself. He hopped out at the finish line, saluted, walked over and took his seat. Yes, sat down! Never rubbed himself once, though all around him there was the odor of scorched cloth.

DANIEL JOSEPH CAMPAU'S first American ancestor arrived here as one of the voyageurs with Cadillac. The Campau farm was one of the largest landholdings in the state. Dan was always either suing somebody or being sued, and when the case was over his lawyer would have to sue him to get his fee. Not that he was stingy. To the contrary, he was one of the town's best spenders, a sportsman, the owner of a great stable of riding horses, foremost man in the United States in trotting and pacing circles.

Beau Brummel of Detroit, he always looked to me like one of those Currier and Ives prints, too flawlessly tailored, too studiedly austere, to be human. Every hair of his mustache was an individual problem for his barber. Yet he drank well and loved the ladies and was known for a half century as Detroit's "most eligible bachelor." As president of the Grosse Pointe Driving Club he usually had as his guests members of New York's "Four Hundred." And always by his side was a beautiful woman—another man's wife.

Katherine De Mille was, in the eighties, the reigning belle of Detroit's exclusive set. A good many people in Detroit expected that she would marry the dashing young Dan Campau. The story was that they quarreled over religion. Her father was one of the founders of St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral. Dan belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. They had parted but a brief time when the glamorous Katy announced her engagement to George William Moore, a plodding giant of a man with a jet black beard who cared nothing about society and devoted all his time to theories of law and government. They were married at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Mr. and Mrs. George William Moore and Bachelor Dan Campau became almost inseparable. Moore became Campau's regular attorney with offices adjoining his. Every noon the two men ate at a table set aside for them at the Detroit Club. In the evening at the opera or at the theater the three shared a box, with Dan Campau always in the front seat with Mrs. Moore.

The years rolled on. George William Moore's beard turned snow-white. Dan didn't change much. He just grew more like a Currier and Ives print. Mrs. Moore, though her hair had turned gray, could still make people stop and turn to look at her, so stately was her walk, so exquisite her figure.

Then, after thirty-eight years of this beautiful friendship, she quietly slipped out to Reno and got a divorce from George William Moore on the grounds of incompatibility! A few months later, Daniel J. Campau, at the age of seventy-two, married his boyhood sweetheart. He had won the argument. She joined his church.

Dapper Dan and George William Moore still occupied the same offices and still ate at the same table every noon. And they still sat together in the same box at the theater.

JULIUS THEODORE MELCHERS had been a painter and a sculptor as a youth in Prussia. He was one of the many who revolted against the tyranny of the Hohenzollerns in 1848 and was forced to flee for his life. He lived in New York for some years and finally came to Detroit. Here he developed his art school, with his son, Gari Melchers, as one of its graduates.

He christened his son Julius Garibaldi Melchers in honor of the Italian liberator who was his idol. The son shortened the name to "Gari" and today no truly great collection, in either Europe or America, is lacking at least one of his paintings.

Another pupil of the German refugee revolutionist was a thin, hungry Jewish boy who smelled distressingly of the horses which he had to currycomb every morning as part of his day's task of helping to support his brothers and sisters. His father, a scholar and teacher, eked out an existence in the streets with a pushcart. His mother worked as a waitress. His name was Albert Kahn.

At the age of eleven, in 1880, the boy Albert arrived in Detroit with his father and mother, younger brothers and sisters. He was a child prodigy as a musician. His father's ambition was to make him a concert pianist. But the boy wanted to be a painter, and he sought admission to the classes of Julius Melchers.

One day the kindly old Melchers found the boy in tears. He had no money and he smelled of horses; but he desired so much to learn how to paint.

"Never mind, my son," said Melchers; "you come to me Sunday mornings. It will not cost you anything."

It was not long before the teacher discovered the tragedy in the life of Albert with his ambition to be a painter. He was partially color-blind! Melchers broke the news as best he could. He explained to the boy that he had within him gifts which could make themselves manifest in other and perhaps greater fields of endeavor. He could learn draftsmanship and be an architect.

Albert Kahn revolutionized the industrial system of the world by making once horridly ugly factories things of light and beauty. Always he preached the doctrine of the utility of beauty.

JUST a few weeks before he died, my wife and I were having dinner at L'Aiglon, in the Fisher Building, when he came bustling in from the Center Building across the street where his designers and builders were working night and day on war-plant designs. Good humor poured from him. In a talk with him it was difficult to gauge the stature of the man because of his puckish delight in refusing to take himself too seriously.

"Bing," he said, "you've got to let me sit with you because I am in a very great hurry. All waiters stand in awe of you, and I can get quick service. Besides, you owe me a meal. I bought you one seven years ago."

He chatted on as though he never had a care in the world. "You have got to buy me a dry Martini. I am not supposed to take anything to drink—against the doctor's orders. So don't you dare tell anybody—my wife especially. Just one! You know I have a bad heart."

"You have the best heart of any man I know," I protested, as part of what I thought was his joke.

"No, no!" he went on smilingly. "A bad heart! I mean, some day it will suddenly cease ticking. But I have got to catch the next plane for Hartford, Connecticut. Conference there in the morning for another plane factory—"

"Why don't you slow down, Albert?" I said then, realizing that behind the banter there was a deadly seriousness.

"I cannot slow down. There is a job to be done. We must all go sometime, Bing, and what better way is there than to keep going to the end?"

To break the line of thought I rather abruptly turned to my wife and said, "Albert, you know, is the man who revolutionized industry by designing these great modern new-style factories."

"That," said Mr. Kahn, "is giving me far more credit than I deserve. I did build a Packard Plant about forty years ago and it was an innovation, but the modern factory principle, for which the world gives me credit, came from Henry Ford. I got into it as a result of one of those numerous rows between Ford and Couzens. They were just getting ready to move out to Highland Park, having bought the land. One afternoon my telephone rang. Ford was on the line.

" 'Mr. Kahn,' he said, 'can you build factories?'

" 'I can build anything,' I said.

"'Well, come over here, will you, please? I want to talk to you about that new building we are planning.'

"I went over. It was the first time I had ever met Mr. Ford. Mr. Couzens was with him.

"'Couzens,' said Ford, 'has had an architect design our new building. I do not like it and they both agree that the kind of building I want to put up is impossible. I want the whole thing under one roof. If you can design it the way I want it, say so and do it. If you can't let's not waste my time or yours.'

"He could not explain just what it was he wanted. But when I showed him the first rough drawings he said, 'You've got only part of the idea. Now if you do this, and then do that—' "

From that day on Ford never wanted any other architect. Albert Kahn through the years built whatever Ford had in mind.

"He is a strange man," said Mr. Kahn. "He seems to feel always that he is being guided by someone outside himself. With the simplicity of a farm hand discussing the season's crops, he makes moves as vast, it seems, as the geological changes.

"For example, the Soviet Government sent representatives to ask if I would accept a commission from them to design a tremendous expansion of industry. The challenge fascinated me. Deep down in my heart I believed that the Russian people—regardless of their form of government—were entitled to help after all their generations of suffering under the czars. I said yes.

"The following morning Mr. Ford called me up. He had heard about it. I thought that he might then tell me that he and I had reached a parting of the ways. Instead he said:

"'That's fine, Mr. Kahn. I want to do all I can to help. You are in touch with these people and I am not. Can you come out this morning and talk it over with me?'

"I arrived at Dearborn as agreed, at eleven o'clock.

"'Mr. Kahn," he said after we had talked awhile, "you tell these representatives of the Russian Government they can have all my patterns, designs, models. Everything we've got in the way of technical knowledge is theirs for the asking. I will not charge them a cent. I will send engineers over to Russia to teach them how to run their factories and I will take five hundred of their engineers into my plants here to teach them the technique of mass production—and pay them while they are learning.'

"I was so startled I could not believe my ears. He shook hands and said good-by as though nothing had happened.

"'Mr. Ford,' I said, 'is this confidential?'

"He looked at me in that funny way of his and said, 'How could such a thing be confidential? I told you to tell them, didn't I? Tell anybody you want.'

"He climbed into his car and drove away.

"And, please remember, this was in 1928—five years before Hitler came to power.

"I thought the Russians were all crazy," Mr. Kahn continued. "They insisted I build plants with tremendously heavy foundations and extra steel all through the construction, in which to make automobiles. I insisted it was not necessary. They smilingly told me that I did not know about their weather, that it got awfully cold in Russia. I told my brother, Moritz, who was with me, that they were insane. How could the weather, no matter how cold, affect our buildings? But Moritz said, 'Albert, these people are not crazy. They are building war-production plants and do not want us to know it.'

"Moritz was right. And now, too, I am beginning to understand how they are able to upset all the dopesters and slug it out with the Nazi armies."

KAHN and his staff built 521 plants in Russia—all convertible to war purposes, and trained more than 4,000 Soviet engineers and technicians to continue the program. He not only built all of Ford's important buildings, industrial and otherwise; he also designed and directed the building of almost all General Motors factories and all of Chrysler's—just as he built all three of the great modern newspaper plants of Detroit.

But there he sat at dinner, laughing and joking and telling of experiences in his self-effacing way. Suddenly he looked at his watch and gasped. "Good-by," he said merrily. "I'll be seeing you again—I hope."

That was not to be. The great heart could not stand the pressure he had placed upon it. But his spirit hovers over Detroit. His finger traced our skyline.

Around the Town

When Kid McCoy, once light heavyweight champion of the world, grew older, he made tours of the continent in faraway places, agreeing to knock out anybody matched against him in five rounds or forfeit fifty dollars. This was easy picking.

The fights were usually staged in halls with the ring at the rear, near an open window. A kerosene lamp with a great shade was hung over the center of the ring. If a customer proved too tough The Kid would jockey him over by the open window, beyond the rays of the lamp. A confederate would then tap the fellow on the skull with a club.

Well, The Kid was working out in Alberta when Edmonton was wild and woolly. There he was matched to fight a big rough youngster who earned an honest living as a bouncer in a poolroom and dance hall. As the lamp gag was not workable, the youth, Fred W. Martin, battled the former champ to the finish of the five rounds. That gave him ambitions and he became a professional boxer along with his nightly bouncing act.

One night after wiping the floor with two or three real tough guys, Freddie Martin went out on the street to cool off. He heard a Salvation Army band playing. He listened.

"I saw the futility of the life I was leading," he said later. "God called me, and I came."

Fred joined the Salvation Army. For the next twenty years he beat the bass drum in the band instead of beating up poolroom recalcitrants. This labor of the Lord eventually brought him to Windsor, Ontario, where he thumped away with right good will. Then suddenly there came to him a thought: "Why not a tunnel between Detroit and Windsor?" Why not, indeed! He took off his uniform and within two years was hailed across the continent as a financial wizard who had put "the big hole" under the river bed—the only international tube on earth.

He had saved up $300. With this he went to Charles Vance Millar, brilliant but slightly balmy Toronto lawyer, whose religion consisted of hating the human race as unfit to exist. Millar owned a franchise for such a tunnel but had never used it.

Millar had obtained it only because he was furious at the Detroit-Windsor Ferry company when he missed one of their boats to Detroit and had to wait half an hour. He sold his franchise to the bass drummer and took a 10 per-cent share of the stock as part payment.

Fred Martin insisted he was inspired by God to build the tunnel. "Hundreds of years after we are gone," he said as the tube neared completion, "this tunnel will be making nations friendlier, eradicating foolish boundaries and serving all mankind."

While he never missed a thump of the bass drum in twenty years, Fred took correspondence courses in business, engineering, and architecture. For a few years he made millions.

Yet the international amity and peace-on-earth purposes of the man who whammed the drum were not exactly achieved. During the prohibition era the big tube was known as nothing else but the "Windsor-Detroit Funnel."

Remember, it was back when the racketeers and gangsters ruled America, with murder and kidnaping the order of the day. It was absolutely impossible to get a drink in Detroit unless you walked at least ten feet and told the busy bartender what you wanted in a voice loud enough for him to hear you above the uproar.

Detroit's Ambassador Bridge, the longest international suspension span in the world, was conceived by a Detroit youth who became known as a sound, conservative financier, Joseph A. Bower.

To him the bridge was good, practical business. He was linking the motor way of the east and west.

He started in '24. Drummer Martin started in '26. Nobody paid any attention to Martin at first. Then certain investors got hold of the idea there was something in his scheme. He had bought the franchise. They could use it.

Construction work on the Ambassador Bridge began on May 7, 1927. Work of digging the tunnel started on May 3, 1928. By rushing the job the steel companies finished the bridge and had it opened on November 11, 1929. The tunnel was opened on November 12, 1930. So you can see there was quite a battle between the mole and the eagle.

Politics Is Funny

The most honest precinct in our city—bar none—was that of Billy Boushaw, the First of the First, or as the editorialists proclaimed it, "the Foist o' the Foist." Billy's "hotel" on the river front was a flophouse for dock workers and bums. When they were broke he fed them and housed them until spring. And they voted as he asked them to. Never anything crooked at Billy's precinct. He was insulted when crude politicians tried to offer him money.

John Gillespie managed the first campaign of Phil Breitmeyer for mayor. John, as green then in politics as a grasshopper's tummy, walked into Billy's one night and baldly asked the river-front boss how much he wanted for his votes—as though buying a ton of coal.

"Five hundred dollars," said Billy.

"Bought!" said John and laid down five hundred-dollar bills.

Breitmeyer's vote in "the Foist o' th' Foist" was exactly zero.

But Gillespie learned the game rapidly. The next election was over municipal ownership of streetcars—one of a dozen such campaigns—and Breitmeyer had a "plan." Just what it was nobody was ever able to figure out.

A week before the election Billy Boushaw found that all his boys had been laid off by the water board. Gillespie was a water commissioner. Billy hunted him up and demanded an explanation.

"Work is slack," said John airily. "Things will not pick up until after election. See me then. And, by the way, how is the vote going in your district?"

John got the vote.

The office of city controller was once filled by Dave Heineman. As his family had left him a fortune, he played in politics for amusement, as he played in music, art, literature.

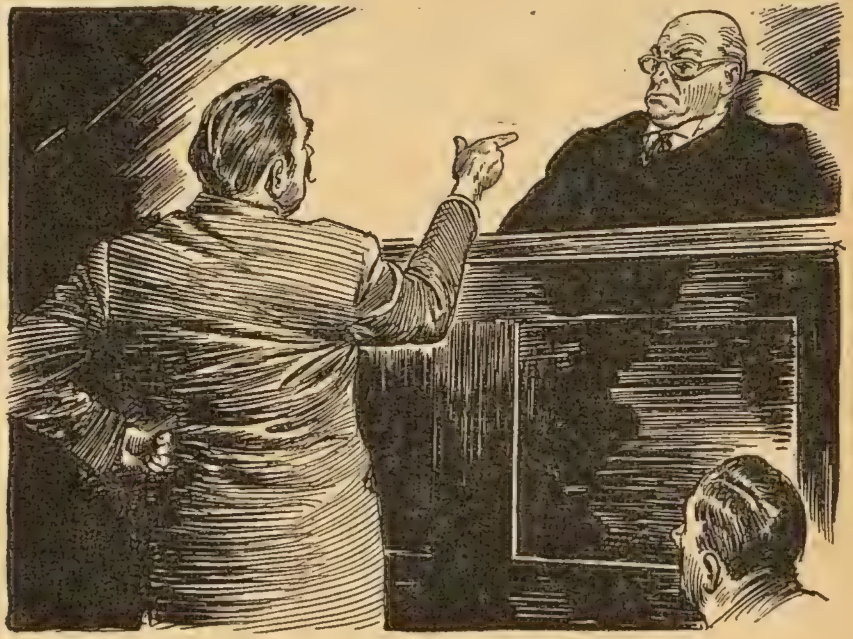
It was just at the beginning of the cubistic, futuristic, altogether nutty vogue in art. All of this brought groans from Dave, the art connoisseur. As controller he had to sign 10,000 city bonds. He used a large green blotter. When he had finished, the clear sharp strokes of his signature covered the blotter with purple dashes. Dave went up to O'Leary's art store and bought a heavy glassed frame. Into this he inserted his blotter. Then he entered it in an exhibit at the Detroit Art Institute. He titled it "The Duel."

Dave's blotter won first prize, was reproduced in the art magazines, and was ponderously written about by the "impressionists" who found hidden meanings in it.

It was not to be wondered that Dave did not sit well with that old council largely made up of bartenders from both sides of the mahogany. And Dave's cultured friends looked down on him because he associated with such people.

The office of sheriff was once sought by Bill Dever, Republican, and Jimmy Burns, Democrat. Burns was a fighter, a wrestler, the proprietor of a tough hotel. He spread the word through the precincts that Dever was "a stingy Canuck." Bill was neither stingy nor Canadian, but Burns had his reasons.

Bill was tall, thin and bald-headed. Burns picked out all the tall, thin, bald-headed fellows in his political menage to visit the saloons where the precinct votes were controlled. One of them would walk into a joint and hand out one of the Dever cards to the bartender.



"I am William Dever," he would say in a high-pitched querulous voice. "I am running for sheriff and want your support. Give me a small beer."

"Hey, fellers!" the bartender would yell to the crowd, "here's Bill Dever, candidate for sheriff!"

The crowd would rush to the bar in anticipation.

The visitor would hand out cards, asking one and all to vote for Dever. He would then lay down a Canadian dime to pay for his small beer, demand his nickel change and put it back into a leather pocket purse and close it very carefully.

"I'll leave these placards here for bar display," he would say in departing. "Be sure and vote for me. Don't forget the name—Dever."

As Bill Dever had never gone out into the precincts himself, being always an inside master mind, the trick worked. He was a badly beaten man in a big Republican year.

At one time the leader of our local Republican party was Edgar O. Durfee, our one probate judge. He had lost an arm fighting in the Civil War. The leader of the Democratic party was Major Thomas Penniman, a man so big and so pompous that it was said the City Hall trembled when he walked down Griswold Street. Never was there fiercer enmity between two men in Detroit politics than there was between them.

Penniman continued to grow more extreme and extravagant as the years passed. Finally the doctors agreed that he was completely and incurably insane and would have to be committed to the asylum.

Now, under the law of Michigan the only person who can adjudge a man insane is the probate judge. Judge Durfee was the only one we had. Durfee was a gentleman of the Old School. He had a long list of medical men testify and sign affidavits, so that nobody could accuse him of taking any advantage of his lifelong enemy. When at last he signed the commitment papers, Major Penniman was in court, quiet, calm, perfectly poised.

"It grieves me very much," said Judge Durfee with real depth of feeling, "to find that I am the only one who can sign these necessary papers of commitment. I hope you realize, Major Penniman, that I look upon it as a very unhappy duty to adjudge you insane."

Major Penniman rose to his majestic height and bowed low. "I quite understand your unhappy plight, Judge Durfee," he said. "Am I to understand that I am legally declared insane by your action and that I am to be no longer held responsible for my actions?"

"That is right," said Judge Durfee.

"All right then," said the major, still perfectly poised. "I will now proceed to tell you some things that I have wanted to say to you for years, you one-armed—"

For half an hour he didn't miss a thing in the way of invective and slander. And when he finished he bowed low and marched out of the court on his way to the asylum from which he never returned.

DETROIT has always had, since Civil War days, a large Negro population. It was the last stop of the "underground" through which escaping slaves made their way into Canada, before and during the War between the States. Many of them settled here and they have been good, law-abiding citizens. As the industrial growth swept over the city they increased in number but were quietly absorbed into community life, though badly handicapped, as were many others, for proper housing because of the tremendous development of the city.

When the Second World War came on both white and Negro workers poured in here from the South. And with them, as is always the case in any migration, came certain elements of riffraff, both white and Negro. This hoodlum element soon began causing trouble. But the race riot in the summer of 1943 did not upset the routine of a single factory. Negroes and white workers maintained their schedules. When work shifts came they helped one another home.

Our riot was a by-product of the war and war production. It was not made in Detroit. As a result of it, however, there has been organized an interracial group of splendid citizens. They are doing a magnificent work in creating mutual understanding.

And I think our own home-town boy, Joe Louis, who came out of the slum areas of Detroit to win the championship in the *Free Press* Golden Glove boxing tournaments, has done more for his people than all the agitators for their rights I have ever heard of or read about.

There has never been the slightest hint of any scandal in connection with any of Joe's fights—which alone makes him unique. He has never struck a foul blow. He has never complained of being the victim of foul blows, although many have been rained upon him. His name has never been associated with any shady deals. No other heavyweight has been so sportsmanlike and decent in the ring. He has never refused to accept any challenge.

When the Associated Press flashed from Chicago the fact that his wife was suing him for divorce, Eddie Edgar of the *Free Press* sports staff hunted him up to ask him about it.

"Please don't fool me," pleaded the worried colored lad. "This is serious—to me. I never heard of such a thing."

"I'm not fooling, Joe," said Edgar. "Here is the AP report."

"I don't know nothin' about it a'tall," sighed Joe. "But, please, sir, if you put anything about it in the paper, will you *please* say that whatever she says is right? I wouldn't want to hurt her."

Before his fight with Tony Galento, the "beer-barrel boy" made a swipe at Joe while they were weighing in. This is part of an old ring technique, the idea being to frighten the opponent. Joe moved his head back dreamily to miss the punch by a fraction of an inch.

"Whaz'za matter, bum?" bellowed Tony. "Are yuh afraid?"

"I'll do my fighting in the ring," said Joe.

His quiet, modest way has won him the admiration of the fight fans and the deep affection of the United States Army, which he joined gladly as soon as the call came and set an example for a lot of other high-priced athletes.

"We can't lose this war," he said at a bond rally, "because we are on God's side."

Nobody wrote that for him or told him to say it. He didn't even know he was to be called on.

I AM an enthusiastic member of both the St. Andrews Scottish Society of Detroit and the Harmonie Singing Society, one of the oldest German organizations of its kind in America. Not that I can play the bagpipes or sing, I assure you.

During the early part of the war I received notice from St. Andrews that at the annual banquet on the night of December 4, 1939, I would have conferred on me a life membership and be called on to make a speech.

I was justifiably proud of that honor. While bowling at Harmonie I told some of my companions about it. They were members of Harmonie's Chorus which has been delighting Detroit audiences for ninety-seven years.

"Now, that's fine," said Harmonie President Bill Hoffman. "Let us do the neighborly thing. That's the night we hold choir practice. When we are through we will walk over there in a body and give them some songs as a compliment to you."

While the war-service stars were as thick on the shield of Harmonie as they were at St. Andrews, and both clubs were made up of fine patriotic Americans, there was—after all—a war on. Right at that time the Nazi Luftwaffe was doing its best to pound Scotland to pieces.

"It's a grand thing, Bill," I said, "not just for me, but for the city. But how will the Scots take it?"

"We are all Americans," said Bill simply.

I hunted up Richard MacRae, president of St. Andrews, and told him. He nearly swallowed his pipe.

"Malcolm," he gasped, "ye ken the difficulties? I'm for it! A grand thing! But there are lads here whose ain folk are being killed this very minute. I'm for it, but I hae me doots. But I'll ask. That I will! I'll ask."

The directors of St. Andrews met and pondered. At last they agreed that it was "the richt course."

The great night came. The St. Andrews drill corps piped in the haggis, in their green plaid kilts. The "toast to the haggis" was given as spoken for a thousand years. And then at a signal the great doors were flung open and the Harmonie Chorus marched in. To most of those who filled the big hall it was a surprise.

In perfect step they marched upon the stage—seventy of them. At a signal from their director the roar of their voices shook the rafters with "The Star-Spangled Banner." The kilted Scots and their lassies joined. The pipes took up the national anthem but—I swear it—for the first time in history the pipes were drowned out. Then the Harmonie songsters sang "Annie Laurie." There followed "Silent Night," in German.

The last notes and the applause had scarcely died away when they broke forth with the song written by the little man who was once a Jewish singing waiter in "Nigger Mike's" restaurant in East Side New York: Irving Berlin. Yes, it was "God Bless America."

With a wave of their hands as a salute, my Harmonie friends marched out into the winter night while the Scots wiped away their tears and blew their noses. "'Twas a braw bricht nicht for a'."

Detroit has been a melting pot for almost two and a half centuries. We had Dutch Town, meaning the vast east side German settlement, and Cork Town, home of the Irish on the west side. And, of course, there were the French and the Belgian and the Hungarian and the Italian and other "towns."

But, except for the newcomers of the last generation, these are all gone now. They gather for various meetings, but the sentiment is for their fathers and mothers and their forebears rather than for any national ties.

I know one fine Irish citizen born in Cork Town whose mother and father were born in Dublin. He married an east side German girl whose parents were born in Munich. One of his two sons married a French girl, the other married a Belgian, and his daughter married an Italian. And their children are reaching an age when they will soon be seeking mates.

That is Detroit and that is the greater part of America.

THE END

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

EARTH COULD BE FAIR, by **Pierre van Paassen,** is the biography of the town of Gorcum, Holland. Van Paassen was born and brought up in Gorcum, and this is an account of his family, his schoolmates, and the people of the town. There are a hundred stories here, but the writer's skill is so great that he has woven them into a deeply significant tapestry of man and his endeavor. The friends of Van Paassen's youth were leaders in the Dutch underground—some of them died heroic deaths; others lived to see Holland free again.

Pierre van Paassen

One of the most touching incidents in the book is that of the day young Pierre called on Dalmaden, the Jewish umbrella maker. It was the Hebrew New Year and Van Paassen had learned how to say, *"La-shana ha-ha b' Yerushelaim,"* or "Next year in Jerusalem," the traditional Hebrew greeting. To Pierre's surprise, Mr. Dalmaden wept at the words and said, cryptically, "Now I have surely been repaid."

Telling his mother about it later, Pierre heard that the umbrella maker had been the only person with her when he was born. Dalmaden had been passing the house when the Van Paassens' panic-stricken maid ran out to get the doctor, but before he could arrive, Mr. Dalmaden had delivered the baby and earned the everlasting gratitude of the family.

The Dial Press, New York. Price $3.75.

DOROTHY MACARDLE, author of the superb supernatural thriller, The Uninvited, again has made the unbelievable believable in her latest book, **The Unforeseen.**

Virgilia Wilde thought she was going mad. She heard voices that weren't there. She saw things that weren't happening. That they happened later just increased her uneasiness. It was a relief to her when the psychiatrist, Dr. Franks, told her that she did not need his therapy—she was perfectly sane. But it was not a relief when her cherished daughter, Nan, met and fell in love with Dr. Franks' son, Perry.

Dorothy Macardle

Hating what she had finally accepted as her power to see into the future, Virgilia nevertheless deliberately induced a vision in order to protect Nan. From that point on the story moves to a climax of terror and conflict that keeps the reader spellbound.

Miss Macardle not only has a genius for creating suspense—her characters are wonderfully conceived and charmingly delineated.

Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.50.

SERIOUS novels of youth often fall into sloppiness and clichés and **Charles Grayson's Angel Town** is not an exception.

The novel is about young people in Los Angeles. The reader impatiently feels that with all these words, and all this agony, something rather more important than puppy love and schoolboy rivalries ought to be going on.

Mr. Grayson has made a valiant attempt to make something of nothing, but the fact remains that adolescents are just that, and however tragic their emotions to themselves, most of their experiences are more suitably handled with gentle understanding humor than with pretentious gravity.

Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

8/31/46

HORIZONTAL

1 Senator Marcy in 1832 said what belonged to the victors?
7 Muzzle-loading gun much used in World War I
13 Name Eton's deadly rival
14 According to I. Berlin, a pretty girl resembles a what?
15 Length times width equals what?
16 Add a P.S. to the letter of the law
18 XXXXIX
19 Mr. Ott of the Giants (abbr.)
20 The grunion's technically a what?
21 The *Naja haje,* or Egyptian spitting snake, is a variety of what?
22 What organization can literally veto itself out of existence? (abbr.)
23 A phony customer who works in cahoots with a salesman confederate is called a what?
24 Heinie who was a baseball star?
25 *L'état, c'est moi!* translates into The what, it is I?
27 Complete: Women's styles may change but their —— remain the same!
29 George Eliot wrote The What on the Floss?
31 What Western city was named after a Civil War general?
32 What's colloquial for horror picture?
35 Aldous Huxley wrote The What Hay?
38 Complete: I —— to See the Evening Sun Go Down!
39 An elderly male sissy is known as a what?
41 Continent (abbr.)
42 Which Miss Lowell smoked cigars and mothered American free verse?
43 Mt. Aconcagua, 22,835 feet, stands in the whats?
44 What Ass't Sectry of the Navy became the world's most hated and loved figure? (abbr.)
45 Much-used Italian article
46 The Roman Catholic list of books which must be censored before read is called the What Expurgatorius?
47 The century plant's also called the American what?
48 Beater gets comeback (anag.)
50 What are dugs?
52 A woman of your mother's generation who, though married, used her maiden name was called a Lucy what?
53 Undressed kids

VERTICAL

1 What's Irish for James?
2 Father of French-Canadian journalism
3 Bastion of Russian line during Hitler attack
4 Man's name
5 The American Indian used to be slangily called a what?
6 You'd address a Brahmin priest how?
7 What's the olfactory organ vulgarly dubbed?
8 The G.I.s called a what an air-conditioned umbrella?
9 Which MacDonald had that farm?
10 Desensitize in the Louis manner
11 Who fathered electric-light bills?
12 What original beings who lived in and on air became the original glamor girls?
17 Declare at pinochle
20 Nature's armor
21 Colloquialingo
23 A fencepost holding crossbars is called a what?
24 Gal's nickname
26 What seems to be lacking in U.N. proceedings?
28 Haunch holders
30 Name the famed swimmer of the Hellespont
32 Haunch holders
33 Who took a whole play to get up nerve to kill his stepfather?
34 Complete: By the —— bridge that spanned the flood!
36 The maharajah of what married an American some years ago?
37 A zephyr's breath is said to be like a gentle what?
40 Tie between members of group
43 If the b in a-b stands for bellum, what does the a stand for?
44 Scrammed
46 What's John in Scottish?
47 Who wrote Fables in Slang?
49 The musical foghorn warns against what? (abbr.)
51 What's thou in German?

J	I	T	T	E	R	B	U	G	S	■	W	H	A	M
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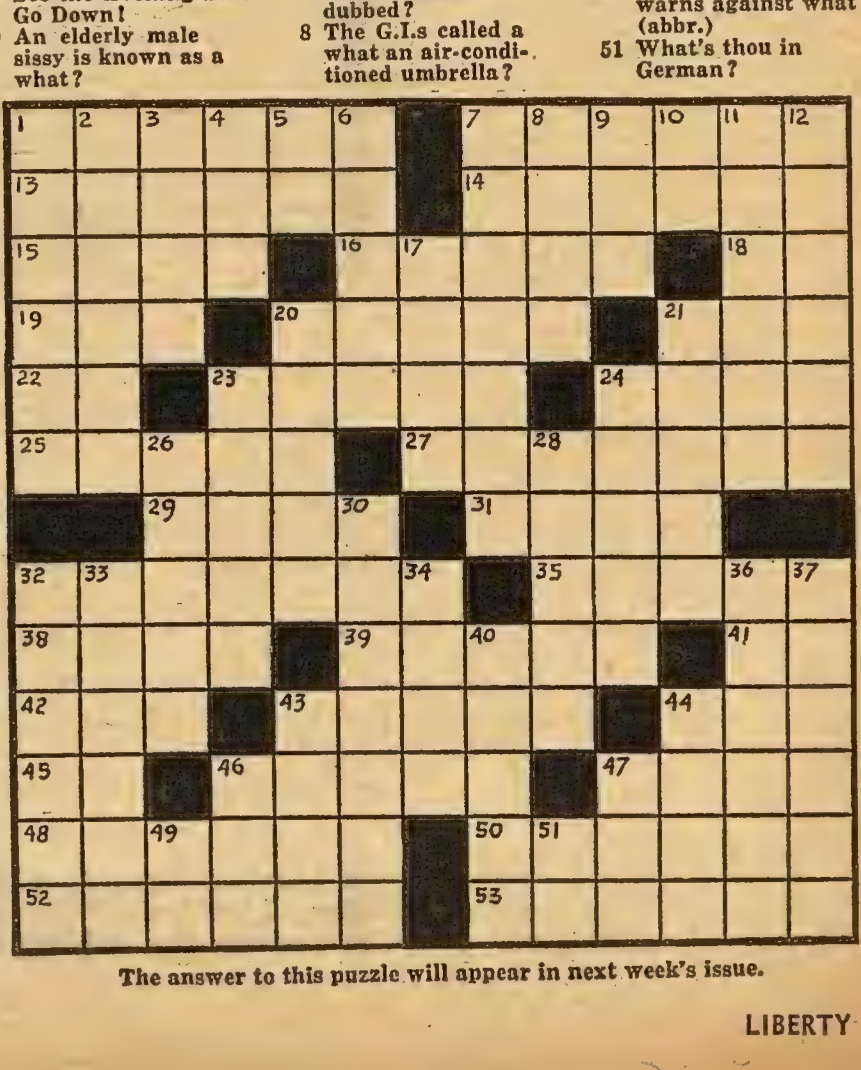
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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QUALITY THAT NEVER VARIES

BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA · CLEVELAND, OHIO

SHOW-OFF

Continued from Page 15

breath. "I'll tear this whole show apart."

"I'll wait," I said. "Even when you don't believe it, eighty-five bucks has a nice sound."

Mike knifed me with his eyes.

"I'm right sorry about Carnahan's bein' impolite, specially to a genuine midget racing man," Jeff Card apologized. He led us into the infield and pulled two finifs from his pocket. "I raised a little money. I can spare ten till Saturday."

Mike took the fives.

"Blood money," he said to me when Jeff went to get him his costume. "Blood money, so they can put the wheels to me tonight. Since it's my blood, Barney, it's my jack."

THE minute Jeff came back, Mike Meader balked at the rig he had to wear. Carnahan was busy laying out the field for other acts.

"Yellow!" said Mike to Jeff. "So I got to wear a yellow blouse an' yellow pants, do I? Why yellow?"

"Because yo' finish last," Jeff Card said. "Last man—Number Five—always wears yellow. It's symbolic. It runs this way: Rizzoletti, the winner, wears blue; Number Two, green; Three, red; Fo'—that's me—pink; Number Five, yellow."

"O.K., I'll be Number Four. You take the yellow spot."

Jeff shook his head. "We all know our parts. The p'fo'mance has to be right. Not much room on that track."

Mike looked at half a dozen trucks pounding down the dirt around an oblong with the corners rounded off.

"What track?" he asked.

Jeff blushed. "I know yo' accustomed to better, but this is all we got."

Mike kicked more, but piped down when Carnahan came. Rizzoletti, who was a small guy by the name of Sam Wiley, faked a bum start by cutting his motor. Then he worked up through the field while yellow, pink, red, and green handed around the lead on schedule.

At the end Rizzoletti hopped out of his job. He did a flowery bow to where the crowd would be. Mike near blew a gut.

"We p'fo'mers all bow befo' the race," Jeff Card explained, and I had to laugh. "We all wear sashes, too. The bow goes thisaway; with the music, one, two, three steps fo'ward, right hand curved over head, heels together, bugle, bow!"

"Bows! Sashes!" snapped Mike. "Am I Baby Snooks?"

Carnahan heard him. He tapped Mike on the chest.

"Fade fast on the back stretch in the first lap so Jeff can pass," he said. "Hang onto that infield rail all the way, you! Nobody passes except on the two straights—but you keep hugging the rail. Get it?"

Mike pulled away before Carnahan's finger drilled a rib. He was talking to himself. That was bad.

"The way they're bearin' down on rehearsing, I think it's a straight honest fixed race, with nobody nudgin' into the infield," I said to Mike.

I walked over to Jeff Card. "Look, Jeff," I said, trying hard to crack him. "Mike rolls ten laps a night, peaceful, an' Saturday the nice kind man with the casehardened mug pours eighty-five gleamin' bucks into his lap. Is that how it is?"

"Sho is," Jeff said earnestly. "Would I try to put ovuh anything on two men from the real racing business?"

I went back. "Play it square one night," I appealed to Mike. "You ain't tellin' me you can't gun or brake your way out of it if Rizzoletti tries to nudge you."

"It'll take plenty to beat their game, and when I say plenty, I mean Mike Meader! The saddest of the lot will be Jeff, the bighearted dogwagon boy. I'll get him too!"

I WAS worried. Mike wouldn't go into blueprints about what he was going to do. I outlined to him what Jeff had told me that day about these death drivers all being precision workers.

"If, say, a guy is going to jump a jaloppy over a truck and break the fall by cracking down on top of another jaloppy, Mike, he and his bunch do mathematics and crawl around on their stomachs with a steel tape for days ahead," I said. "The stunt is all laid out like a stiff: distance, speed, wind allowance, angle of the take-off incline, course, and position of the car while it's in the air, moment when the guy at the wheel ducks and the quick rescue stuff. Engineering."

"O.K.," said Mike. "So they got me engineered."

"With five cars on a track, a crack has to be laid out, too," I told Jeff. "An' they ain't rehearsed anything."

"They can't—in front of me," Mike said and folded up his lip. He kept studying Rizzoletti and Jeff Card. It was one or the other who'd slap him. He was sure.

Mike wouldn't listen to me. Another thing, he insisted I hot up his mill. He wasn't after noise; he wanted power.

"These other irons are junk," I said. But I worked on that motor anyhow. I was toying with a soothing idea. If Mike cut loose and won that race from these performers, he'd have won a race, wouldn't he? Maybe it was a technicality, but Mike was really getting me down.

I put hop into that motor. Jeff Card watched me, mild as milk. While he didn't agree with me about the exact color a spark plug's electrodes should look when the mixture is right, we had a real instructive time.

"D'you get the heeby-jitters before a race?" I asked.

"A race?" Jeff said, looking at me as calm as a cow. "This is no race, Barney; this is a p'fo'mance."

That easy drawl had me winging. I couldn't figure the guy the way Mike did.

A couple of hours before show time I caught sight of Jeff trailing along behind Carnahan, sort of meek an' lowly. A little later I met Mike and he was on high. He looked around careful, led me in back of the stand, opened his wallet and spread five tens out—genuine money.

"Miracle man!" he said, thumbing himself. "I made Jeff go to Carnahan with a gag about my poor old father dyin' up in Brooklyn an' my mother needin' jack to plant him, backed with a phony telegram."

He waited for me to ask for my whack. I didn't.

He laughed and put the kick away quick. "Even working through Jeff,

HARDTACK

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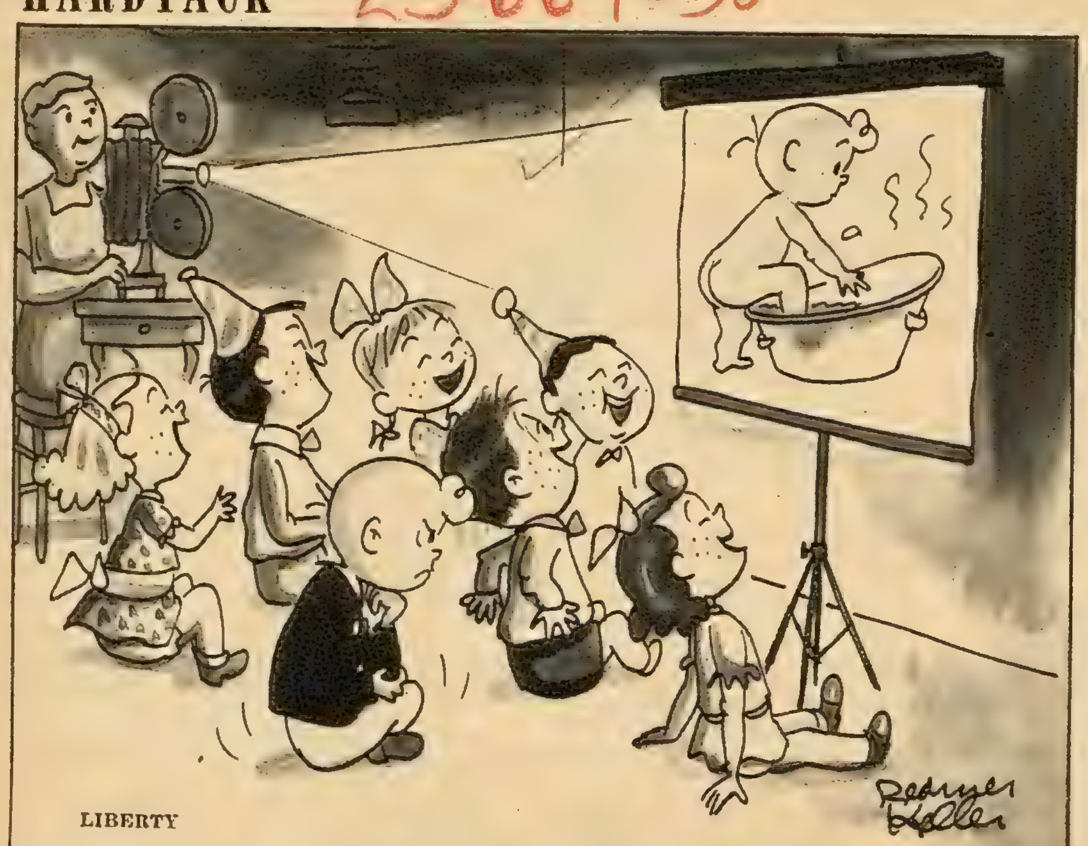

original cartoon returned to Keller 11/20/46

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I had Carnahan's harp strings twanging!" he said.

I was bothered. "Mike, we could be wrong about—"

"Cut! With fifty bucks out of Carnahan and seventeen out of Jeff, I can afford to have fun in that race."

An hour before the circus-style parade I dived under the band wagon, and came up beside a doodlebug close to Jeff Card and Rizzoletti. I had to know. The carnival boys were looking over two crash helmets real careful.

"I got to make it look like a good one, Sam," Jeff Card said. "The boss wants me to flatten that li'l' car right dramatic. The steel in this helmet feels stiffer."

Rizzoletti said. "It's yours. I'd rather have my job."

I WAS sunk. So Jeff was crooked. I went back and reported to Mike. When a guy takes his neck out onto a track he's entitled to have his mech back him up to the limit.

"Jeff is the one that's out to crack me," Mike said, real ugly. "They ain't worrying about my crash helmet. I could be wearin' baby's bonnet with pink ribbons to take the jolt!"

"There could be a mistake," I said.

Jeff came drifting our way.

"We go on after the boys tiah o' being bucked off the horses and steers," Jeff said. "With twelve shows a week, they tiah right fast. Be set for yo' cue."

"I'm set now." Mike sounded rough. "My part calls for you to pass me, brother. What a laugh! A genuine doodle pilot passed by a circus actor! A laugh!"

"That sho is so," Jeff agreed. "But my part's a little fatter than yo' part. Now Rizzoletti—that's the role I'd like." He shook his head. "But I don't have the spectacular looks fo' it. I don't know's I have the dramatic ability like, either."

Mike grunted. When Jeff had gone he grabbed my arm.

"Barney, mount the best rubber on my right rear wheel. Get it on there now."

Twenty minutes later the buckaroos were getting up kind of slow and thoughtful, like they were figgering it ought to pay better.

"We're about due, Mike," I said. "Listen. Let them make the first pass, will you? Eighty-five a week, if not phony—it's easy money!"

"Easy—with me comin' in last all the time!" Mike said.

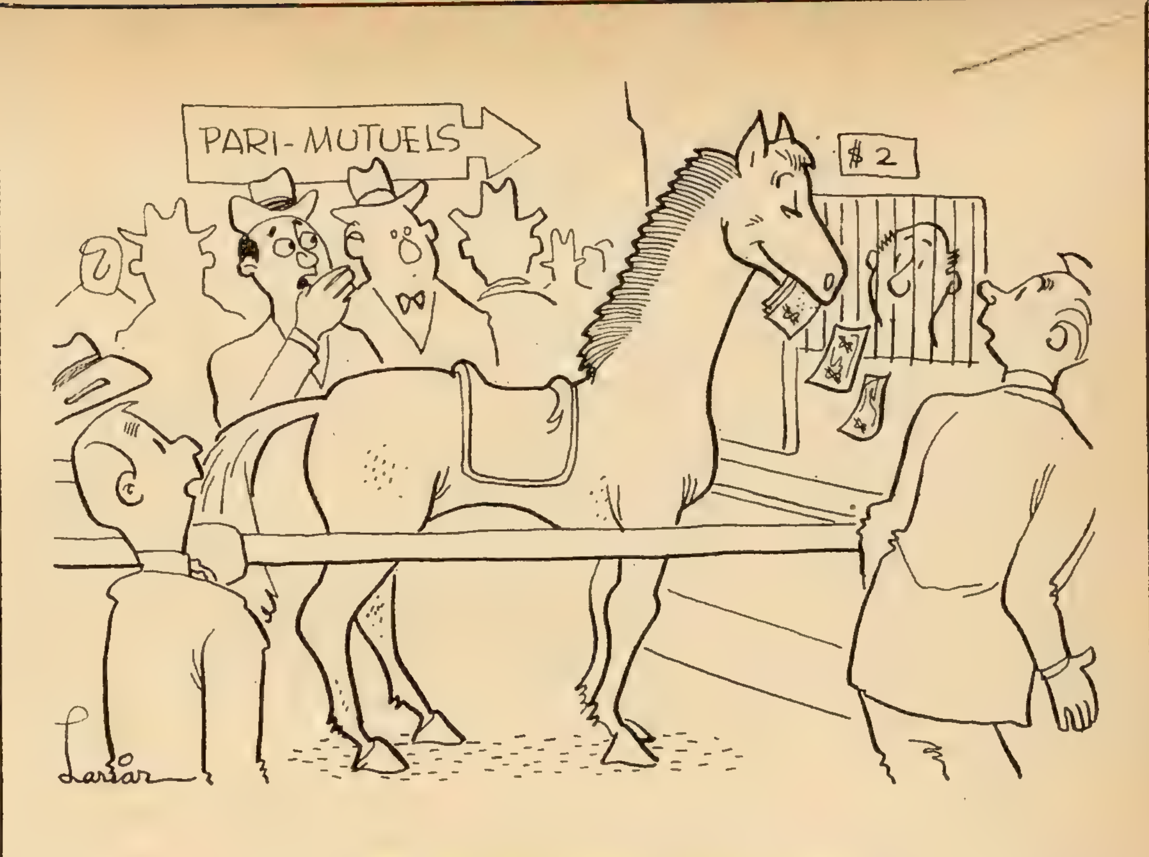
"You been doin' that free."

"You don't get a dime till we cop in the midgets again," he told me. "Your wrench work is what's kept me down."

They called off the horse opera and called on the midgets.

Carnahan, his own ringmaster, made a big talk. He built up Rizzoletti like Barney Oldfield was his nephew.

Mike was looking savage. He was riding in the front row, on the post, with Jeff beside him. Back of them were two other guys.



"I don't like this—he's betting against himself!"

LIBERTY

Rizzoletti, alone in the third row, was got up plenty dramatic, with a long streamer on his helmet. Carnahan said that not even the great Rizzoletti could hope to pass more than a couple of cars. The track was too narrow, rough, and man-killing. It was breaking Rizzoletti's heart, Carnahan said. Rizzoletti kept poking his head around, acting like he was trapped and planning escape.

While they stalled a few laps on the flying start to thrill the crowd, Mike glanced back at Rizzoletti and settled down to watching Jeff Card, outside him. Jeff was just riding, mild pan as usual, with that extra tough helmet on his head. I was scared.

Carnahan squeezed out the anticipation. Then, crouching beside the track like it might bite him, he flipped his flag as they came roaring down the stretch. Off!

RIGHT away Mike threw overboard his role. He didn't kick his doodle in the pants. He didn't lead 'em into the first curve. He reached for his kill button. He cut his motor. He looked behind.

I groaned. I saw work on that car ahead of me.

The two boys in the row behind nearly piled Mike. But Mike skinned the inside rail. The two guys blasted past. Then Rizzoletti, figuring Mike's mill had pooped, started by. Mike swerved. Mike let him have the wheel. He gave Rizzoletti's left front rubber his right rear—the strongest shoe on the midget.

It was quite a nudge. Mike wasn't just rubbing tires with the guy; he whammed his swerving rear end at Rizzoletti.

Rizzoletti's skin blew. The poor goon's bus jumped sideways into the crash fence. The crash cable slowed his job and threw it back on the track. Rizzy's face was greener than his shirt was blue. He limped off the track.

After the nudge, Mike had aired out. Every last one of the other three clawed the infield fence and let him go through. Green Blouse let him by and Red Blouse let him by, and Jeff, wearing the pinkest pink color, he let him by.

Going past, Mike gave Jeff plenty of berth and watched him hard. Jeff made no play at all. Mike blasted into the lead like you'd light a cigarette. Soft.

I hadn't seen anybody try a pass at him. I drew quite a breath. Well, if he took the race, he'd won one. Technicality or not, I'd be free. And I couldn't see how he could lose. Mike was ahead by two hundred feet as he slid into the back stretch.

Suddenly he put on an act. He hit the bumps and sawed his wheel, fighting like a madman to control his hurtling mount. It looked to me like all that acting would wear him out before he'd rolled the ten laps. But he was enjoying himself. I wondered how many more cars he was going to nudge.

While Mike was prancing down the back stretch, I saw Jeff Card open up. It was like somebody had pressed a trigger in him.

Mike Meader glanced back and quit playing to the crowd. Jeff was low down behind his wheel. He was uncorking. Red and Green were coming too, but not like Jeff.

Mike slid into the curve with enough tabasco to keep him busy. It was a bull ring, that track, with no bank to hit. Flat, like a loser's wallet.

The way Jeff Card hit that flat curve, Mike must have thought he was signing off. But Jeff bent his job around.

That super-helmet of Jeff's probably popped up in Mike's mind right then. Jeff was blasting up to do the job.

Mike had taken tangles in reason, like midget shovers do. But at the pace Jeff was hitting, Mike didn't crave any kissing he didn't start himself. Who would? I bet Mike felt ice cubes sliding down the back of his yellow blouse.

Mike aired out on that front straightaway. He drew away from Jeff's job. Enough stuff wasn't under Jeff's hood. His iron was tepid.

Mike began grinning again. He'd had me hop up his job so he could ride away after anything. He had a clear edge on Jeff Card. Before you can slide into a guy you've got to catch him. This was the one Mike would win.

BUT poor as Jeff's mill was, his brakes seemed worse. He didn't use brakes. He threw his automobile into a bend without a touch of the binders. Yet instead of sliding across to Thirty-seventh Avenue, he bent on around the track.

"Get going, Mike!" I yelled.

It wasn't right, the way Jeff rode that car. His style was to hold his heap on the edge of a slide. His spurting rear wheels kicked the front end ahead before the front rubbers could let go of the dirt and skid.

It's the right way to bend. But there's a limit to it. Jeff didn't seem to know about the limit. He hit corners with all he could pick up on the straights. He never whammed the crash cable.

Jeff just sat there, low, back of the wheel like a pink so-and-so using his arms and that's all. You couldn't see his goggled face for the swirling dust.

They lapped and blasted past Red and Green Shirts who were trying but outclassed. Jeff kept edging up on the bends.

Mike really booted the midget on the straights. One inch from Judgment Day he grabbed for his brakes and cut her down for the curves. His trouble was he had to pick his speed up again and the straights were short. If he'd rolled like that in the doodle circuit we'd have eaten oftener and more genteel.

The tougher Jeff Card got on the bends, the less Mike wanted to meet him in a nudging match.

The little tornado had Mike penned on that track. No room anywhere but ahead. And Jeff was chewing down his lead in spite of Mike's gun on the straights.

The time came. Mike slid around the corner into the front stretch and tried to pick up. Jeff Card was riding right in his dust cloud. On his tail. His wheel began crawling up alongside Mike's—a few feet behind—then inches behind.

I could see Jeff's grip on his wheel tighten. Mike jerked his head, looking from one rail to the other. There was no way out. This crazy death driver was closing up on him. Any second now—

Jeff Card's midget drifted up outside. Mike had a chance to let his doodle slide into Jeff, but I guess he figured Jeff would hook wheels with him. After that, anything could happen.

I saw the bug weave under Mike's shaky grip. If he'd gun it to the limit, he could still pull ahead. But Jeff Card's wheels came on up, drawing closer, closer to Mike's front end. I wasn't breathing.

Mike saw a chance to get away. His hand darted for his brake.

He latched it up. All his muscle was in it. Jeff shot past. The rear wheels of Mike's blasting midget locked. The car whirled like a sled on an ice pond. Three times, in spite of all his wheelwork, Mike spun. The last landed him against the outside fence. I could feel him hit like it was me.

The cable bounced him back on the track. He spun half way and trickled to a stop in the middle of the front stretch by the infield fence. He shot out and was climbing the fence before he realized he was safe from Jeff.

I started running. Carnahan was on the track. He had a black-and-white checkered finish flag in his hands. He wasn't waving it. He was near paralyzed.

It hit me all of a sudden. Mike Meader had lost another race.

Jeff Card, roaring past Carnahan, had never looked back at Mike. Jeff lifted a hand to signal Carnahan he knew he'd finished.

Suddenly I got it. The only pass Jeff had made at Mike Meader had been a pass to take the lead. Jeff had been racing, not chasing.

Jeff rounded the track, slowing, while the stands exploded with yells and stamping. I went on running toward Mike. He was still my driver, wasn't he, even if he had quit?

"Well, you spun over the finish line in second place," I said, covering up.

Mike snapped his teeth at me. He saw that I knew Jeff had scared him into throwing out the anchors. He shook his fist at me. "You're fired, you mutt!" he said. "I told you to hop up this mill so nobody could touch me!"

"Say it again!" I said. But if these carnival guys jumped him I'd have to stick by him.

When Jeff got around to Mike, he braked his job. He shook his head reproachful at Mike. "We need mo' rehearsals," he said. "I'm plumb wore out trying to pass you. I was due to pass on the first lap."

"Pass me!" Mike screeched. "Pass applesauce! You were out to slough me! You wanted to knock me through the fence!"

Jeff Card's mild face looked shocked. "Without rehearsing?" he said. "It would be right dangerous!"

He wagged his head again. "Fifth was you' spot to finish. When you accidentally conked Rizzoletti, that only put you fo'th. You hurried so, the other boys couldn't catch you. I'm telling you, Mike, you drive too fast."

I grabbed Jeff's arm. "What about that heavy crash helmet? What about telling Rizzoletti you had to make it a good crash?"

"This?" said Jeff, pulling off his helmet. "This is fo' the next act. I shoot up a ramp ovuh the band wagon and land on top of a jaloppy. I need padding."

CARNAHAN got there just then, still clutching his checker flag. He grabbed Mike Meader's hand and shook it. Mike's hand!

"The most dramatic driver I've iver seen," he said. "The way you sling your shoulders an' keep your head an' arrms wurrking! You thrilled 'em! An' thim spins! You stood 'em on their heads, boy. What an actor! Ye've a dramatic sinse."

He scowled at Jeff Card. "Not like

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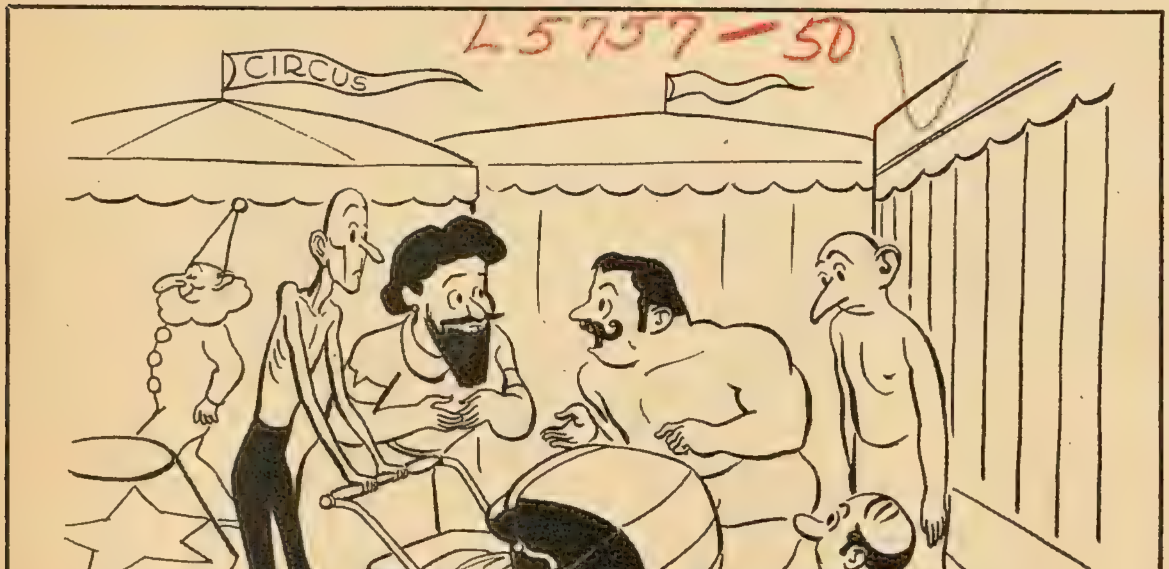

"I wouldn't want to worry you, but doesn't he seem awfully normal?"
LIBERTY

that cold p'tato. Sure, Jeff could drive off a hundred-foot cliff an' the customers would be wantin' their money back before he landed."

He pounded Mike again. "Up on the car an' take a bow! Most av this cheerin' is for the game loser. Take a bow, boy!"

Mike hopped up on the doodle. He knew a break. He did half a dozen bows. He lapped up the applause.

"Great!" said Carnahan. "Now faint. Faint, I said!"

Mike fainted. He did it like it was his own idea.

"Carry him away, boys! Don't come to, Mike, lad. I got a job for you—Rizzoletti's. He's sore an' he quit cold. Don't come to, Mike."

Mike didn't. I cheered, too. This time I was free. Broke—but free as a dickybird on a fence.

They carried him up the track. The crowd's yells dropped to murmurs of sympathy. Carnahan, walking soft, with his chin drooping, gulped air for a big lung build-up.

Jeff shuffled his feet.

"I try, but I jest don't seem to be a good p'fo'mer," he said. "Carnahan's sho right to give Mike the star part—I noticed him actin' myself. It's right—but it puts me in last place again."

"Last place!" I said. "Yeah! With carnivals, you're just a bit player." I was having voice trouble. "An' I—I been tryin' to win against tough midget pilots, with the world's greatest carnival show-off at the wheel."

I looked again at the asthmatic crate that this milk-faced pilot had kicked through the bends to take Mike's hot iron. It needed zing.

"Say, Jeff," I said, "how'd you like to join a show where there're no rehearsals, acting don't get you no place, an' a lead foot does?"

"Me?" said Jeff Card. His face cracked wide open in a hopeful grin. "You think I might give up p'fo'ming and learn to drive this midget on a real track? Me?"

I had to laugh. I rubbed my wrench and gave Jeff's little heap a hard and masterful look.

"Doodlebugs, gangway for a bad actor!" I said.

THE END

SHOULD HOUSEWIVES BE PAID?

Continued from Page 13

boring lives of many women who voluntarily have sacrificed all their former hopes and dreams for the love of a man. Marriage need not be the end of all personal interests. We want it to lead to all-encompassing fulfillment of the female individual."

What are these problems which have caused women to sacrifice all their former hopes and dreams? In essence, they all may be stated as one problem: That women feel their

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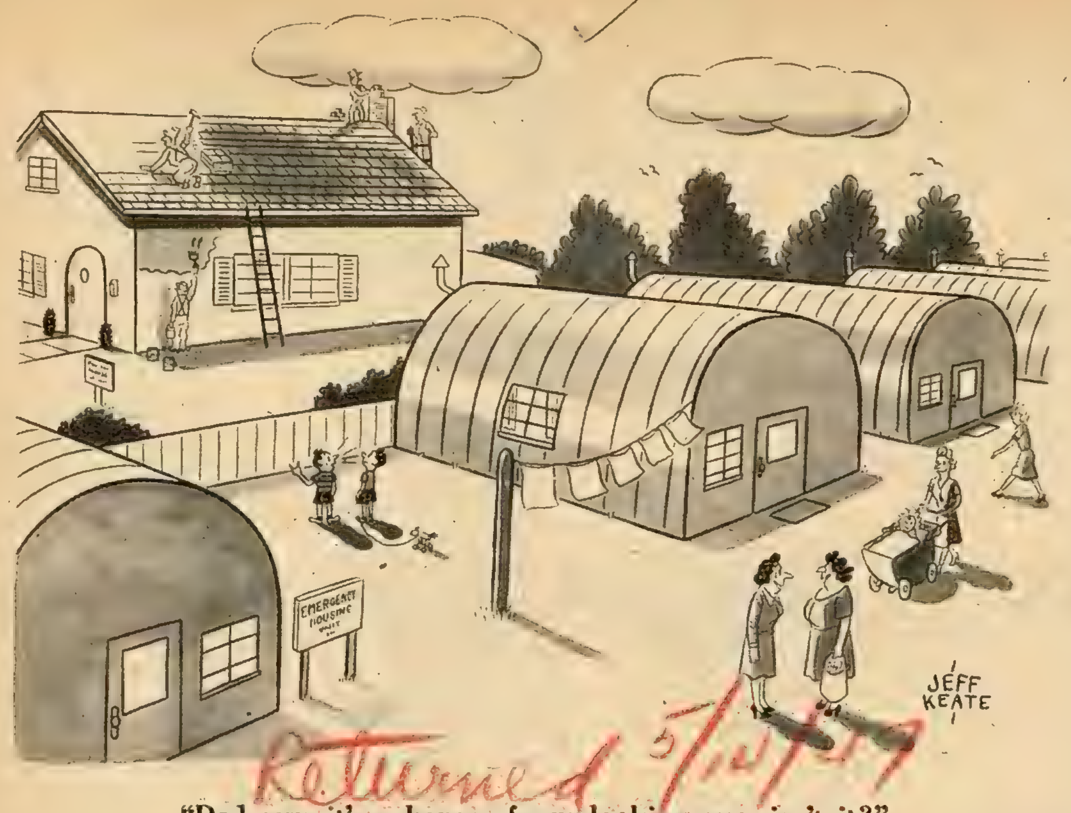


Returned 5/12/47

"Dad says it's a house—funny-looking one, isn't it?"

LIBERTY

husbands and their government treat them, not as individuals in partnership in the marital relationship, but as chattels dependent on the whims of their lords and masters. Every one of their stated demands falls within this basic protest.

Take the matter of wages. A great majority of women are dependent on their husbands financially. Under ideal conditions, of course, this would be the desire of the man to share and share alike with his wife, in the realization that both were doing their part in maintaining a home. But from the response which the M.W.A. has received, such homes are rare. Most women feel they must ask their husbands for money like beggars.

THERE are always conflicting opinions on such a question, however, even among the women. Many women actually prefer to be dependent. Such women are usually afraid to face a world in which they have privileges on an adult level if it means assuming the responsibilities of an adult. Other and more fortunate women have worked out a marital partnership in which there is true sharing both of the responsibilities and the privileges of marriage. It is such women who protest most sincerely against the projected reforms of the M.W.A., for it is difficult for them to picture homes in which individuality and privileges have been denied housewives.

There are others who feel that legislation, or changes in surface customs, will be of no help in improving the status of married women. They feel that the whole problem stems from the deepest roots of the man-woman relationship, and that the M.W.A. is fighting symptoms and not causes. Regardless of these conflicting points of view, however, the M.W.A. is proceeding with its program with increasing success and in what appears to be a very practical way.

It wants, for instance, a legal contract between man and wife. This contract would evaluate a housewife's work in terms of definite wage rates. It would set up, in conjunction with the government, definite safeguards in connection with childbirth. It would regulate property settlements. It would guarantee minimum working conditions. Under such a contract, a wife could sue a husband for her wages in the same way that she could an employer.

The reaction of the men to all this has been instant, outraged, and vociferous. They are concerned particularly by the strength of the movement. They feel that the British women, who were heroines in the war, have had too much freedom; that they have the bit in their teeth and are running away. The men have organized, somewhat hastily, a National Men's Defense League whose avowed purpose is to fight unionized married women. Particularly vocal is R. C. Pinkerton of Bristol, who recently said his aim in life is to "end the impossible feminine invasion of Britain's business and professional life." He doesn't exactly hate women, one gathers, but he says it is difficult not to hate them if you work with twenty of them in an office. "But I like them in their proper place—the home," he adds.

He says the National Men's Defense League believes that too many women after marriage continue to work and make as much money as their husbands, and that leads to trouble in the home. "Our slogan is, 'Men's jobs for men, babies for women,'" Mr. Pinkerton says. He also reports that in a few weeks he has recruited almost ten thousand members for the League, a large proportion of them being women.

"The war has given women further chances to dig themselves into men's jobs," he said. "Remember what happened after the last war. The wave of feminism which then swept the country caused widespread unemployment, general depression . . . and an alarming decline in the birth rate. But women are not going to have it all their way after this war. The combined forces of men's organizations will launch their campaign against a menace just as threatening to Britain as a new Hitler. That is a crazy wave of feminism in England, a wave which will come out with the most unreasonable demands and has done so already."

DOUBTLESS millions of men think the same way as Mr. Pinkerton. They are certain that the menace as exemplified in the M.W.A. is one of the chief causes of the falling birth rate in Britain. Said one soapbox orator in London's Hyde Park recently, haranguing against "those unionized skirt wearers," meaning principally the M.W.A.: "Who wants to attack women as such? Nobody! We are defending women. The time has come when men have to be attacked who employ women at cheap rates and yet give them a sense of independence which will endanger the age-old prerogatives of men. If cheaply paid women can become dangerous, men better beware of the well paid. They are going to make a revolution in Britain which will break up the home. If they want to be paid for washing dishes, the next thing they will demand is to be paid for their company in a movie, or at home, too. One can never tell. The Housewives Union may one day set minimum and maximum prices for bearing children. One wonders whether the price for boys will be higher than for girls."

What are some of the other moves in this offensive which have the men calling out the home guard? The M.W.A. has set up "wives' parliaments" in many cities. One typical group met in London last May and demanded that the government give an early report on the work of the committee set up a year ago to consider equal pay for men and women. These women also demanded rights for mothers equal to those of fathers in the matter of guardianship of children. They asked for a new marriage-settlement act designed to foster an economic partnership between man and wife, both pooling their earnings and sharing the property of the home. And this was just one small section of the M.W.A.'s activities. The M.W.A. is on the move all over Britain.

There are many unwritten laws which regulate the relationship between man and wife. "Why," asks Mrs. Juanita Frances, chairman of the association, "shall they not be given in writing and in contract form? Why shall not every girl when she marries become automatically a member of the Married Women's Association, which could be extended and endowed with legislative powers as are so many of the great unions?"

Thus one of their aims is more power in legislative matters. They agree that in Parliament female M.P.'s fight a brave battle for their sex, but they are so outnumbered by men that they have few chances to solve women's problems.

The leaders of the M.W.A. recognize that at present the average housewife has little time or inclination for widespread political activity. They treat the matter realistically. "Let the women with spare time on their hands get into politics," they say. "But to those who are not interested in executive committees and agenda, the M.W.A. will explain their program in practical terms, such as the proposed national maternity service. Once a woman realizes the purposes of the M.W.A. in such terms, she will be interested in other problems dealt with by the union, too." The elimination of war is not the least of the long-term objectives of the organization, nor is it one which the average woman will ignore.

ONE of the more practical problems on the M.W.A.'s agenda is that of more livable homes, in which the household duties will be made easier, with a resultant increase in leisure time. One of the biggest factors affecting the birth rate, M.W.A. women say, is a lack of adequate housing. They agree that the government has too many difficulties at this time to tackle the problem effectively; but once the difficulties are overcome, the M.W.A. insists that women should have a word in the planning of such houses and in installing modern conveniences which will end home drudgery.

Another feature of marriage which must be changed, the M.W.A. insists, is the overemphasis on the housewifely duties of the woman; an emphasis which stultifies her ambitions and her talents. They believe that marriage should become a way of freedom and not a limitation of her former independence. They believe that in the future, women still will consider home, husband, and children as the most important considerations, but will insist on their right to participate in outside activities.

In an attempt to find a practical solution to the housework problem, the M.W.A. has organized a pool of housekeepers, maids, and cooks to give mothers some freedom. The association also has been behind the recent demand that maids be imported from Europe to England to help relieve the shortage of domestic help. An odd commentary on this aspect of the problem is that the acute shortage of household help is due largely to the growing independence of women! Domestic service has been brought more into line with shop and office working conditions, but in spite of that, British girls, demobilized from the armed forces and factories, have been reluctant to take up housework. A national institute for training houseworkers has been set up as a result of a survey of the conditions. Foreign workers are to receive prevailing wages in the districts where they work. But no German girls or women are to be admitted because of what happened in prewar days. Many middle-class families had a German girl as cook or housemaid, usually an educated girl who wanted to learn English. Many of these girls gained a knowledge of their employer's affairs which proved useful to Germany when war came.

The M.W.A. was behind the campaign to admit women to senior positions in the foreign service, which will include the higher diplomatic posts. And it was largely responsible for the appointment of Miss Sybil Campbell, who took her seat at Towerbridge Court as first London woman magistrate. It also is fighting a separate campaign against the "unwritten law"—the law which so often has protected the provoked husband. This problem has arisen in acute form since the war. In one week two juries declined to follow the advice of the judges: that a veteran who stabs his unfaithful wife is guilty of murder. These juries both returned manslaughter, instead of murder, verdicts.

In one case the judge warned the jury that not to return a verdict of murder against a soldier accused of slaying his wife would be reverting to "the law of the jungle." He said, "It would be the law of the jungle if a man, finding his wife had been unfaithful once or a hundred times, were entitled to murder her and then say, 'But look at the provocation I received. You cannot accuse me of murder.'"

Despite the warning, the jury decided the soldier was guilty of manslaughter.

This brought thousands of protests from members of the M.W.A. Miss Juanita Frances told a reporter, "We are appalled that a mother's life should be held so cheaply by these juries. If women destroyed their husbands for similar reasons, would the juries acquit them of murder? Such verdicts will provoke husbands to murder more mothers, relying on sentimental male juries to acquit them. The acquittal of these two soldiers is an outrage against their motherless children. . . . Do they [the juries] realize that jealous and possessive husbands are now given encouragement to carry their jealousies to the gravest extreme?" As a result of this episode, thousands of housewives were added to the association's membership rolls in London alone.

REGARDLESS of what sociological and psychological factors produced the M.W.A., there is no doubt that it is a spontaneous expression of women's dissatisfaction with their lives and with some aspects of the institution of marriage. So far, the M.W.A. is the most militant expression of the movement. But the feeling of unrest is not limited to the women of Britain. It seems almost certain that similar organizations will spring up in the United States and elsewhere. And if the men of the world are wise, they will regard such activity as a reasonable protest against unfairness to women, unfairness which eventually must be corrected.

THE END

PORTRAIT

Thanks for the Memory

L 5931 – 10.20

1920

EVANGELINE CORY BOOTH was born in London on Christmas Day, 1865. That year her father resigned his pulpit to organize the Salvation Army.

When Evangeline Booth was twelve she was preaching on a chair in the London slums. In 1904 she entered the United States and started her meetings at New York's Herald Square. Through her efforts the Salvation Army went to France during World War I and won lasting respect for its heroism. After the war she returned to London to become General of the Army. She retired in 1939 to her New York home.

A proverb says, "Words are for women, deeds are for men." But Evangeline Booth was a woman of deeds who lived her life in the service of others.—*Allan Witwer.*

L 5815 - 30

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

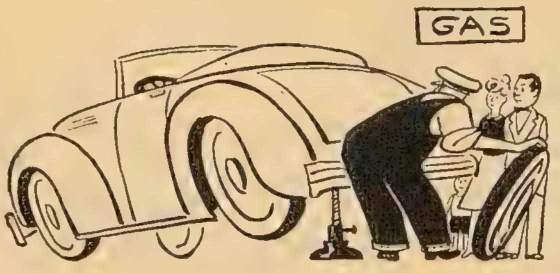
WONDER WOMEN: Forty-eight-year-old Mrs. John Kelp of Brockton, Pennsylvania, has had twenty children in twenty-nine years and wants more. All the children are alive. Her husband is a coal miner, and her twentieth child, a son, was the first to be born in a hospital. . . . Sixty-year-old Mrs. Clara Gordon Main of New York City is the first woman in the history of the merchant marine to receive a medal for heroism. Mrs. Main was a stewardess on the President Harrison the night before the attack on Pearl Harbor. A Jap battleship halted the vessel during the night, then allowed it to proceed. In the morning the radio told of Pearl Harbor. A Jap plane signaled it to halt, but ship's officers decided to run the vessel aground to keep the Japs from seizing it. As it crashed, the chief steward was badly hurt. "Mrs. Main, the only woman member of the crew," said her Meritorious Service Medal citation, "had a decidedly steadying influence on the seamen. She also had the foresight to take with her as she left the ship on the last boat certain medicinal restoratives and first-aid material which proved valuable. During the ensuing six weeks she nursed the chief steward so effectively that she undoubtedly saved his life." . . . Fifty-nine-year-old Mrs. Leah Elkin of Brooklyn, a grandmother, graduated this summer from the New Lots Evening High School in Brooklyn and enjoyed it so much that she now hopes to go to college. Born in Lithuania she came here in 1909.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION: Colorless liquid nail polish applied over the ends of the fingers will help prevent stains when working in the garden. . . . Strong yellow soap rubbed on arms and legs will discourage poison oak and poison ivy, so give yourself a coating if you *must* scour unfamiliar territory in woods and fields during your so-called vacation. . . . Keep a stool or chair handy in the kitchen where you can sit down to do such sedentary chores as stringing beans and shelling peas, etc. Then use it and save your metatarsals.

CAN THESE BE BUTTONS?—Dressmakers who want to give dramatic high lights to fall frocks and suits will find ample co-operation in the new La Mode buttons. There are plastic buttons in the shape of grandfather, boudoir, and desk clocks. There's a silver-colored metal four-leaf-clover button, not to mention sparkling concoctions of crystal, jet, and porcelain. Plastic coin buttons are faithful replicas of foreign coins, and there are stud sets that look like fabulous jewelry. . . . Bailey, Green and Elger are turning out metal, filigree, and plastic buttons too, in the most fanciful shapes, among them coolie hats, crimped mushrooms, and miniature hassocks.

SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

Down with all uninvited guests—
Or should we call them just plain pests—
Those droppers-in who come and stay
From Friday straight through Labor Day?



THE FURIOUS STRUGGLE FOR FUN: It's a four-hundred-mile drive to our farm in Maine, but we are well rewarded for the hours spent in our trusty old convertible, for we get a fine rich mixture of sun, fog, rain, weeding, painting, swimming, and listening to our favorite Down Easters. Garage proprietor Myles Weston says the summer is an extra busy one for him and all garagemen, because there are so many people on the road in venerable cars that get patched up in one town, only to limp to the next and cry for help. And as Al Elliot ladled us out a bag of potatoes (they have no meat, jello, lard, salad dressing, and not much bread in Maine, but there are potatoes!) we asked him to come down to our place for a swim, only to be brushed off with, "The last time I went swimming was three years ago, when I *fell* in."

IN THE PALM OF HER HAND

Continued from Page 29

dark, Stan was tall, slim, and blond. Where Mickey had square earnest features and large protruding ears, Stan's face looked chiseled and his ears were flat. Why, even if Van Johnson were around, she'd still look twice at Stan. He was stuff.

He'd come from the South, to work for Semon Brass. His being in the factory here was just temporary, until he learned the business. Then he'd go on the road, selling.

Alice Firth, with whom Millie played tennis a lot, did not approve of Stan. "Not that he doesn't seem to be a very nice fellow," Alice said. "But not for you, Mil. You're just building yourself up to a big letdown."

"I don't build up to letdowns," Millie told her. "That's not my system. I let the guys do that."

"Yeah, only this time *you're* the one that's fallen. Not Stan. You're just not his type."

"I'm anybody's type, toots," Millie said. "The question always boils down to are they my type."

"Oke by me," Alice said. "But you better watch out in regards to a swell fellow like Mickey. Plenty of girls got their eye on him."

And not ten miles from here either, Millie thought. But that was Alice for you. Alice was on the dumpy side. She'd never been able to hold a fellow. She even thought Mickey was very romantic, big ears and all, because he sent a corsage at Easter. Which gave you an idea of how much Alice knew about Life and Men.

IN her mind, Millie pictured the ways she would surprise and delight Stan when they started going out on dates. After he saw how she looked, all glamored up, that would open his eyes, for one thing. To make sure of a good start, she'd just bought a tricky blue dress for tonight, a honey. She'd have to go without lunches for weeks to pay for it. So what? She could stand a little dieting anyway, even though Mickey always said, "No, babe, stay as soft as you are." This dress gave her Class.

And then the book. She could hear herself saying, very casually, "Oh—by the way, Stan, have you read that new book by Arlington Forsythe?" Then he'd turn to her in delighted amazement. Because, of course, she already knew he'd read it—she'd seen a copy of the thick thing on top of his racket at the courts one day. That had given her the bright idea. She'd rented a copy from the lending library.

The book had baffled and confused her, full of big words she had to hunt up in the dictionary to get the pitch on. It had been dull as dishwater. But for three solid nights she'd stuck grimly with it. No skip-ping. Page by page. Now, with perfect confidence and assurance, she could sum up those three nights of unendurable agony by saying very casually to Stan, "I thought it was *simply* super."

He'd soon see she was no dummy. When she reached the courts, she paused at the little two-by-four shack which was the office of Mack Purvis, the supervisor. Her eyes darted cagily around, hunting Stan out. She couldn't spot him, and then Alice Firth was shouting at her to hurry up. So she turned toward the girls' locker room, disappointed. She'd wanted Stan to get a load of her in this black marquisette number. The first time Mickey had seen her in it, he'd given off with the long, low whistle.

CLAD in canary-yellow shorts and snug-fitting blouse to match, she emerged from the locker room a few minutes later, racket in hand. She hurried to Mack Purvis' office and slapped a quarter on his desk.

"What court, Mack?"

"Number Eight, Delicious," Mack said, stamping the ticket and handing it to her. "Every time I see you in that yellow get-up," he went on, "I think how some guys"—a jerk of his head toward the courts—"have all the luck."

"Well, don't let it throw you, chum," Millie said. She smiled.

"Only this time you're roaming a little out of your own little oyster of a world, maybe," Mack said. "I'm telling you, kid, and I've been around longer than you have."

But not as much, Millie thought. She tossed her head and walked out into the bright sunshine and joined Alice. When they walked through the gate to the courts, she saw Stan down the line, playing singles with Bus Roberts on Number Four. She could easily distinguish the flash of

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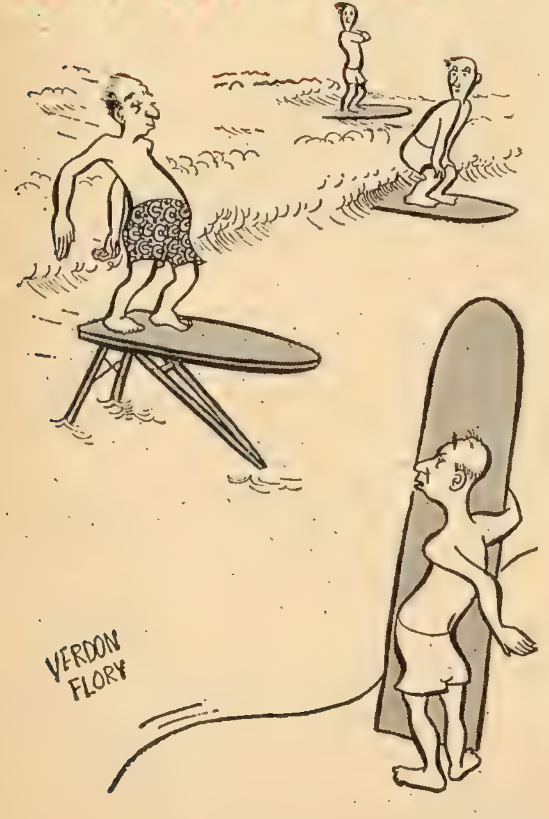

LIBERTY

KLEENEX
TISSUES
KLEENEX
KLEENEX TISSUES

7 OUT OF 10 TISSUE USERS SAY

"Of all brands I like Kleenex best"

Now!
MORE KLEENEX
being made than ever before.
So keep asking for it!

One tissue stands far ahead of *all* other brands in public preference . . . and that one tissue is Kleenex!

In a certified nation-wide poll of thousands of tissue users, 7 out of every 10 went on record to say: "*Of all tissues, I like Kleenex best!*"

7 out of 10. Such overwhelming preference shows there must be a real difference between Kleenex Tissues and other brands. A special process used only for Kleenex keeps this tissue luxuriously soft, dependably strong. That's why others *can't be* "just like Kleenex."

And only Kleenex of all tissues gives you the handy Serv-a-Tissue Box. Yes, only with Kleenex can you pull a tissue and have the next one pop up ready for use.

So keep asking for Kleenex—America's favorite tissue. Each and every month there'll be more and more Kleenex Tissues for you.

There's only one Kleenex*
AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE

*T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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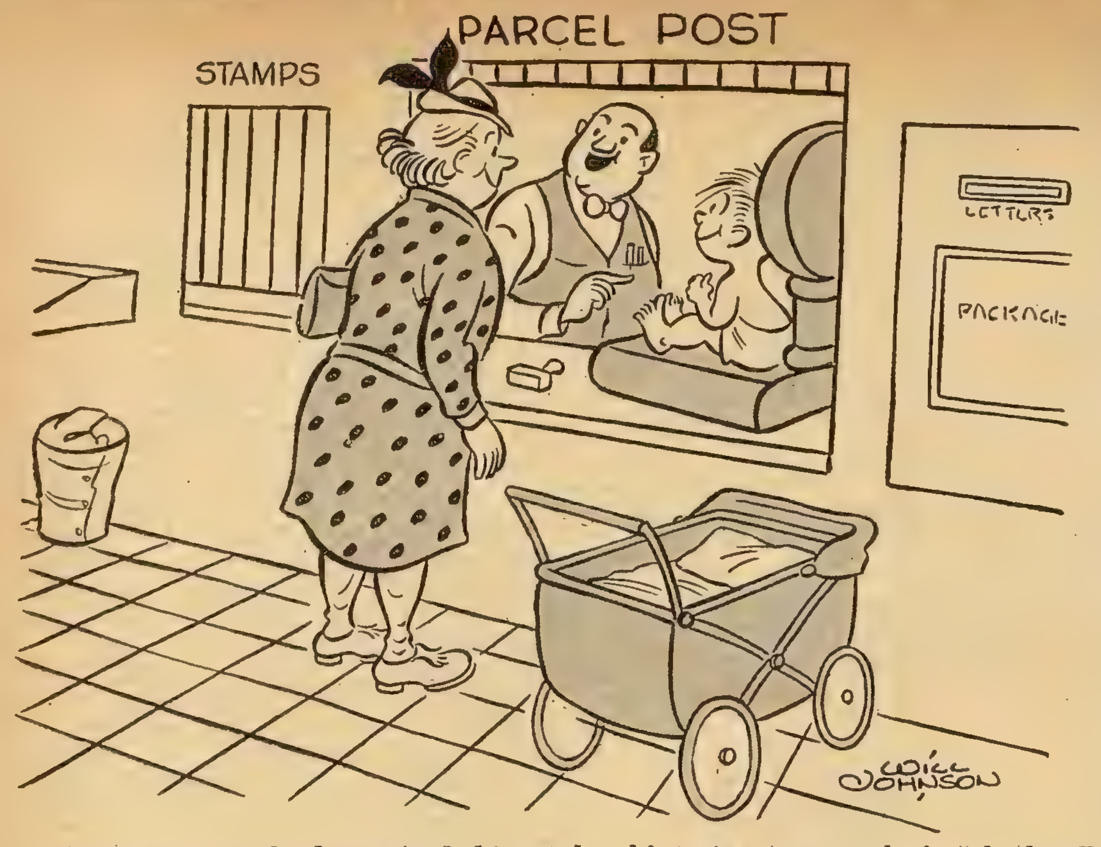


"You're right, dear, he *has* gained this week—thirty-six cents worth, fourth class."
LIBERTY

Stan's long brown arms against the white of his polo shirt as he sent a forehand smash screaming back to the base line. He could sock a tennis ball. Millie felt like going down there to watch him instead of playing Alice. She had done that often. "To study his style," she'd explain. It was O.K. to stare all you wanted to, because you were, after all, just admiring his tennis, weren't you?

SHE beat Alice easily in straight sets. The hour wasn't quite up, so they volleyed, working industriously on each other's backhand, to strengthen it. Then Millie saw Stan and Bus Roberts coming toward them. She was retrieving a ball at the screen when he passed.

"Hullo, Stan," she called. "How you hitting them today?"

"Not bad, Mildred," he said. He always called her Mildred instead of Millie or Mil, the way Mickey and everybody did. She liked that. It sounded more ladylike. Dignified.

"Kind of hot, huh?"

He nodded. He was wiping his hands on a towel that he carried over his racket. In his polo shirt and spotless white slacks he looked cool as a cucumber. He always did, even on the hottest day. He said, "Let's you and I take on Alice and Bus in some mixed doubles. I've a court for the next hour."

"O.K. Swell!" Millie said, and then she cupped her hands to her mouth and yelled at Alice, "Hey, Al! Stan and me'll play you and Bus some doubles, huh?"

"Oke by me," Alice yelled back.

She and Stan walked down to the water fountain for a drink. She felt like Ginger Rogers or somebody, walking along side by side in front of people with Stan. He was really too tall for her, but she liked that. "I like my men big," she'd say.

Mickey Gillis was five foot nine.

When they reached the fountain, Stan held his foot on the pedal and the water squirted up. She leaned down, let some trickle into her mouth, wondering if he was noticing her hair. It was *à la* Grable this week. Suddenly she heard him speaking:

"—and this car I'd had on order so long finally came through, so we won't have to take a bus out to this ballroom or whatever you said it was."

She looked up quickly. "Open or closed, Stan?"

"The car? It's a roadster."

"I knew it!" she said, triumphantly.

"How did you know it?"

"You just look like you belong in a roadster is all."

He laughed. "You mean I look like the playboy type, I guess. That's really funny. Actually, I'm the bookish type."

You and me both, bub, she thought contentedly. That's one of the reasons why, after tonight, I'll be in like Flynn.

BY eight o'clock that night she was all dressed and waiting, although he'd said he wouldn't be around until nine or so. Her new blue dress—lace-edged tiered peplum—looked like something right out of Lana Turner's closet to her as she preened and primped and studied herself from all angles in front of the long mirror in her bedroom. Then she sat down at her dressing table and fussed with extra-special touches that she seldom wasted on anyone except Mickey. Because Mickey appreciated them. He even noticed them.

As she ran a small amber comb through her hair, she heard the telephone ring in the living room. She paused, the comb in midair, listening to the tap of her mother's feet, then her mother's halting hello, and finally: "Millie—quick, the phone. For you."

It was Big Ears. If it had been anyone else, her mother would not have acted so anxious about getting her there fast. That was her mother's way of showing Mickey was her favorite among Millie's boy friends.

RISING, Millie walked with deliberate slowness to the telephone, aware that her mother's sudden deep absorption with the newspaper was a big fake. Picking up the receiver, she glanced defiantly at her mother.

"Yes?" she said, haughty as Greer Garson.

"Listen, Millie," said the very angry voice of Mickey. "What you trying to pull off on me tonight?"

"I don't catch," Millie said.

"So I bump into your uncle," Mickey said. "He tells me about how he gives you the ducats for the Crystal tonight. So I wait around the house to get the word from you. Finally I wise up. You gave some other guy *my* ticket to go with you."

"There's no law against it," Millie said. She was carefully giving answers that would offer her mother no inkling of the complications involved.

"I don't ask too much," Mickey said, and she felt a twinge, "but when you take my ticket and give it to another guy, that does it."

"It's a free country," Millie said.

"Your mother's listening, isn't she?" Mickey sneered. "I can tell by that slick double talk you're handing out. You're afraid she'll find out what you did. Well, don't worry, she won't. Neither will your uncle. But I won't forget *this* little fast one in a hurry."

"I'm sorry, Mick," Millie said. Her voice softened. She could always depend upon Mickey to protect her somehow, no matter how mean she was.

"I suppose it's another date with that Joe Daniels," he said.

"No, it's not."

"Tony Marena? *That* greaseball?"

"It isn't anyone you know," she said.

"Well, I get the pitch," he said with bitterness. "Me, I'm just Joe Baloney, the guy that fills in. You tossed me around once too often. I'm through. There are other fish in the sea. So go get yourself beautiful for this new chump. This is Joe Baloney signing off for keeps."

He hung up. Millie walked unhappily toward the bedroom without looking at her mother. Then she sat down at the dressing table again, frowning, her chin propped in her hands.

Mickey had never talked to her quite like that before. Mickey had been good and mad at her a million times but never mad enough to say he was *through*. Something told her that tonight, all over a silly little ticket to the Crysal Palace, something pretty important was going to leave her life. And maybe Big Ears wasn't romantic, but he sure enough was *important*.

She peeked in the kitchen around nine and saw her father deep in the newspaper, his shoes off. That was good—he wouldn't bother to come out and ask Stan a lot of dumb and personal questions the way he did sometimes to new fellows.

Stan arrived a little after nine. He looked smooth in a gabardine suit. Her mother appeared from the kitchen and Millie performed introductions. Her mother, always shy with strangers, said the usual thing, "Pleased to make your acquaintance." Then she brought up the subject of the weather.

That went on and her mother started to twist her handkerchief into a ball and everything was getting kind of gummed up. So Millie finessed a quick exit.

"Well, I guess we better bust along, ma," she said.

STAN helped her into her coat and they went downstairs, where his new roadster stood at the curb. It was big, black, and gleaming.

"It's simply *super*, Stan," she said.

He opened the door for her, stood there until she was seated, then shut it. She hoped the whole neighborhood was getting a load of this.

The Crystal Palace Ballroom was a long low-slung building, trimmed around the roof with lights of all colors. Out in front the parked cars were already overflowing the parking lot. When a big name band like Ken Culver played here, the joint was really jumping.

Inside, Stan checked her coat and then led her onto the long glistening dance floor. He held her loosely, not snug the way she liked it. And he danced on a dime, never really stepping out. That was a letdown. But looking at their reflection in the long wall mirrors as they danced by, she saw that they had a snooty look about them this way. That was something. But it wasn't much fun.

She liked jitterbugging, to cut loose, the way she did with Mickey. She thought of that and him when the band crashed into what had always been their favorite number to dance to—One O Clock Jump. Immediately Stan looked at her kind of helplessly and said, "I don't know about you, Mildred, but I can't cope with these fast crazy things."

Well, if he couldn't cope, then he simply couldn't cope. It sure was a sin to walk off a dance floor with solid stuff like that beating in your ears. She shrugged off her disappointment.

"We can sit it out, Stan," she said.

He certainly wasn't the ball of fire on a dance floor that he was on a tennis court. Oh, well. So they sat it out, like a couple of prize wallflowers, in some big wicker chairs along the railing of the dance floor. He hadn't even noticed how nice she looked, either. He hadn't even said a word about her new dress. He kept looking curiously around at the crowd, as though he'd never seen people jitterbug before. It was practically like going to a dance with your father.

She noticed two couples standing a few yards away. You couldn't help but notice them—they stood out, looking like they just didn't belong. Set apart from everyone, they stood grouped together, laughing all the time at something one would say to the rest. The men were good-looking and the women were stand-outs, in a pale way. They had a superior look, as though everything that happened simply happened for their private amusement. Then suddenly one of the men looked at Stan and he called excitedly, "Hey, Stan! Stan Enright!"

Stan was on his feet as the man reached him.

"Ty!" Stan said. "You old son of a gun!"

Then they pumped each other's hand and Ty introduced the two girls and the other fellow. The two girls were giving Stan a careful, measured once-over. The grab is on, Millie thought. Suddenly Stan remembered to introduce Millie.

"Pleased, I'm sure," Millie said with a glance that swept them all. But she wasn't. She resented them—their slim poised paleness and the expensive look of them. One, the taller, called Deborah, took in Millie's new dress with that amused smile that seemed to be plastered on her face. Millie got the pitch. Alongside of their dresses, maybe hers did look a little too full of fancy frills. So what? For malteds and tuna, what did they expect—Hattie Carnegie?

It turned out that Stan and Ty had been officers on the same ship during the war and never knew they were in the same town.

"And of all the places to bump into you!" Stan said. Then he stopped quickly.

But Deborah picked it up fast. "Ty wanted to see how the other half knocks itself out." She turned to Millie. "I love this place," she said. "It's so quaint."

"It's a good place," Millie said. "I come here a lot."

"Heavens, no!" Deborah said.

"Heavens, yes!" Millie told her, and Deborah blinked.

TY said, "Listen, Stan. Come up to the club for dinner tomorrow night. I want you to meet some friends."

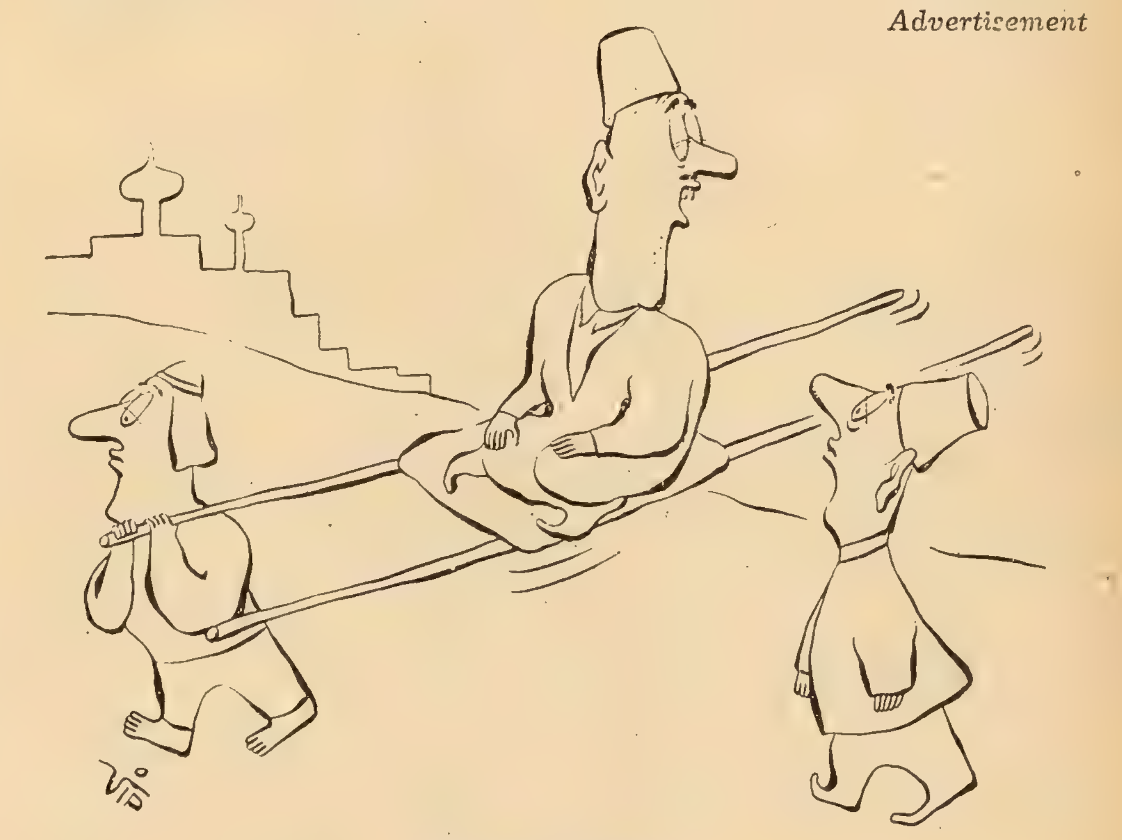
"Be glad to," Stan said.

Well, that does it, Millie thought. Exit Stan from the municipal courts. And her life. She guessed she ought to feel something deep, but she didn't. Maybe it was because he didn't look very romantic away from a tennis court. He was certainly managing to show her the dullest time she'd had in years.

Now why didn't these clucks want to dance? Would they stand here forever, like a bunch of sticks, shouting at one another over the music? She was in despair, when suddenly — magically — Mickey walked through the door.

He was with a curly redheaded fellow in a chocolate-brown suit. She gave her hand a little wave to catch his eye. Finally she caught it and Mickey walked over, staring, trying to pick out the fellow she was with. She felt great relief—he wasn't really *through*. Else he wouldn't be

Advertisement



"He eats Wheaties."

Do *you* eat Wheaties? There's a load of good nourishment waiting for you in those crisp-toasted flakes. And a heap of delicious flavor. You'll eat like a champion member of the "Clean Plate Club"—when you try milk, fruit, and Wheaties, famous "Breakfast of Champions."

L5945-26

jealous enough to come out here to check on her.

"Mickey—"

"Hullo, Mil."

Everyone stopped talking and looked at Mickey. Millie said, in a very cool voice, "Stan—there's something I have to see Mickey about. I'll meet you here before the next dance."

Stan nodded, and she turned, linking her arm in Mickey's.

"It's the guy in the gabardine suit, huh?"

"Don't worry about *him,*" she said. "He's wet. I'm awful sorry I gave your ticket away, Mickey, honestly."

'Well, I cooled down a little, but—"

"Let's go out on the porch and have a cigarette," she said. They strolled out to a far corner of the porch where they were alone. When Mickey fumbled for cigarettes, she reached up and put her arms tight around his neck. She clung to him, feeling his mouth close down, hard, over hers.

"Gosh, Mil," he said, "you look terrific in that dress. New, huh?"

She nodded. He *always* noticed those things. If a fellow couldn't be romantic, then being observant was the next best thing.

The band started to beat out One O'Clock Jump again. "There's our number, Mick. Let's dance."

THEY reached the floor and were caught up in the swift swirl. Mickey whispered in her ear, "How's about a date tomorrow night, Mil? And Saturday, too?"

"You're in like Flynn," she said. He was. There was nobody like Mickey and there never would be.

He whirled her enthusiastically around, bringing her face to face with a familiar curly redhead in a chocolate-brown suit. The redhead smiled at her. She smiled back.

"Mick," she said, "your friend just danced by—the one you came with. Who is he?"

"Art Parks," Mickey said. "Why?"

"Nothing," she said. "I was just curious." She saw Art way across the floor now, still smiling at her. Such *wide* shoulders. And an *awfully* nice smile. He was the perfect type to be a crooner or something. Romantic.

Her eyes narrowed and a thoughtful look came into them just as Mickey whirled her around again and the brasses screamed and they went jitterbugging furiously on down.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"I'll make a new coat for you," agreed an overworked tailor, "but it won't be ready for thirty days."

"Thirty days!" protested the customer. "Why, the Lord created the entire world in six days."

"Sure," said the tailor, "and have you taken a good look at it lately?"
—*E. M. Marshall.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

IF you're planning to attend school for the first time this fall, you'd better apply immediately at the Veterans Administration for your certificate of eligibility.

According to latest estimates, 2,080,000 persons, including 990,000 veterans, will want to go to college this fall—but *only 1,600,000 persons, including 700,000 veterans, can be accommodated.*

This doesn't mean your chances of getting in are nil. Even though nearly all leading universities are turning away qualified veterans, 700 schools and colleges report that they *will* have 162,485 student openings this fall, for which they will accept veteran applicants. Most of the vacancies are in small liberal-arts colleges.

The veteran just has to take his chances and trust to luck that his choice is available. Despite all the difficulties, Uncle Sam is offering the veteran a wide selection. He may attend colleges or universities both here and abroad (527 have thus far been approved), take courses in technical or trade schools, learn to fly or speak a foreign language, and even study for the divinity.

Early bird

If none of these suits your purpose, then you can consider the 38 approved institutions throughout the country that provide correspondence and extension courses by mail. These courses cover virtually every educational field, ranging from purely academic subjects to a wide variety of trades and professions. Since it is regarded as spare-time study, a correspondence course does not entitle you to a living allowance, nor can it cost more than $500. But you can take a correspondence course in conjunction with regular institutional or job training if you wish. Of the 38 institutions listed so far, 15 offer high-school as well as college courses. There are 13 trade and business schools on the list, offering home-study courses in such diversified subjects as refrigeration, radio, television, engineering, journalism, hotel training, accounting, and even the federal income tax.

A recent survey reveals that between 20 and 25 per cent of the veterans want to study some branch of engineering. More than 160,000 veterans are looking for short courses—one or two years of semi-vocational training.

We don't minimize the difficulty of getting into a school this fall. Sure, colleges are crowded and conditions are bad. But some veterans are going to get in—the early birds, of course. Even if you're not planning to go to school till spring, get those papers at the Veterans Administration and instructions for registering your choice of school course *now.*

* * *

Mrs. James Dolan, Wichita, Kans. Next of kin of servicemen who were killed in action overseas will, in the near future, be notified of the procedure necessary for having the remains returned to this country. A letter giving particulars, and a form to be returned, will be sent to each person by the War Department. No action on your part is necessary at this time.

* * *

James Martin, New York, N. Y. V-12 senior dental students who were released to inactive duty before completing their training may, after graduation from dental college, request active duty as lieutenants (junior grade), U.S.N.R., provided they either agree to remain on active duty with the Navy until July 1, 1947, or request the six months' active reserve service that is necessary to qualify for U.S.N. Dental Corps.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

STRIKE DOCTOR

Continued from Page 23

only way that genuine stability can be achieved in labor relations, he believes.

"The secret of success of the British and Swedish systems of collective bargaining is just that. . . . The same thing is true here in the clothing trades, the rubber industry, and others.

"Industry-wide organization will mean an end to 'the shotgun approach' to collective bargaining. With both sides equally organized, both sides profit. Unions will not be able to play one employer against another. On the other hand, they will gain from the standardization of working conditions; the pay envelope will be taken out of competition.

"American employers should realize that the stronger a union is, the better it will be able to fulfill its contracts and force competitors to live up to the industry's wage and hour standards. Labor should realize that the larger the employers' group, the fewer the firms that stay outside and try to chisel."

As industry's second contribution, he asks it, as well as labor, to accept the "impartial chairman" system. This would establish in each unionized industry an impartial arbitrator, paid jointly by labor and management, sitting permanently with authority to rule finally on any disputes that grow out of the interpretation of a contract.

"Any difficulties that cannot be settled by management and labor themselves would go to this permanent 'impartial chairman.' Such an official, thoroughly conversant with the industry, would be able to rule impartially on all differences and assure both sides a fair and prompt adjustment of their problems.

L5761-50

"The use of this system wiped out the strikes that used to wreck the needle trades, for example. The men's and women's clothing industries were once the most chaotic in the United States. However, neither of them has had a serious strike in twenty years, and the 'impartial chairman' system is the reason why!"

The last of McGrady's recommendations for insuring labor industrial peace is directed exclusively to labor and applies to jurisdictional disputes. He dubs such strikes "the bane of America," and says, "It is up to labor to get rid of them." He urges labor "to create immediately arbitration machinery to decide and enforce its decisions on jurisdictional controversies. The building-trades unions, in particular, should designate arbitrators to weigh their claims and pledge themselves to abide by the rulings."

McGRADY'S cooling-off system as practiced in RCA plants is based on six key points:

First, any employee with a grievance can discuss it with his immediate superior. If they don't agree, they call in the shop steward of the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers, the C.I.O. union representing the manufacturing employees. Should these three fail to find a solution, the problem is then laid before the foreman of the department and the division chairman of the union.

The next step calls for the grievance, if it is not yet resolved, to go to a conference between the General Grievance Committee of the local union and the general superintendent or personnel manager of the plant.

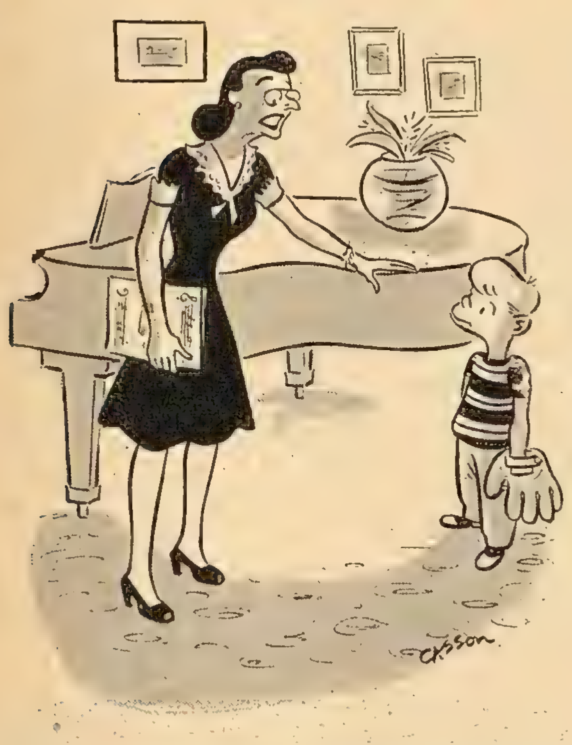
It takes a serious problem indeed not to be settled by this time. Should such a problem arise, however, it is submitted to a conference between a committee from the international union and either the chief executive of RCA or Mr. McGrady.

The final plank arranges for arbitration of any question which cannot be otherwise adjusted.

McGrady is sure that disputes will continue to occur between workers and employers. But what is imperative, in his opinion, is to develop an intelligent pattern for adjusting these controversies before they erupt onto the picket lines. This must be and can be done, he believes, in each plant, in each community, and for the nation as a whole.

"When I enter a dispute, I always let both sides tell me their stories. Then I ask questions. After that, I go home and try to work out a formula for compromising their problems. I usually go to bed and stay awake all night figuring things out. Eventually I decide on what seems to me a fair settlement. In the morning I go in and try it out."

It's a long way from the slums of Boston to the elegant offices of the Radio Corporation of America and a $30,000-a-year job, plus directorates



"You'd better practise playing the piano if you want to grow up to be President!"

LIBERTY

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in four companies, and it took McGrady a long time to reach there.

Born in Jersey City in 1872, he was taken to Boston when his father obtained a job there. The McGrady clan lived in the dismal South Boston slums. At thirteen Ed, the oldest of three children, went to work as a newsboy. His father had fallen ill and he had to support the family. He made three fifty a week. Two dollars of it went for rent; the rest served to feed all five of them.

Selling newspapers led to printing them. Young McGrady became an apprentice in the pressroom of the Boston Herald. In 1900 he was made a full-fledged pressman and soon rose to be foreman. Joining the Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' International Union (he still pays dues to the Pressmen's Union), he busied himself with union affairs. He soon was made president of the Boston unit of the organization and then president of the Boston Central Labor Union, federation of all Boston A.F.L. unions. From there it was a short step to the Boston City Council and the Massachusetts State Legislature.

WORLD WAR I brought him fame. Garbed in overalls, he went to Boston Common daily to sell Liberty Bonds, and was chosen as the model for the renowned Liberty Bond poster showing a workingman promising Uncle Sam, "Sure, we'll finish the job."

The end of the war catapulted him into the national labor scene. Samuel Gompers, founder and president of the American Federation of Labor, heard McGrady make a speech advocating social legislation and promptly hired him as his assistant. Fourteen years of consistent battling for organization of the workers, for collective bargaining, for constructive labor laws ensued.

They were years in which he was menaced, beaten, and on one occasion even kidnaped. That was in Elizabethton, Tennessee, when a group of armed men "escorted" him out of town. But in a few hours he was back and won a just settlement for a group of striking textile workers. Another time a bullet grazed his head during the disorders in the San Francisco general strike of 1934. And a gunman threatened him when he was carrying his crusade against labor racketeers in New York.

But not all of McGrady's work in the cause of labor was as blood-tingling as those experiences. He spent most of his time on Capitol Hill, seeking legislative support for labor-backed measures. Numbering the leading Republican and Democratic congressmen among his friends, he was able to push through the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Bill and dozens of others. Single-handed, he defeated the confirmation of Judge John J. Parker for the Supreme Court. Labor opposed Parker because of his decisions upholding the "yellow-dog contract."

With the advent of the New Deal, McGrady became a constant caller at the White House. When the NRA was organized, Roosevelt designated him as deputy administrator. Then he named him First Assistant Secretary of Labor. After four years that included 165,000 miles of travel to mediate strikes, McGrady asked the President to release him. That was when he joined RCA at the request of General Sarnoff.

From 1940 until a few months ago he was special consultant to the Secretary of War, in charge of the Army's labor-relations problems. He served without salary, for the Army even forgot to pay him his dollar a year. Insiders at the War Department know that Ed McGrady was the man who kept the Army out of labor troubles. They also know that he alone restrained some of the more "militaristic" generals from trying to ride roughshod over trade-unions.

For five years he was Robert P. Patterson's most influential adviser. In the internecine feuds which swept the War Department when the generals were ganging up on Patterson as too liberal for their taste, it was McGrady who helped the former judge maintain his prestige. Under McGrady's tutelage, Patterson, a former Republican, became one of organized labor's favorite statesmen.

When he finally retired from "army duty," Patterson awarded him the Medal for Merit, the country's highest civilian award. The College of the Holy Cross bestowed a Doctor of Laws degree on him, too.

At seventy-four, McGrady, despite doctors, still keeps up the pace of a "kid" of forty. Outside work, his sole hobby is his three grandchildren, the children of his two daughters. His wife died some years ago.

He lives in monastic simplicity. His only home is a single bedroom at a New York hotel. He gives virtually all of his $30,000 a year salary to Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish charities. His anteroom is always thronged with people seeking help, and if it were not for his efficient secretary, Ella Helbig, he would not be able to pay his hotel bill.

MISS HELBIG, who has been with McGrady since the NRA, is the only person who can make him take care of himself. "That woman's a dictator," he grumbles, "but I couldn't move without her."

He goes to Mass every day and still carries a blue rosary a priest gave him as a boy. On his desk, no matter where, is a china dog, a present to him from the late Jewish journalist, Charney Vladeck, and a silver plaque, reading:

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

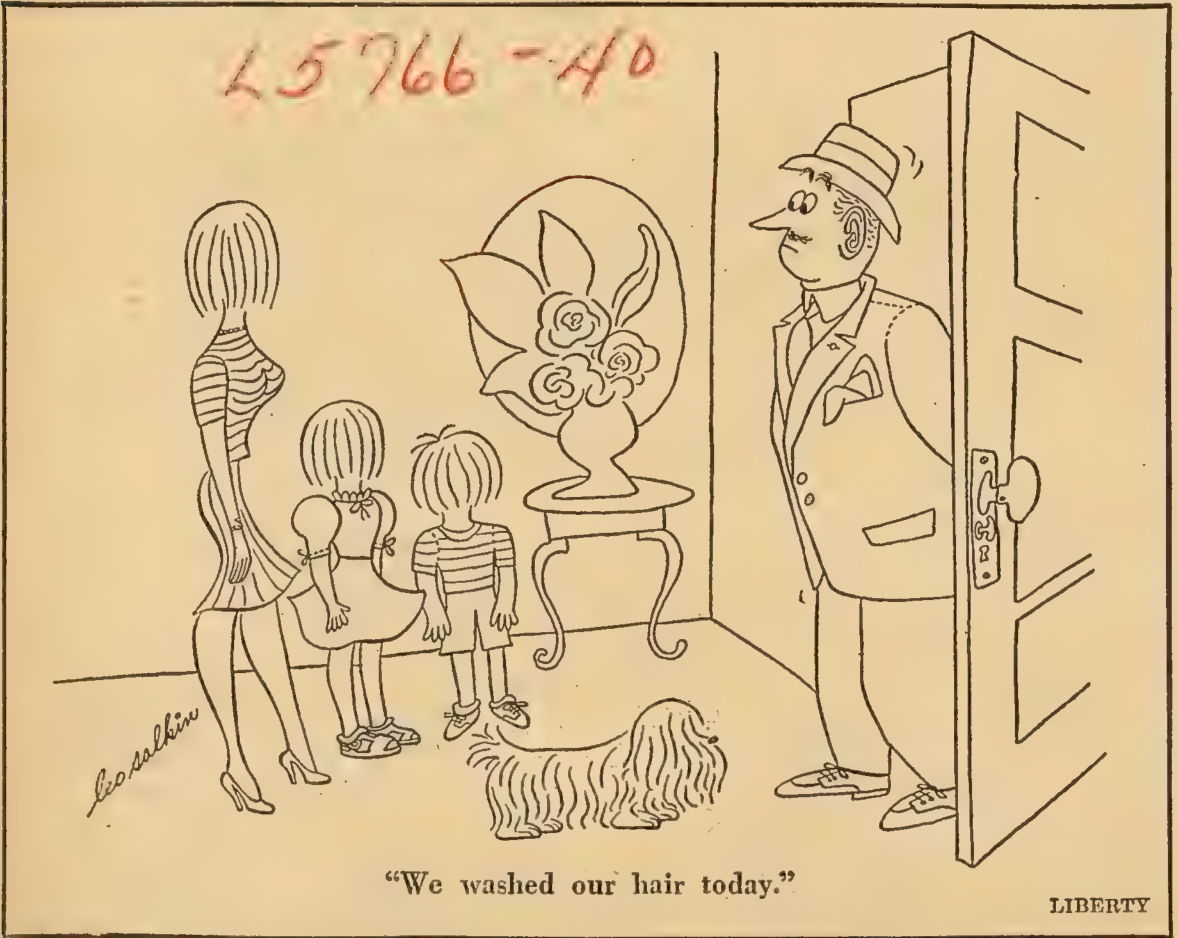
McGrady's greatest interest today is in fighting racial prejudice.

"I can remember," he declares, "when Help Wanted ads in Boston said, 'Americans only,' meaning no Irish taken. That has passed, thank God, and I'm fighting and waiting for the day when prejudice against any race or creed will disappear."

Any campaign against intolerance always finds his support. Whenever he reads a persuasive article or pamphlet on the subject, he has thousands of copies reprinted and distributed.

"An article about me doesn't mean anything because I'm at the end of the road," he said the other day. "But if it can help a little in the struggle for industrial peace and in the fight against prejudice, then maybe it will count for something."

THE END



"We washed our hair today."

LIBERTY

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THERE'S MONEY IN THE AIR

Continued from Page 17

Morse met Patricia deBall. An associate on the copy desk had to work unexpectedly one Saturday, and asked Morse if he would help out by taking the associate's girl to a football game. As the tickets went with the girl, Morse was willing. He doesn't remember the football score, but he does remember on successive wedding anniversaries that so far as Miss deBall was concerned the final score was Morse, 1; copyreader friend, 0.

The next three papers he worked on after leaving the Chronicle went out of business almost as fast as he joined them; one suspended publication less than twenty-four hours after he was hired. Thereafter he picked only sturdy papers and stayed with them only a short time. With the bursting of the 1929 boom, he was out of a job. He decided to go after a job in radio.

"So *this* is the aisle you meant!"

LIBERTY

IN those days San Francisco and not Hollywood was the important point of program origination west of the Mississippi, and Morse found himself as busy as an interpreter at a United Nations conference. "There was an emptiness of silence on the air," he says reflectively. "Somebody had to fill it." He filled unending minutes of it with drama varying in quality, he says today, from indifferent to bad. He thought he was doing splendidly, in a fifty-dollar-a-week way, when a couple of radio executives advised him to quit. He had gone stale, they told him, and was written out. They hinted that a job where he didn't have to make with words might be more in his line. Today, some 12,000,000 highly paid words later, Morse feels he is just hitting his stride.

He hits his stride each morning by going to his office at the awful hour of 6.30 A.M. and pounding his typewriter for three hours. It takes him about two days to complete an episode and he literally lets the Family do his writing for him. Starting each episode, he puts a blank piece of paper in the machine and lets the Barbours take over from there. "Nobody can tell what they're going to do from week to week," he says. "Not even I."

Though his skillful writing gets most of the credit for the Family's success, members of the cast say that it is his direction that gives the show its impact. In Morse's school of perfectionism a properly timed pause, a sigh or a yawn is made as significant to the story as half a page of dialogue. He works with each actor until every detail is precisely as he wants it broadcast. This often takes time and always takes patience, but Morse never raises the natural soft pitch of his voice, nor changes the politeness of his words. Actors take to his direction the way Arab children take to pennies.

Restraint is deep in the Morse character. His modesty amazes his contemporaries, who find it convenient to measure a man's success more by the size of his office than by his craftsmanship. By such standards Morse wouldn't amount to much. Although need for more space is finally driving him into the new NBC Hollywood addition, he for years has occupied a couple of cracker-box offices which might easily be judged inadequate for a men's room. There his name wasn't even painted on the door of his office. It was typed on a three-by-five filing card and thumbtacked to the woodwork.

When Morse puts the Family before movie cameras in October, he does not contemplate compressing his epic into one picture. He habitually conceives his projects in serial proportions, and the independent company which produces the Family movie is expected to turn out several of them in uninterrupted sequence. When Morse put I Love a Mystery into movies, three films were made in rapid succession. He let Columbia Pictures do about what they wanted with the Mystery series, but his beloved Family will be shepherded through the ordeal by his own hand. He will write the movie script and co-produce the picture and make sure that not one cent of the $500,000 budget is spent in a manner likely to offend his radio audience.

Even so, Morse fears that his most skillful workmanship will not save many an old Family fan from a severe jolt when the first picture is released. He resisted previous efforts to put the Family into pictures, refusing to go through with the deal unless his radio cast was used in the film. Now he hopes a hand-picked cast and his own supervision will satisfy everybody except maybe a million or so of the Family's best friends and severest critics.

Morse lives on swank Murifield Road, on the edge of Hollywood. His house is immense because he likes plenty of relaxation space. He is a connoisseur of wines and in the past ten years he has built up one of the best wine cellars in the country. He assiduously takes golf lessons from the pro at Lakeside Country Club and then, with equal diligence, ignores the most elementary instructions when he gets on the links.

WHEN Morse first began to earn more money than he needed for food, clothing, and shelter, he and his wife made a hobby of security. They purchased a place forty miles down the peninsula from San Francisco, named it Stepping Stones, and proceeded to build, little by little, a debt-free, larder-stocked home where, "come the revolution," he could retire and let, as he puts it, "the rest of the world go by." With a caution engendered by his experiences with dying newspapers, he and Mrs. Morse added gradually to the place until it is about as large as his Hollywood home and is generally regarded as able to withstand most any economic siege.

As we Americans use the word, Morse isn't really famous. He never zoomed into prominence like Orson (Man from Mars) Welles. And comparing him with his more publicized contemporaries, Arch Oboler and Norman Corwin, is like comparing a B-29 to a rocket. An Oboler or a Corwin may spring up overnight, but it takes fourteen years to grow a Morse.

THE END

Pick of THE PICTURES

BY VIRGINIA SPIES

Claude Rains takes a sinister tour of his wine cellar where the secret of this Hitchcock spy thriller is hidden.

NOTORIOUS

NOTORIOUS, Alfred Hitchcock's slick trigger-paced spy thriller, gives Ingrid Bergman's overworked soul a rest and offers her as a sophisticated lady of high fashion and passion.

For Ingrid, co-starring with Cary Grant in this RKO movie, wears a seductive bare-midriff gown for the first time in her screen career, bends a busy elbow at the gayest bars in Florida and Brazil, and generally carries on in the best glamor-girl tradition.

Ben Hecht's exciting screen story casts her as the dissipated hard-boiled daughter of a convicted Nazi spy. Though she's a loyal American, her father's disgrace causes her to drag her ermine wrap in many a gutter.

Cary, a U. S. government agent, suspects that a nest of Nazis in Brazil are planning World War Three. He interrupts one of Ingrid's hangovers to persuade her to fly with him to Rio and mingle with the Germans, who believe her to be as pro-Nazi as her father.

Ingrid goes on the wagon and off the deep end about Cary. But their romance is temporarily sacrificed to higher duty when Ingrid is ordered to marry Claude Rains, leader of the German ring.

The honeymoon is definitely over as soon as Ingrid discovers that the Nazis are hiding their big secret in Claude's wine cellar. The Germans then try to slip her a fatal Mickey Finn, but Cary arrives in the nick of time.

Director Hitchcock plays Notorious straighter than most of his psychological dramas, often passing up his usual shadows for such substance as ardent nuzzling-and-necking scenes.

The master's touch for suspense persists, however, as in the tense moments when Ingrid and Cary sneak away from Rains' party to search the wine cellar. The camera keeps nervously returning to the slowly diminishing champagne supply upstairs, with the audience knowing that when it's gone, Rains will go down for more and catch the snoopers.

Hitchcock again fills his supporting roles with first-raters—Louis Calhern and Lenore Ulric (Broadwayites especially recruited for the film) and Leopoldine Konstantin, an Austrian actress playing Rains' domineering mother, who is a typical stolid frau with a propensity for needlework and poison.

But Notorious is mainly Ingrid's movie.

And for the Bergman fans, used to her psychiatrist's specs and nun's robes, there is one particular surprise: a free-swinging scene in which Cary tames the lady with a right uppercut to her extremely photogenic chin.

Ingrid bowls over via a Nazi-concocted Mickey Finn.

Cary Grant persuades Ingrid Bergman to give up Café Society for Uncle Sam.

The government agents soon find their business a pleasure.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

THEY WERE SISTERS (Gainsborough, released through Universal). A first-rate psychological drama with James (Seventh Veil) Mason and Phyllis Calvert.

CENTENNIAL SUMMER (20th Century-Fox). Jerome Kern's score, plus Jeanne Crain, Cornel Wilde, and a big cast, makes this a pleasant Philadelphia story.

THREE WISE FOOLS (M-G-M). Margaret O'Brien, with a delightful Irish brogue, brings leprechauns into the lives of Lionel Barrymore and two cronies.

DEAD OF NIGHT (Ealing Studios, released through Universal). An unusual psychological import from England, composed of four tales about the supernatural.

THE SEARCHING WIND (Paramount). Lillian Hellman's dramatic dose of recent history, with Robert Young as the diplomat who's indecisive about love and war.

SPECTER OF THE ROSE (Republic). The arty and interesting portrait of an insane ballet dancer which was written, produced, and directed by Ben Hecht.

ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM (20th Century-Fox). Hoop-skirted Irene Dunne and Britisher Rex Harrison are off on a delightful Oriental outing.

NIGHT AND DAY (Warner Bros.). The sparkling, tuneful life story of sophisticated song writer Cole Porter, starring Cary Grant and Alexis Smith.

HENRY V (Two Cities, released through United Artists). Laurence Olivier's unforgettable Technicolor version of one of Shakespeare's greatest war plays.

TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE (Warner Bros.). A humorous sight-seeing tour given Dennis Morgan, a Balkan prince, by Joan Leslie and Jack Carson.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA (G.C.F., released through United Artists). Vivien Leigh and Claude Rains have the leads in this handsome spectacle adapted from the G. B. Shaw historical comedy.

FABULOUS FOODS

Continued from Page 30

tivated in private streams of Denmark and flown to Rotterdam, when planes are available, for quick freezing and shipment to this country. It comes high at $1.75 a pound, but actually sells faster than the Dutch turbot at only 90 cents. Besides the lumberman's wife in San Francisco, there's a Danish-trout devotee in Pasadena who orders the speckled fish in five-pound lots. It's packed in dry ice and rushed to her by air express.

This fall, when the R in the months means blue points on the half shell, there will be thousands of European shellfish sent here—delicious scallop-shaped oysters the French call *marins,* and the wild Portuguese type that have the full salty tang of the sea. Herring enthusiasts can look forward to the Bismarck, *milkets,* and marinated fish packed in wine sauce by the Dutch, and with the resumption of regular fast-liner service there will be the spiny French lobster, *langouste,* which will be brought alive and kicking from the other side of the Atlantic.

AT Charles & Co.'s fancy grocery and fruit palace in New York, Manager Ronald E. Kytan is lord of all those colorful shelves and counters decked with ambrosian items ranging from Brazilian mandarin oranges to whole disjointed ring-necked pheasants at $6.30 a can. Mr. Kytan shrugs expressively if you mention such a trite commodity as Russian caviar, but, if pressed, will confess that it's coming in by hogsheads after hogsheads. When the sturgeon roe reach this side, they are packed in the familiar minuscule jars and tins, fourteen ounces of the best beluga costing a mere $24.

Elegant folk who are hell-bent on wowing their cocktail-party guests serve the caviar on Mr. Kytan's imported English crackers. These the British bakers quaintly label "table water biscuits," while adding the sophisticated New World touch to the price tag which, when you figure it out, tells you each wafer sets you back 3⅓ cents, or fifteen times the cost of one domestic soda cracker.

If tea is your dish, the famous black teas of China are arriving from Hong Kong by the shipload, with some especially prized varieties—the Ming Cha, or "divine tea," for example—being flown in by one of the largest American importers. A quarter pound costs $1.26 at Charles', or about a dollar more than the ordinary chain-store specimen. In the old days, Mr. Kytan recalls, J. P. Morgan gave the heavy-foiled packets of smoky black China tea to friends at Christmas.

Any genuine Strasbourg *pâté de foie gras* from France? No, it's strictly a black-market item. However, the geese down South America way have rallied to fill the breach in legitimate marts, and their livers produce the Argentine *pâté* that's plentiful—though less fine than the French kind—at 89 cents for the four-ounce tin. If your cocktail jamboree includes out-of-work actors, poets, and other characters with notorious appetites, "our Mr. Kytan" will augment the pâté supply with smoked mussels from Portugal, stuffed anchovies from La Coruña, Spain, or tuna-fish from the Azores.

Mr. Kytan will take you around his exquisite shop and proudly show you the epicurean dainties that are beribboned and basketed and exhibited with tender care. Like a connoisseur parading his Titians and Rembrandts, he waves you toward Cuban star apples (75 cents *each*), scarlet and gold tins of terrapin or wild turkey à la king, virginal white boxes of rum pralines, gaudy jars of Indian chutney or Costa Rican turtle meat, artichoke hearts and smoked oysters from California, West Indian guava, and prim little tins of boiled trout from Reykjavik, Iceland.

Mr. Kytan will tell you that he expects to have the aromatic *gjetost,* or Norwegian goat cheese, this fall and, he dares to hope, perhaps even the renowned crockery bowls of St. Ivel's plum pudding from England in time for Christmas.

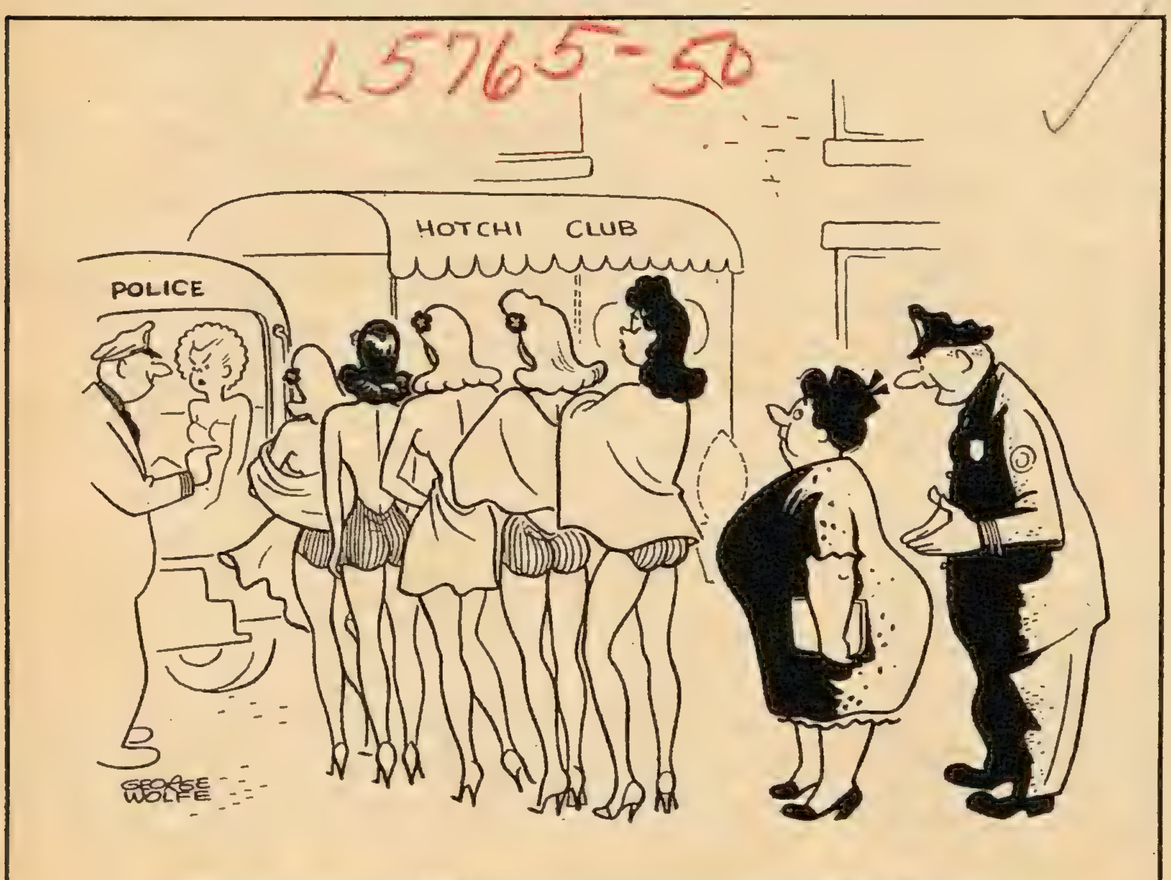
With a gesture to the letters piled high on his desk, he says, "These customers want to know if they can get that Danish butter that used to come in tins. Well, the answer is no, for all the canned butter is going to Europe. People are really trying to help the folks over there. Here in this one store we ship over one thousand overseas parcels a week, hundreds of pounds of powdered milk, and—yes, we even fly boxes of vitamins abroad. Duplicate our place by the thousands of other quality food shops in the country—not counting the official government shipments of grains and oils—and you get some idea of the amount of really essential foods that's going across."

DOWN on New York's lower West Side in the cavernous Washington Market, young bespectacled David Sperling takes an almost State Department interest in the struggle between Communists and Chinese Nationalists in Manchuria. He's general manager of the famous wildfowl and game distributors, E. Joseph, Inc. Humanitarian and political considerations aside, Dave would more than welcome peace in North China. He, too, has a stack of mail on his desk, and *his* customers besiege him for three rare birds he hasn't been able to import since the war—the Manchurian pheasant, the Manchurian partridge, and the hazel hen of Siberia—a single brace of which would bring about $12 today.

"It's funny what people go for," he declares with detached frankness. "Now, me, when I first tasted one of those Manchurian pheasants, I would have said our own native birds were better. But from the orders I've got on hand, I must be in the unromantic minority that doesn't care much where an article comes from."

However, when Dave speaks in his quiet scholarly way of Scotch grouse packed in heather-filled hampers, English red-leg partridges and wild wood pigeons, his voice takes on a note of reverence. "Now, those are birds I'd rather hang than all the fowl in China," he enthuses. "We hope to get some this fall, and if we do, every game fancier in the country is going to be wiring or phoning us to send him a brace."

E. Joseph's nation-wide mail-



L5765-50 ✓

"Lady, if you're looking for nylons, you're on the wrong line!"

LIBERTY

order business alone amounts to over $100,000 a year. It's an all-year-round business, too, for licensed hatcheries and reservations in New York, New Jersey, Michigan, and Wisconsin keep the store's huge cold lockers stocked in and out of the regular hunting seasons. In the storage freezers are rows upon rows of wild ring-necked pheasants at $12.50 a brace, Muscovy ducks, fat Canadian snow hares, mallard ducks, wild geese and turkeys, and partridges by the dozens. Large orders are shipped in 300-pound Church containers with the capacity of three kitchen refrigerators and with dry-ice packing that's renewed every three days on long rail-express runs. Smaller units—turkeys, pheasants, venison steaks ($3 the pound), smoked ducks—are shipped in special airtight boxes and usually flown direct to the customer. Ninety-nine per cent of the time, distant clientele in the West or Deep South receive their birds or game within forty-eight hours after placing the order.

Today the merchants of de luxe edibles are filling orders at a rate to leave no doubt that glamor grub is back to stay. Though it's not likely that anything will supplant steak and French fries in the American menu, a surprising number of hostesses in, for instance, Winnetka, Illinois, or Tucson, Arizona, will be serving up a jumbo quail from Uruguay or some ptarmigan from Iceland—but with white bread and olive-oil salad dressing conspicuously absent.

CURIOUSLY, prewar globe-trotting gourmets and postwar returning veterans are only partly responsible for the popularity of exotic foods. With the World of Tomorrow in Flushing Meadows so far behind us, it's hard to realize that the New York World's Fair of 1939 actually did more to develop America's taste for unusual fare than any other event since the voyage of Columbus. Visitors from all over the country thronged the dining tables and displays of the new foreign restaurants in the international pavilions. If Mr. and Mrs. Jones of Memphis, Tennessee, didn't visit the Fair and missed a taste of Swedish *smörgåsbord* or English plover, they heard plenty about them from their friends who made the trek to New York, and, of course, from magazine, newspaper, and radio food editors. Many of those Swiss, French, British, Norwegian, and Swedish restaurateurs opened their own establishments in this country and, though having to manage as best they could during the war, succeeded in keeping alive the new American taste for unusual eating adventures.

Perhaps you think the sale of luxury foods is limited to the big-income gentry. Actually, 80 per cent of people patronizing fancy groceries and markets live in modest circumstances and, as Mr. Kytan of Charles' suspects, often sacrifice other things to buy some gustatory treat they love. Most of his clientele have a passion for one particular item and are unmoved by even the most tempting displays of other edibles. One rusty-looking old gentleman has never been known to buy anything but muscat grapes. When they're available, he calls precisely at nine o'clock every morning and departs happily with his box of fruit tucked away in a shabby string market bag. Another customer was for years before the war an admirer of Bombay duck, and now that there's the possibility of this delicacy (it's really a dried fish) arriving again from India, the lady telephones Kytan once a week to demand querulously what the British *mean* by holding up the supply.

CELEBRITIES also stick pretty closely to a specialty they're fond of. At Charles', Herbert Hoover's taste runs to five-pound tins of popcorn, while Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt seldom buys anything but baskets of fruit. Actress Katharine Cornell concentrates on cheese, with an occasional fling into the candy department. Confections constitute the bulk of John D. Rockefeller's purchases, particularly at Christmas, when he buys candy boxes in wholesale lots for distribution to underprivileged children. William K. Knudsen orders cases and cases of mineral water, and playwright Eugene O'Neill specializes in smoked turkey. Stage star Gertrude Lawrence and that gentleman's gentleman of the movies, Arthur Treacher, are leading purchasers of overseas parcels.

Not a dealer in the country will openly admit it, but there are two other classes of de luxe food buyers—the new-rich social climbers and the food snobs. In the first category are mainly women who are a-tizzy to make an impression on their guests. The food snobs, on the other hand, avoid vulgar displays of wealth but are hypersensitive to labels. They will buy a can of soup at an elegant establishment when they can get the same thing, minus the grand wrappings, at any chain store.

One last, and newly arrived, group of food fanciers remains—the international delegates to the United Nations councils in New York. In the U. N. cafeteria they have their choice of foreign dishes—Russian *cotletki ese seliodki,* otherwise known as herring cutlets; the Dutch hunting stew, *jachtschotel;* Chinese *chow son-min;* Egyptian *bamy bourani,* or chicken and okra; Australian scones; English steak-and-kidney pie; French *tournedos à la béarnaise;* Brazilian *empada de camarão,* which is a shrimp casserole to you. Perhaps there is an auspicious commentary in Chef Eykelhoff's report that the representatives of the world's millions outvote their native dishes and declare the favorite to be—roast Vermont turkey, topped off with apple pie!

THE END

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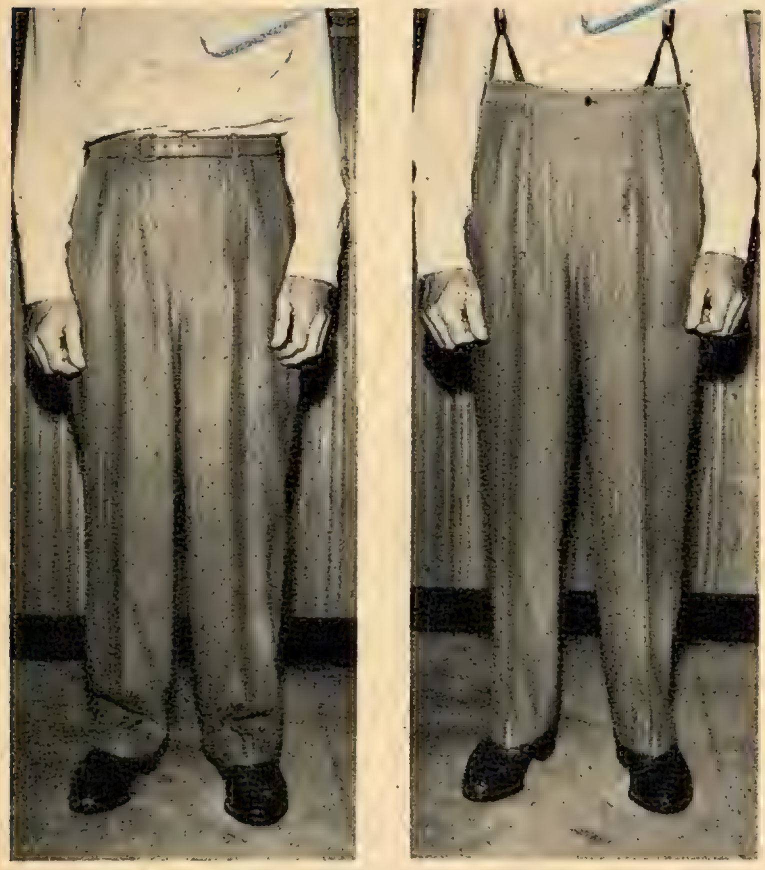
CLOTHES

Clothes Clinic

By P. B. Juster

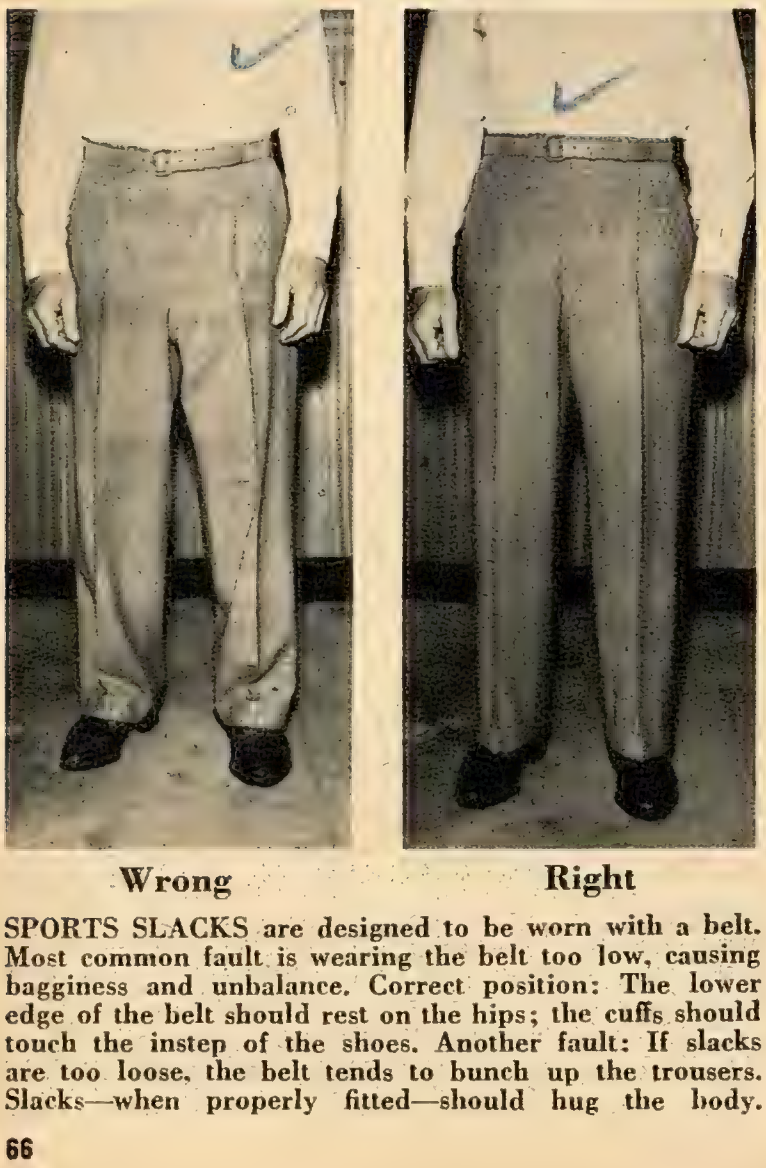
COMMON FAULTS

You can "look like a million" regardless of what you pay for your clothes. The trick is to wear them properly! Watch out for these common faults.



Wrong **Right**

SUIT TROUSERS are designed for suspenders. Yet many men substitute a belt. The result: sloppy, baggy trousers that scrape the pavement. When wearing suspenders, the top of the trousers should reach three inches above the hips. The trousers should be free and easy around the waist, and the cuffs should touch the instep of the shoes.



Wrong **Right**

SPORTS SLACKS are designed to be worn with a belt. Most common fault is wearing the belt too low, causing bagginess and unbalance. Correct position: The lower edge of the belt should rest on the hips; the cuffs should touch the instep of the shoes. Another fault: If slacks are too loose, the belt tends to bunch up the trousers. Slacks—when properly fitted—should hug the body.

SLEEVE LENGTH if wrong can mar the best-looking suit. The cuff of the shirt should touch the hand just below the wrist-bone. The sleeve should allow a half inch of shirt to show. Smart dressers prefer *not* to crease sleeve.

Wrong

Right

Wrong

BLIND TRAIL IN BURMA

Continued from Page 24

"No, sir. Everything was taken away from me at the prison—"

"Lieutenant, will you step to the corner and call an M.P.?"

"Right." The officer hurried off.

Dave fought hard to stay calm. There was no use saying any more; they might order him to the mental ward of a hospital instead of to the jail. At the cantonment he might soon get the ear of the commandant.

"If I'm to be arrested, will you tell me the charge?" he asked.

"You're ruddy cool about it. I don't think I would be in your boots. For the present, you're charged with false wearing of the American uniform and having no identification or pass."

"What did those two Burmese have to say about me?"

"They said you're a quisling—hand in hand with the Nips. They saw you at Mandalay and thought you were Dutch, but you sound more like Yank to me. We'll find out, my lad, no fear!"

Then the lieutenant returned on the trot, leading two military police. The major gave them orders and, ignoring Dave's protest, he and the other officers walked on.

"Will you send an officer to me at once?" Dave asked the provost sergeant when he was put in the old brick prison of the cantonment.

"I don't send officers places, matey," the man answered, "but I'll tell him you're here."

NO officer came or sent for him throughout the morning heat. At two o'clock the rain began. But it had only begun to flood the yard when a provost sergeant in a glistening cape unlocked the door.

"You're wanted at headquarters."

Dave's heart leaped. In the large portrait-hung office, a memorial of peacetime soldiering, sat three people. One was the commandant, Lieutenant Colonel Graves, and it was his place to speak first to the prisoner. Before he could do so, one of his two visitors spoke. She was a tall bright-haired girl who sprang up and took his hand.

"Forgive me, Dave," Janie said.

"I owe you an apology, too," her father added.

"Thank you. Thank you both." Then Dave saluted the officer.

"There's no doubt in your mind?" Colonel Graves asked Janie.

"I never really doubted it. I just thought I did. It was the other man that I really doubted—but when he apparently saved dad's life—"

"How about you, Mr. Colby?"

"My daughter convinced me five minutes after Dave left. You see, I didn't know him very well. We thought he'd gone to the American military and it took the rest of the time to locate him."

"That goes with me. Sergeant Enrude, do you know of any reason why that man should impersonate you?"

"No, sir, but I request that you get into wireless communication with Myitkyina at once."

"What would you want me to tell them?"

"Say that the man brought there is an impostor and to give me instructions."

"Miss Colby, did he tell you anything about his trip to Myitkyina?"

"He said he'd heard while in prison camp that the American O.S.S. was looking for him. I think he told an American officer—he brought one to the hotel soon after our arrival for us to identify him—"

The colonel pressed a bell, wrote rapidly, and gave the message to an orderly. "I sent it 'urgent,' and we should have an answer in a few minutes," he said. "Enrude, had you told many people about knowing Miss Colby?"

"I told several, at various times. You know how soldiers talk—and it was an especially pleasant memory."

THEY had discussed the affair only a few minutes—Dave himself troubled and a little tongue-tied—when an orderly entered the room with a wireless message. Colonel Graves read it aloud:

"'The C.O. and Colonel Travis of Intelligence are away on secret inspection tour and not expected back till hour twenty-two. They may telephone me, but I have orders not to break radio silence except in emergency, which this matter does not appear to warrant. No one here knows anything of affair and man calling himself Enrude has orders depart via transport plane to Katha today. Have made excuse delay his departure but have not questioned him and can take no other steps until can hear from C.O. Please await instructions. PRESCOTT.'

"That's that," Colonel Graves remarked. "I'll order your release, but you'd better wait around—"

Dave's heart had sunk at the indecisive message, but now it bounded up. "Sir, I request air transportation to Myitkyina at once," he said.

"There's no plane leaving this afternoon."

"Then I request a special plane. If the C.O. does telephone back, Prescott won't be able to tell him anything other than that the man is an impostor. The C.O. may want to question me at once."

"Personally, I don't believe it's that important. The war's over—" The colonel's voice died away. Then his eyes became more intent. "Sergeant, what's your own theory?"

"I believe this is an urgent matter," Dave answered. "It's so urgent that our enemies have gone to all this trouble—killed people, faked the Colbys' escape—to send an impostor to Myitkyina to tell a lie instead of the truth."

The colonel sat perfectly still, looking into Dave's eyes. "I'm going to order you a ship," he said soberly.

Before Dave could answer, Janie spoke clearly. "I'm going too."

"It'll be a rough trip this weather," the officer answered, after a brief pause. "I don't see what good—"

"The commander may want me to identify him positively. He may want to question me about the other man."

"I think I'd better go along too," Mr. Colby said.

Colonel Graves picked up the receiver of his telephone. Presently, with a grave face, he hung up.

"I've got you a plane. It hasn't a long cruising range, and it won't be ready for nearly an hour. Also, the weather's lousy, as you Yanks say. A staff car will take you to the field in ten minutes."

During that wait Dave and Janie found themselves alone in an anteroom.

"What if I've made a mistake!" Janie exclaimed with shining eyes. "I said I could prove it to you in five minutes—and I will!"

"It isn't necessary—but if you want to—"

"We were sitting with our backs against our big log. The fire pheasant had run out of the vines and we let him live. *'Well, Janie, there went our chance to get our names in a bird book.'*"

"You do remember," She grew grave, her tone low. "*'I'm so glad it's still alive.'*"

"On the nose. *'I'm mighty glad to be alive right now—with you—'*"

"That's about right. Then I said some silly thing like, *'Oh, isn't it wonderful—'*"

"It didn't sound silly to me. And then we looked at each other—and your face was all lighted up—"

"I know."

"It happened like this, didn't it?"

A few seconds later, after the kiss, she said, "It was exactly like that."

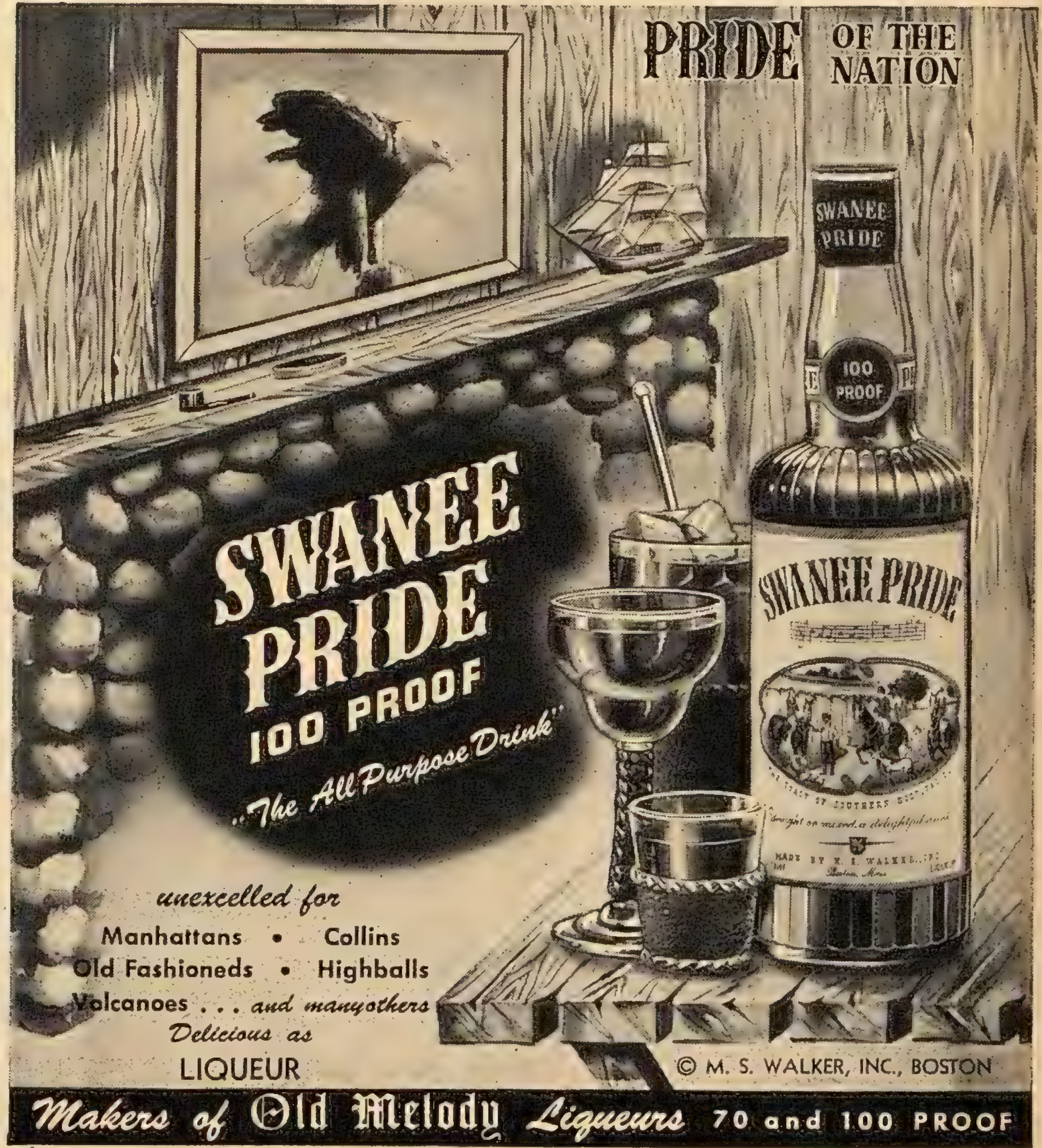
The staff car was ready to take them to the airfield. Dave ran to his native hotel for the bag he had not yet unpacked, so he could keep himself presentable at Myitkyina. Through the door of the teashop he caught a glimpse of a Burmese he thought he had seen before—but so many natives looked alike.

"It's pretty bad up Myitkyina way, but it may clear up," the pilot told them as they got aboard. "If you're ready, we'll take off."

The weather grew colder fast, the air rougher, the clouds more dense. Dave got down his bag from the rack, intending to produce a bottle and try to raise his own companions' spirits. Something about the strap of the bag caught his eyes and arrested his eager hands. The end of the strap had not been tucked under as usual to avoid its catching on low-hanging shrubbery in a jungle trek. There was no need of such provision in city streets, and perhaps his old habit had not functioned. . . .

At that moment the pilot left his cockpit to speak to him.

"We'll have to go back and spend



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the night in Maikela," he announced.

"Are you sure?"

"No doubt of it now. It's too dangerous to go on. I'm sorry, since I've gathered this is an important flight."

"It's just possible that I can give you an idea of its importance." With a pocketknife Dave began cautiously to cut the leather of his bag. The flyer's eyes opened. "What's the idea?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'm just ruining a twenty-rupee bag."

He did that, certainly, and did not even find his bottle of whisky. It had been removed, along with some other objects, to conceal the weight of what appeared to be a short piece of pipe with a wire attached to the latch. All save the pilot stood braced against any sudden roll or pitch of the ship. The dying light picked out their beaded drawn faces. The pilot produced a tool that deftly snipped the wire. Then, after a painstaking survey, he removed the pipe from the bag, carried it to the cockpit, and dropped it overside.

"It would be too bad," he remarked when he returned, "if it lands on a tent full of surrendered Jap generals."

DAVE let go his breath. "Yes, considering I doubt if the Japs did it—except maybe as stooges."

"What do you mean?" Colby asked.

"Well, they've thrown in the sponge. They're all diving for cover. Maybe somebody—not a Jap—needed some big cover mighty bad—to turn one more big trick." Dave's eyes looked haunted.

"You mean you don't know what it's all about?" the pilot demanded.

"Not yet. But we'd better go on."

"The blokes couldn't have known you were going to open your bag on the ship."

"I might have opened it in Rangoon. I guess they were watching all the hotels. What about going on?"

"If you three people want to try to make it, why, then, we will."

"It's up to Janie and Dave," Colby said after a brief silence.

"How about it, Janie?"

"It's your pidgin."

Dave became more cognizant than ever of Janie's beauty—as his eyes saw her. But his hunch was right, all aboard were expendable.

"Let's go, captain," he said.

"Buckle your belts," the second officer called some time later. "We're going down."

It was too late now to bail out. The plane swooped into the upward-piling mists. Their lives were committed to the right and wrong of the pilot's guess that he could set her down. He risked all in one leap through a rift in the streaming fog.

It was not a three-point landing. It was the roughest, short of a crash, that any of them had experienced. The plane taxied to a stop and the pilot came out of the cockpit wiping sweat from his face.

An excited-looking major was waiting at the door. A staff car took them to headquarters where they found Colonel Prescott.

"Go on the warpath if you want to, but stop using my new lipstick."
LIBERTY

"I'm glad you got here," he told his guests. "Look here, Enrude. After it's all over—but before you write your memoirs—will you kindly tell me what the hell it's all about?"

Dave continued to stand at attention. "Yes, sir, I surely will. How soon may I see the C.O.?"

"That's good!" Prescott chuckled. "The C.O. is burning up the road this minute so he can see you!"

"Is that so?"

"Relax, will you? I'm going to try to, now you've arrived safely. Colonel Travis telephoned twenty minutes ago from a point thirty miles from here. He and General Adams ought to be here any minute."

ACTUALLY Dave and the Colbys had about fifteen minutes to wait in the commandant's office. Then two officers entered the room with muddy boots and dripping raincoats. General Adams introduced his companion as Colonel Travis of Military Intelligence.

"Are you Enrude?" the general asked Dave.

"Yes, sir."

"You're the Colbys whom the other fellow helped to escape from Toungoo internment camp?" he went on, turning to Dave's companions.

"Yes," Janie Colby answered.

"You were taken in before, but now you positively identify this man as Dave Enrude?"

"We certainly do," Janie told him.

"Enrude, every minute counts. Last year, at Lashio, were you brought out and humiliated at a camp dinner given by General Fuji to a Burmese quisling named Moung Garat?"

"Yes, sir."

"There was another man there, in Burmese dress. Can you describe him?"

"He looked Chinese to me, and he had three fingers gone from his right hand."

General Adams leaned a little forward, and his face looked pale. "How did you happen to notice he had three fingers missing?"

"He hit me in the face with that hand."

"Good God! Travis, please get that wireless message off at once."

This was an unnecessary order. Colonel Travis was writing rapidly. No one spoke again until General Adams had signed the page and given it to an orderly.

"THERE'LL be a hot time tonight in Chungking," Travis said.

"You can sit down now," the C.O. told his guests. "I need a little breather myself. Can I get you some coffee—"

"What we need most, sir, is a little light on the subject," Dave replied.

"You shall have it. Please show him that picture, Colonel Travis."

When all the others were seated, Travis took a snapshot from a locked drawer and handed it to Dave. It showed Dave in the act of shining a Japanese lieutenant's boots, while at a camp table festive with bottles sat a Japanese officer, a Burmese, and a man of Chinese appearance in Burmese dress. On the back of the photograph was some Japanese script.

"I still don't know—" Dave began.

"Naturally. That snapshot was taken off the body of a Jap captain. He must have been a camera fiend, and the people at the table didn't see him take the dangerous picture. On the back of it is written some notes to refresh his memory when he could put it in his album. They say, in effect, 'The American swine, the son of Dr. Enrude, shows himself a good shine boy to the amusement of our general, his guest Moung Garat, and our illustrious friend.'"

"Yes, sir," Dave said, gaping.

"Our Intelligence fellows looked at that picture, and then enlarged it to the size of a blanket. You see, Enrude, 'our illustrious friend' looked suspiciously like General Tai T'ang, second in command of all Chinese troops in Burma, and one of Marshal Chiang's most trusted officers."

"And if he was having dinner in disguise with a Jap general—"

"Precisely. He was selling us down river. But we couldn't prove it. His hand was out of sight under the table. We showed it to Marshal Chiang, but he wouldn't believe the man in the picture was Tai T'ang. However, he relieved him of command until the matter could be proven one way or the other."

"A little light is beginning to dawn," said Colby.

"Enrude, you were the only man who could tell us the truth. Moung Garat was dead. The Jap General Fuji swore that 'our illustrious friend' was merely a rich Burma-

Chinese merchant, conveniently dead. Of course Fuji had his own reasons for shielding Tai T'ang."

"They must have been pretty good reasons," Dave said thoughtfully. "General Fuji ordered me shot, had my father shot so he couldn't expose the plot, worked hand in glove with my impersonator to fake an escape for Janie and Mr. Colby—"

"Fuji was in it up to his neck. Tai T'ang had no doubt promised him all the protection he could wangle for him when the war was over, and then a big post in north China."

"How was Tai T'ang going to do all that—a suspected traitor—"

"He was going to clear himself. As soon as he found out we had the damning picture, he got mighty busy. He knew the only way he could get back into Marshal Chiang's trust was to *prove* he was not at that dinner. He had already furnished Chiang an apparent ironclad alibi sworn to by some lesser traitors on his staff. He spent money like water and exerted all his power. We couldn't find you ourselves, Enrude, but he got Fuji to find you and no doubt give you the third degree—"

"No, I was put in an almost private prison across the river from Toungoo."

"HOW did they find out so much about you? The impersonator did a good job! But we'll go into that later. After the man had been well schooled in his part, Tai T'ang ordered you shot."

"Tai T'ang must have been very powerful," Dave said, his neck prickling.

"One of the most powerful in China until he fell under suspicion, and as soon as he was cleared he meant to be even more powerful. He'd betrayed Marshal Chiang once and his own safety demanded that he betray him again. This time it would be for keeps."

"Good God!"

"You escaped, the last minute. But you'd have to hide till the war was over, and Tai T'ang could still turn the trick if he worked quickly. The impersonator was brought to the big Toungoo camp and immediately got in touch with the Colbys. They readily believed he was the real Dave Enrude."

"I didn't," Janie broke in. "But it had been six years—and we were so terrified at hearing that dad was to be shot—"

"That was a neat play. You'd not question him closely and would jump at the chance to escape to Rangoon—where you could both handily swear to his being Dave Enrude. You were both so grateful to him that you wouldn't dream of doubting him. He got you to identify him to an American officer—"

"Yes."

"He was our Intelligence man there. He was delighted that the long-lost Dave Enrude had been found, and sent him up here on the double-quick. When we questioned him, he swore by his lying quisling soul that the fellow at the dinner was *not* Tai T'ang, that he didn't have any fingers off, that he was a Burma-Chinese merchant—the same story Fuji told us when he surrendered. Well, we swallowed it, hook, line, and sinker, and so did Marshal Chiang. Tai T'ang was cleared of suspicion and put in command of one of Chiang's northern armies."

"But the war ended—" Dave broke in.

"That speeded up everything. You'd come out of hiding. If they couldn't kill you off—"

"They tried hard enough."

"—you'd spill the beans in time. The fake Dave was worried enough to ask for transportation to Katha—to visit his 'old home'—and of course he meant to go over the hill and ultimately join Tai T'ang for his reward. Fortunately Colonel Prescott took the responsibility of delaying the plane after he got Colonel Graves' message. I don't doubt that Tai T'ang was plenty worried too and began turning tricks mighty fast."

"What kind of tricks?"

"Marshal Chiang sent him to deal with some insurgents. It was a perfect set-up. He could gang up with them and let them slaughter any of his army that remained loyal—start a civil war that might put all China in his hand. I don't think he's had time to put it over yet—he's just arrived in north China—but every minute counted. Right about now Marshal Chiang is reading the news you brought us. It's taken this long to transmit and decode. Believe me, he'll take steps!"

"WELL, I guess that clears up almost everything," Dave said.

"Would you like to see your impersonator?" Colonel Travis asked.

"I might as well."

"I guess Colonel Prescott's got him handy." Travis pressed a button, then gave a low-voiced command.

All sat tense for a long-drawn minute. Then the door opened and someone entered who, at first sight of Dave, stood still with the pallor of death already on his face.

"I see the jig's up," he murmured.

It was Alex Thorton, of course. Dave had feared it would be, although until this instant he had not quite believed it.

"You're not an American, are you?" Dave asked with a strangled heart.

"Of course not, Dave," the man answered quickly. "I'm not even a Dutch quisling, which the Japs took me for. I'm a good Nazi named Otto Wiemer, although a graduate of Cornell. I became quite fond of you in our month together and regretted the order to shoot you."

"The fortunes of war," General Adams remarked. Then to his aide: "Take him away."

"I'd like to ask him one question," Janie said in a shaking voice.

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Squirt
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"Very well," the general agreed. "How did you know all those incidents you reminded me of? Dave said he never told anyone some of them."

"He did, though. He talked like a good one about you when my Jap friends put him under laughing gas on the pretense of an operation."

"Oh, did you, Dave?"

"I wouldn't wonder. It was the old subconscious coming up. You were a great deal on my mind."

DAVE would never write his memoirs, Prescott's joke to the contrary. The only book he might ever write would be about the birds of China, if Marshal Chiang kept his promise to give him a post as naturalist with one of the great Chinese zoological foundations. So he told Janie after his return from a brief visit to Chungking. When the marshal had heard the whole story by wireless, he had sent for Dave, questioned him, appeared deeply grateful for his fast work, and sent him back to Myitkyina in some state, along with an exquisite ivory fan, set with jewels and painted by T'ang Yin, as a gift for Janie.

"He also gave me a picture for a souvenir," Dave told her, when they met in the dak bungalow. He produced a snapshot which made Janie catch her breath. It was of a small handsomely carved stand on which reposed a grinning human head.

"Tai T'ang?" Janie asked.

"Yes."

"Put it away."

"We'll put the whole matter away. The main thing now is to prepare myself for taking that job. The better I'm prepared, the more scientific standing I have, the better job he'll feel free to give me."

"Well?"

"At this moment in the kitchen, *buking* with the *chokidah,* is an excellent jungle wallah. He was waiting for me when I came back from Chungking to collect a debt I owe him.

"It's a pretty big debt and the only settlement he'll accept is to be my *shikari* from now on. Well, I'd like that too. His name is Moung Ting and he's a good plain camp cook."

"I'm very fond of camp-fried venison, Dave."

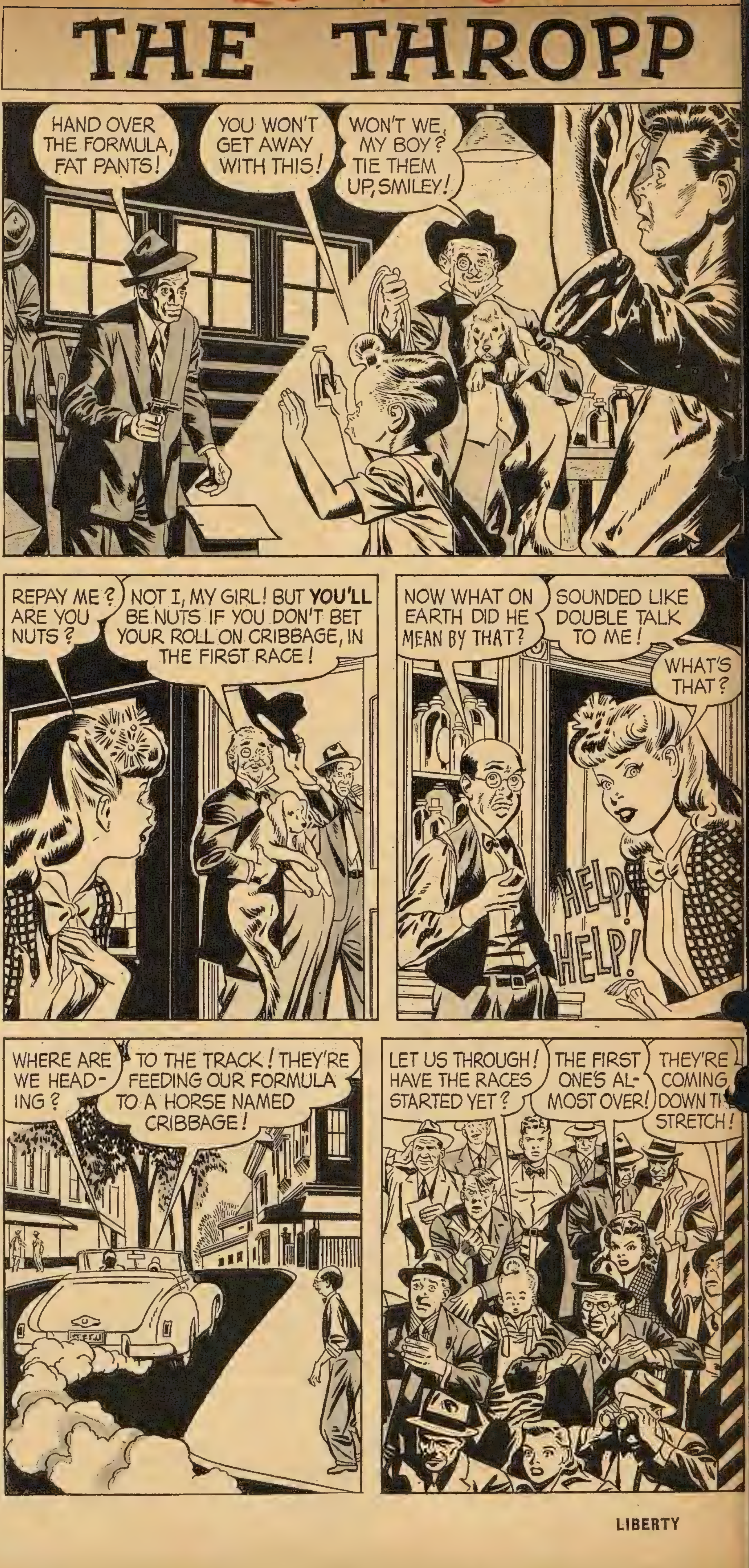
"Well, we can have some, if you'll go with me to help discover an unknown species of pheasant. We could name it *Chrysolophus enrudicolbi.*"

"That would be quite a feather in our cap."

"*Our* cap might mean a lot."

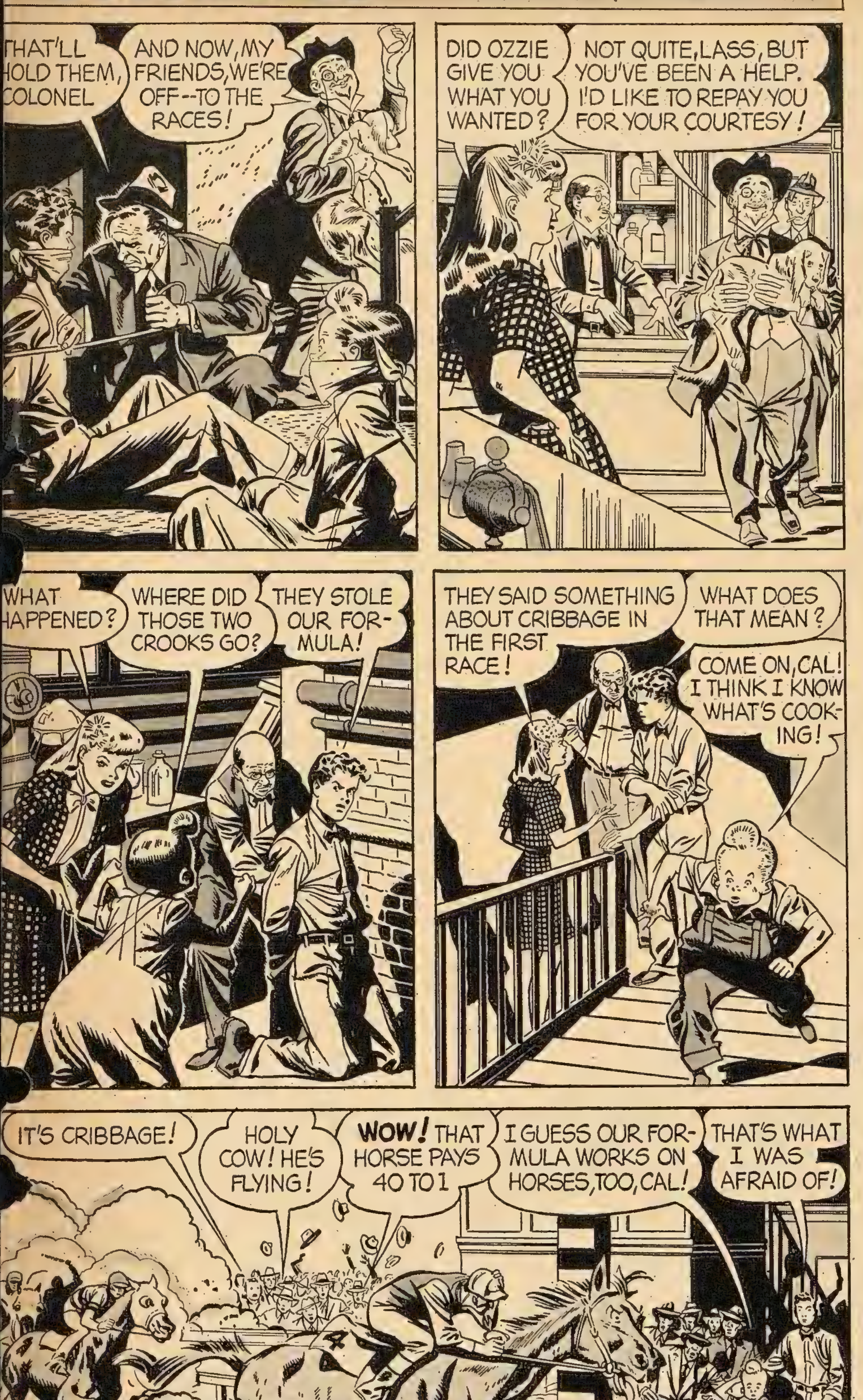
She had intended it to mean everything to them both, a presently demonstrable fact. The jungle would be cool and green and still, and the rains would soon wash out the Jap footprint, and the fire pheasant, their symbol of enjoined life and love, would flash through the dimness like a winged blaze.

THE END


THE THROPP
HAND OVER THE FORMULA, FAT PANTS!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
WON'T WE, MY BOY? TIE THEM UP, SMILEY!
REPAY ME? ARE YOU NUTS?
NOT I, MY GIRL! BUT YOU'LL BE NUTS IF YOU DON'T BET YOUR ROLL ON CRIBBAGE, IN THE FIRST RACE!
NOW WHAT ON EARTH DID HE MEAN BY THAT?
SOUNDED LIKE DOUBLE TALK TO ME!
WHAT'S THAT?
HELP! HELP!
WHERE ARE WE HEADING?
TO THE TRACK! THEY'RE FEEDING OUR FORMULA TO A HORSE NAMED CRIBBAGE!
LET US THROUGH! HAVE THE RACES STARTED YET?
THE FIRST ONE'S ALMOST OVER!
THEY'RE COMING DOWN TI STRETCH!

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


THAT'LL HOLD THEM, COLONEL
AND NOW, MY FRIENDS, WE'RE OFF--TO THE RACES!
DID OZZIE GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANTED?
NOT QUITE, LASS, BUT YOU'VE BEEN A HELP. I'D LIKE TO REPAY YOU FOR YOUR COURTESY!
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE DID THOSE TWO CROOKS GO?
THEY STOLE OUR FORMULA!
THEY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT CRIBBAGE IN THE FIRST RACE!
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
COME ON, CAL! I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S COOKING!
IT'S CRIBBAGE!
HOLY COW! HE'S FLYING!
WOW! THAT HORSE PAYS 40 TO 1
I GUESS OUR FORMULA WORKS ON HORSES, TOO, CAL!
THAT'S WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF!
4

Continued next week

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The government's surplus-property set-up is in a mess, and huge quantities of much-needed goods that should be available aren't. Congress wants action

Next Week

READ .....

Where Are the Surplus War Goods?

BY A. D. RATHBONE IV

L5400-50

IF TROUBLE'S GOT YOU

Continued from Page 19

major development was narcosynthesis, in which psychotherapy is aided by a hypnotic drug, sodium pentothal. Many battle-shocked men snapped back almost magically under this treatment.

For example, a Flying Fortress navigator who, after a near-fatal ditching, lost his hearing and sense of balance. Medical examination revealed no physical damage. Then doctors dosed him with pentothal and learned two interesting facts: (1) under influence of the drug he could walk and hear normally; (2) at the age of four he'd had his ears boxed so hard by a drunken brutal father that he'd temporarily lost his hearing and equilibrium, requiring his mother's help in learning to walk again. The flyer's disabilities soon vanished when they were explained to him as simply a subconscious appeal for his mother's help and comfort in the face of a harrowing experience.

PENTOTHAL, hypnosis, and other psychiatric tools, beneficial when properly used, can be deadly weapons in untrained hands. There's the case of a Los Angeles woman who became so addicted to the spells of a shady hypnotist that the latter, alarmed, suddenly cut off her "treatments." She promptly landed in a sanitarium, as nervously shattered as any drug fiend.

A more flagrant case involved a malpracticing physician—a self-proclaimed psychiatrist, though without formal training in psychiatry or its specialized drugs—who some years ago, treating one of America's leading career women for alcoholism, dosed her heavily with paraldehyde while her system was oversaturated with liquor. He could hardly have killed her more quickly with potassium cyanide. Yet this man still retains a profitable psychiatric practice.

A bird's-eye view of mental science and its subdivisions makes clearer who is qualified to treat emotional ills and who is not. First comes the over-all science of psychology, the study of the mind and how it works. But a psychologist is not a physician. Unless specially trained as a "clinical psychologist," he has no business giving personal advice on emotional problems.

Psychology has its medical application in psychiatry, the treatment of minds and emotions that have gotten out of kilter. This treatment may be physical (electric shock, drug dosage, etc.) or psychotherapeutic, in which the only medicine is words. Finally, psychoanalysis, often thought of as the whole of psychiatry, is merely a specialized type of psychotherapy.

Psychiatrists, and particularly psychoanalysts, must meet exacting educational standards for professional acceptability. A psychiatrist, to be recognized by the American Medical Association, must be a licensed physician with five years' additional training and interneship in psychiatry. A psychoanalyst, for recognition by the American Psychoanalytic Association, must qualify as a psychiatrist, then complete three more years' study at one of the association's seven institutes throughout the country. A major feature of the course is psychoanalysis of the aspiring analyst himself.

LIBERTY
Ed Nofziger

"Don't walk in front of me!"

Only an analyst or psychiatrist trained in this way can take full charge of a mental or nervous case without stamping himself a quack. Two types of lay specialists, however, are qualified for limited psychiatric work under proper supervision. These are clinical psychologists and psychiatric social workers.

Professional acceptance as a clinical psychologist requires an M.A. or Ph.D. in psychology, plus two years clinical interneship. This qualifies the psychologist to conduct intelligence or personality tests, to examine and diagnose a case—but never, without a psychiatrist's help, to render treatment. Yet some psychologists, whether or not clinically trained, set up private shop and cater to all comers. This kind of quack is often the most dangerous of all, since, with a Ph.D., he may sport the title "Dr." Any big-city phone book is full of them, though not all are as unsubtle in their advertising as one whose blurb reads: "CONSULTING AND ANALYZING PSYCHOLOGIST—Your Problem, My Specialty."

PSYCHIATRIC social workers are mostly women, employed by public clinics to investigate and report on patients' family and social problems. They may give advice on these problems within certain strict limits, but their main function is preliminary diagnosis and referral to a clinic. A qualified psychiatric social worker must have a college degree, graduate training in social work, and two years' assistant's experience on the staff of a mental hospital or clinic.

Most psychiatrists feel that, to check quack practices, legal reforms are needed. Most states are appallingly lax. Though a non-physician can't call himself a psychiatrist, for instance, any medical man can, even if he's never treated anything closer to mental trouble than a cold in the head. And in many states anyone at all—doctor, dentist, or adagio dancer—can hang out his shingle as a psychoanalyst. Not long ago a "telepathic analyst" in a Midwestern city did a job on a client that backfired with ironic justice: the client, who just happened to be an undiagnosed paranoiac (an insane person with a persecution complex), didn't like the analysis, whipped out a gun and shot the analyst.

Only one state, Connecticut, has taken legislative action against psychologist quacks, and, at that, only a single, faltering step. This was its enactment last year of a law forbidding anyone to use the title "Certified Psychologist" without passing a state board examination. But, says Dr. James M. Cunningham of the Connecticut Board of Health, "this law does not prohibit anybody from practicing psychology, nor does it require a psychologist to be licensed. It is probably the first step toward licensure of psychologists."

Dr. C. Charles Burlingame favors legislation requiring "anyone giving advice for hire to possess a state license and to display on his office walls and in his literature all major facts of his preparation and qualifications for practice." For a qualified psychiatrist this would include his medical school, dates and hospitals of interneship, and similar data.

But until laws on mental medicine are brought up to date, perhaps the best procedure for anyone in doubt on the standing of a psychiatrist, psychologist, or other purveyor of advice on emotional problems, is to write the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, 1790 Broadway, New York City. This thoroughly reputable organization, operating on endowments to further the nation's mental health, maintains comprehensive lists of qualified practitioners in all branches.

Another essential step in stamping out quackery, leading psychiatrists believe, must be the training of enough new psychiatrists to treat our mentally or emotionally ill. At the end of 1945 the 624,000 mental and nervous patients on U. S. hospital books accounted for 44 per cent of all hospital patients. What's more, these figures are shooting up year by year, and don't include the unknown but large number of cases that don't get on hospital books.

The 3,000-odd psychiatrists now practicing in this country are a pitiful handful against our army of mental and nervous sufferers. Two years ago Dr. George S. Stevenson, medical director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, estimated our need for psychiatrists at more than 18,000. Dr. Kubie, with an eye on veterans, figures 20,000. In urging a government training program, he points out that the Veterans Administration tots the cost of keeping the veteran in a mental hospital for life at $40,000. Kubie himself estimates psychiatrists could be trained on a large scale at $25,000 each. Thus, he figures, if each new psychiatrist saved only one veteran from becoming a public charge, the government would save $15,000 for each trainee.

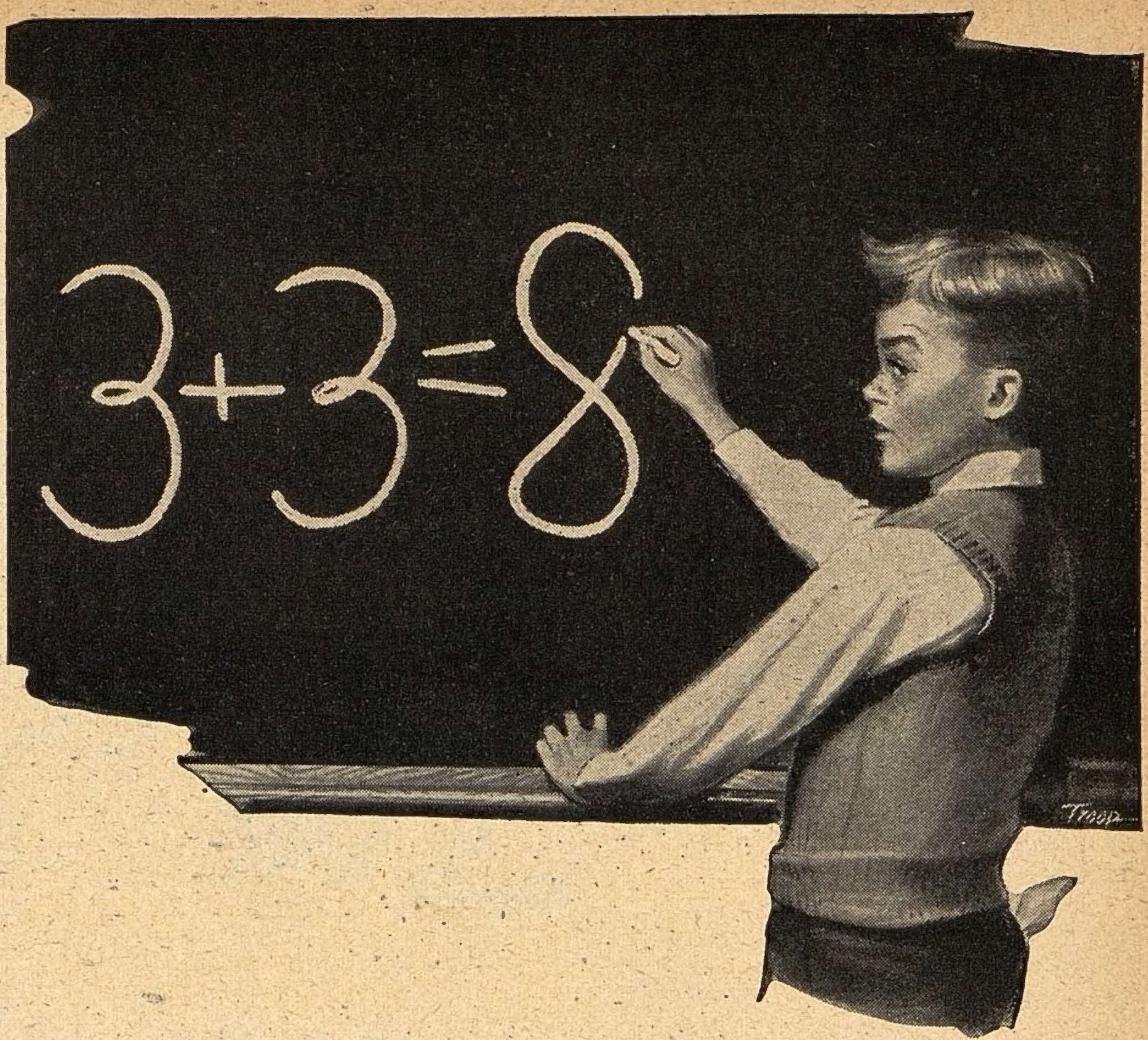
The National Mental Health Bill, now before Congress, would authorize the U. S. Public Health Service to begin psychiatric training on at least a limited scale, and to promote psychiatric research, the development of more state and local clinics, and a program of public information. Most psychiatrists back the measure but consider it only an initial step toward what is needed.

DR. BERNARD WORTIS, director of the Psychiatric Division of Bellevue Hospital and professor of psychiatry at the medical school of New York University, thinks our need for additional psychiatrists could be cut in half if more basic psychiatric training were given general physicians. "Every doctor can open a boil on the back of your neck," he says, "but few can handle even the most minor emotional infection. Fifty per cent of the patients who walk into a general practitioner's office suffer wholly or in part from such troubles. Yet the average medical school allots only three per cent of its curricular hours to psychiatry. This should be increased to at least twenty per cent."

All hands agree, however, that no amount of doctor's training or jacking up medical laws will wipe out bogus psychiatry until the man in the street has some inkling of what real psychiatry is all about. Public ignorance often takes its most tragic form in what Dr. Lehrman calls "parental quackery." By this he means family kibitzing in a mental or nervous case committed to a qualified doctor's care.

Take a recent Cleveland case. A veteran troubled with fits of depression and suicidal impulses decided to see a psychiatrist. His father, scoffing at the idea, canceled the appointment. Two days later he found his son's body dangling in a closet. The father then broke down himself and was placed under care of another psychiatrist. The latter requested the first doctor to write the father, absolving him of blame in his son's death. As a matter of conscience, however, the son's doctor could not do so, nor did he feel that any such contrived letter would relieve the father's thoroughly warranted sense of guilt. The father had learned, perhaps the hardest way of all, the meaning of quackery and ignorance in psychiatry.

THE END



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SAVE THE EASY WAY...BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

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AUG. 31, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
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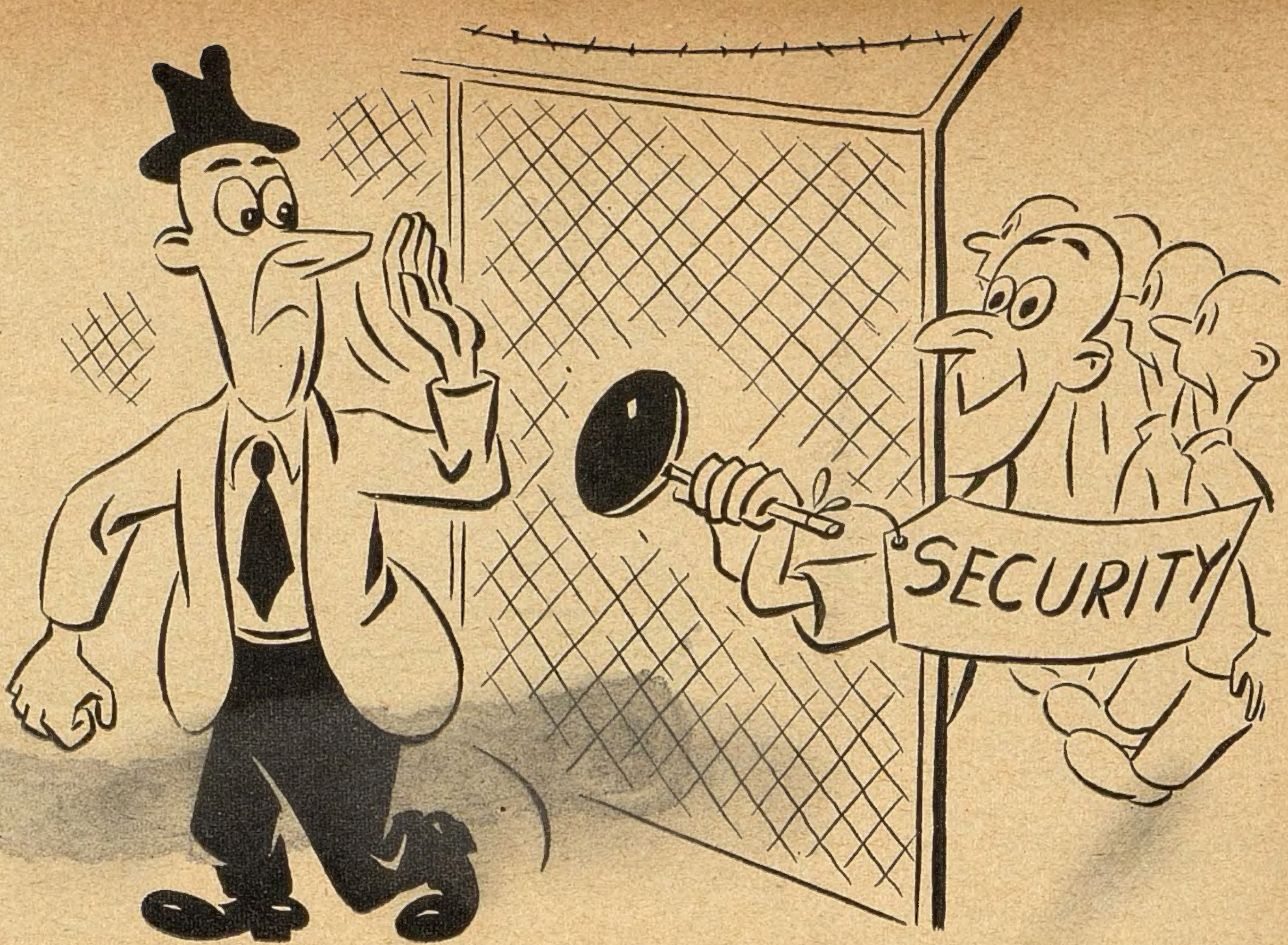
Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



NO APOLOGIES FOR FREEDOM

L 5843-50

ONCE upon a time Americans made frequent use of the words "free" and "freedom" both in public speech and private conversation. Freedom was our proudest possession and we were glad to proclaim our belief in it and our willingness to sacrifice comfort, security, or even life in order to maintain our right to live, speak, believe, and act as we please. But too many of us nowadays, when we mention freedom at all, do so diffidently and half apologetically. The power of radical propaganda in our midst has half convinced us it has a corny sound. We have become all too sensitive to the stock retort of the radicals, "Freedom to do what—starve?"

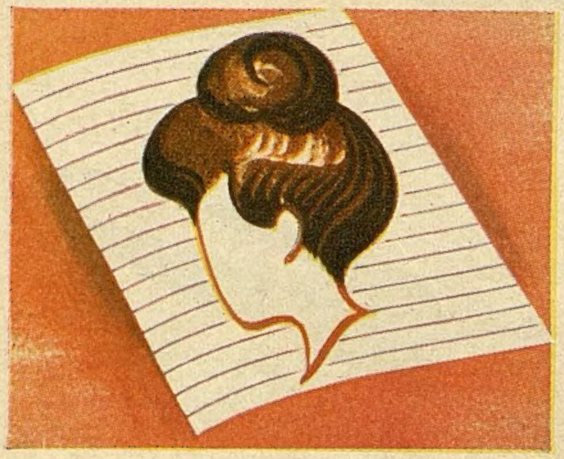
There is much of this kind of illogical persuasiveness being dished out to us today. We are told our civilization has grown too complex to permit of individual strivings; that in the future we must leave everything to a few people at the top who will plan so that we always have food in our tummies, clothes on our backs, and simple but adequate shelter till we die. In return for this "security" they ask only that we forgo scrabbling around for ourselves and be content to leave the planning up to them. In simpler words, they want us to give up our right to pursue happiness each in his own way. They want us to work at fixed wages, buy at fixed prices, and grow only such crops and make only such goods as the powers-that-be may direct.

We had quite a bit of this sort of thing during the war years and put up with it for the sake of the war effort. We are not out from under it yet, and we are beginning to realize how difficult it is to recapture freedoms once we have lost them. There are many people, in government and out, who would like to see government control continued as a permanent thing. But the people of this country will not give up their freedom for this reactionary doctrine of the radicals. Freedom is the latest and newest thing on earth in human relations. For millions of years mankind struggled toward it. Having achieved this state, under which an individual has full play for his abilities, intelligence, and creative instincts, we do not intend to abandon it. We are not afraid of the responsibilities of freedom, nor do we fear our future as a free people. Should we, through indifference, laziness, fear, or shortsightedness, ever lose our freedom or any important part of it, we would begin again the long struggle to regain it. Once having known freedom, any other state would soon prove insupportable.

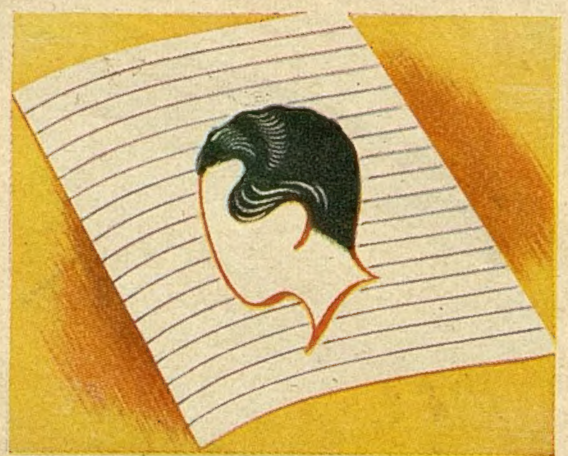
But we need today, among all Americans, rich and poor, young and old, a rebirth of pride in our free way of life. We must actively combat those who tell us our freedom is a snare and a delusion. Rather than be self-conscious about freedom, we must believe in it, extol it, and proclaim it. Liberty was achieved on this continent by courage, sacrifice, and an abiding faith on the part of each individual in his own destiny and that of his nation. It can only be nourished and kept alive in the same manner.

Paul Hunter

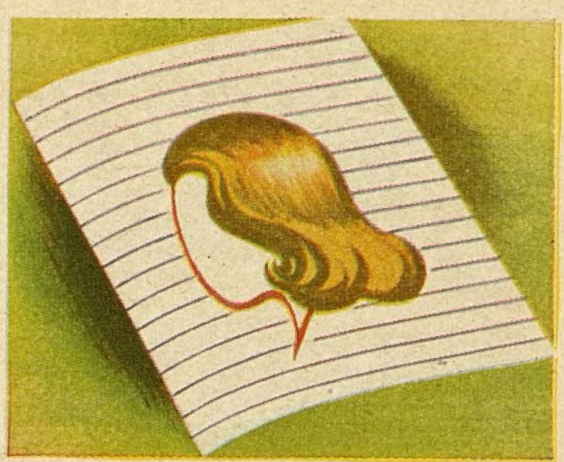
Man's-eye view of hairdo's



1900 **To bob** or not to bob—that is the question. Women's hairdo's (ways of doing up hair, to mere males) have set a dizzy pace since the piled-up style of 1900, when Corby's had been a famous Canadian name for 42 years.



1925 **The "flapper" days** brought in the short mannish bob—a complete reversal of previous styles. Blonde, brunette and red tresses disappeared like magic, as the streamlined hairdo matched straight-up-and-down dress lines in Corby's 67th year of Canadian renown.



1937 **And now** more feminine again, the style of the moment was a "dipsy-do" version of the middle-length hair cut 79 years after the name Corby's came to Canada. This looked like a happy medium, but a hairdo is seldom either happy or medium.

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N. Corby
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BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
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1946 **Pile it up,** roll it under, cut it short. It looks like any new hair idea that comes along will have its fling this year. But if you're weary of trying any new *whiskey name* that comes along, *ask for Corby's next time*. Here's an 88 year-old Canadian name for a light, sociable whiskey—a whiskey you'll likely want to make your "regular."

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*
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He'll say great!

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